



LVIS DE

CAMOENS

SPAIN gave me noble Birth: Coimbra, Arts:
LISBON, a high-plac't loue, and Courtly parts:
AFFRICK, a Refuge when the Court did frown'e:
WARRE, at an Eye's expence, a faire renoune
• TRAVAYLE, experiencee, with noe short sight
of India, and the World; both which I write
INDIA a life, which I gave there for lost
On Mecons waues (a wreck and Exile) tost
To boot, this POEM, held up in one hand
Whil'st with the other I swam safe to land:
TASSO, a sonet; and (what's greater yt)
The honour to give Hints to such a witt
PHILIP a Cordiall, (the ill Fortune see !)
To cure my Wants when those had new kill'd mee
My Country (Nothing—yes) Immortall Prayse
(so did I, Her) Beasts cannot browze on Bayes.

1/8

THE LUSIAD, OR, PORTUGALS Historicall Poem:

WRITTEN

In the PORTINGALL Language

BY

L V I S D E C A M O E N S;

AND

Now newly put into ENGLISH

BY

RICHARD FANSHAW Esq;

HORAT.

*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori;
Carmen amat quisquis, Carmine digna facit.*

LONDON,
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To the Right Honorable.

WILLIAM
EARL OF
STRAFFORD, &c.

My good Lord,



Can not tell how your Lordship may take it, that in so uncourted a language, as that of PORTUGALL, should be found extant a Poet to rival your beloved TASSO, How himself took it, I can; for he was heard to say (his great JERUSALEM being then an Embrio) HE FEARED NO MAN BUT

CAMOENS: Notwithstanding which, he bestow'd a Sonet in his praise. But, admitting the TUSCAN Superior; yet, as He (with some anger) of GUARINI, when he saw, by the unquestionable Verdict of all ITALY, so famous a LAUREATE as himself by that man's PASTOR FIDO outstrip in the Dramatick way of Poetry; SENON HAY U TO VISTO IL MIO AMINTA — (because indeed the younger, for a Lift in this kind, was beholding to the Elder): So, and for the same cause,

The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

cause, might my PORTINGALL have retorted upon Him with reference to his own *Epick* way; IF HE HAD NOT SEEN MY LUSIAD, HE HAD NOT EXCELD IT.

Since then I find, HORACE, in the days of old, held himself accountable to his potent friend LOLLIUS for the profits of those vacant hours, which he past in his proper Villa, whilst LOLLIUS lay Ledger in ROME about that which was the great *Domestick* glory of the ROMAN NOBILITY of those Times;

Hor. lib. 3.
Epist. 2.

*Trojani belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum Tu declamas Roma, Prenestine relegi:*

Whilst thou (Great LOLLIUS) in ROME dost plead,
I, in PRENESTINE, have all HOMER Read:

How much more obliged am I to bring unto your Lordship this TREASURE-TROVE, which (as to the second life, or rather Being, it hath from me in the English-Tongue) is so truly a Native of YORKSHIRE, and holding of your Lordship, that, from the hour I began it, to the end thereof, I slept not once out of these Walls?

And, if the same HORACE proceed;

*Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid Turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryippo & Crantore, dicit:*

Who, what is Right, what not, what brave, what base,
Clearer and better then the STOICKS, says:)

Whether this Poet also (however disfigur'd in the translating, yet still retaining the old materials, both Politicall and Moral, on a truer and more Modern Frame of Story and Geography then that of HOMER

— *Et, quamvis plebeis rectus Amicitu,
Indocilis privata loqui)*

Shall

The Epistle DEDICATORIE.

shall not be valuable upon the like account, I appeal to your Lordship, whose devoted (since he turn'd Englishman) he is, by the title I have already mentioned, and by as many more, as I am

MY LORD,

From your Lordships
Park of Tankersley
May 1. 1655.

Your Lordships

bumble servant

RICHARD FANSHAW.

Petronius



Petronii Arbitri SATYRICON:
pag. 48.



Ultos, inquit Eumolpus, O juvenes, carmen decepit. Nam ut quisque versum pedibus instruxit, sensum que teneriorem verborum ambitu intexuit, putavit se continuò in *Heliconem* venisse. Sic forensibus Ministeriis excercitati, frequenter ad carminis tranquillitatem, tanquam ad portum faciliorem refugierunt: credentes facilius Poema extrui posse, quam *controversiarum* sententiolis vibrantibus pictam. Cæterum neque generosior spiritus vanitatem amat, neque concipere aut edere partum mens potest, nisi ingenti flumine literarum inundata. Effugendum est ab omni verborum (ut ita dicam) utilitate, & sumenda voces à plebe summotæ, ut fiat, *Odi profanum vulgus & arceo*. Præterea curandum est, ne sententiae eminent extra corpus rationis expressæ, sed intexto Vestibus colore niteant. *Homerus* testis, & *Lyrici*, Romanusque *Virgilius*, & *Horatii* curiosa fælicitas. Cæteri enim aut non viderunt viam quâ iretur ad carmen, aut versum timuerunt calcare. Ecce *belli civili* ingens opus! quisquis attigerit, nisi plenus literis, sub onere labetur. Non enim res gestæ versibus comprehendendæ sunt (quod longè melius historici faciunt) sed per ambages Deorumque ministeria, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum præcipitandus est liber spiritus: ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religiosæ orationis sub testibus fides: Tanquam si placet hic impetus etiæ nondum recepit ultimam manum.

Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat:
Qua mare, qua terræ, qua fidus currit utrumque:
Nec satiatus erat. Gravidis freta pulsa carinis
Jam peragrabantur. Siquis sinus abditus ultra,
Siqua foret tellus quæ fulvum mitteret aurum,
Hostis erat: fatisque in tristia bella paratis
Quærebantur opes. Non vulgo nota placebant
Gaudia: non usu plebeio trita voluptas.
Æs Ephyraeum laudabat miles: in udâ
Quæstus tellure nitor certaverat ostro:
Hinc Numidæ lapides, illinc nova vellera seres,
Atque Arabum populus sua despoliaverat arva.
Ecce aliæ clades, & læsa vulnera pacis.
Quæritur in Sylvis Mauris fera: & ultimus Hammon
Afrorum excutitur: ne desit bellua dente
Ad mortes pretiosa: famæ premit advena classes:

Tygris



Out of the Satyr of Petronius Arbiter, pag 48.

Young men, young men, (said Eumolpus) this same thing called Poetry hath deceived many: for if a man have but set a Verse upon its feet, and swathed his weaker matter with a winding about of words, he thinks himself presently over head and ears in Helicon. Therefore, those who have got the practice of pleading or declaiming in publick, have frequently fled to the tranquility of versifying, as to a genler port: believing it easier to compile a Poem, than an Argument embellish'd with little sparkling Sentences. But neither doth a more generous spirit affect a tympany, nor a mind conceive, or can be delivered of this birth, that overflows not with a mighty torrent of learning: There must be a flying all cheapness (as I may say) of words, and such language cull'd out as is above the common people. This is to hate the lay vulgar, and to make them know their diſtance. Moreover there must be a Care that the Sentences do not hang ons like tassels from the body of the matter, but shine woven thereinto like gold into a silken-garment; witness *Homer*, and the *Lyricks*, and *Roman Virgil*, and *Horace* his curious felicity. For others either saw not the way of Poetry, or (seeing) feared to tread it. Behold a great Task, THE CIVIL WAR! Whoever will touch that burthen (unless abounding with letters) shall sink under it. For not things done should be comprehended in verse, (which is much better performed by Historians) but the free spirit must throw it self headlong in digressions, and in personatings of Gods, and in fabulous ornaments upon the rack of invention: that it may seem rather an ebullition of some prophetick truths, amidst a world of pleasant extravagancies, from a breast inflamed with fury; than a deposition, as of sworn witnesses to tell the truth, all the truth, and nothing but the truth: As for example, this rapture, though it have not received the last hand.

Now conquering Rome did all the world controle,
From East to West, from one to th'other pole:
Yet was not satisfied. The plough'd-up Sea
With brazen keels, was made her common way.
If any nook were hid, if any Land
(Which yellow Gold afforded) lay beyond,
It was a foe, and covetous anger seiz'd
Whatever wealth. No vulgar pleasure pleas'd:
No worn plebeian joy. The Soldiers dîsh'd
Their meat in Silver: and (from Rivers fîght)
The Purple of the Land rîvall'd the Sea's.
Here Lybian stones, there filks (the new disease)
And their perfumed fields, ARABIANS fleece.
Lo other spoils and wounds of injur'd Peace!
In woods is sought the Mauritanian beast,
And AFRICK's farthest Hammon hunted, least

that

Furor Petroniensis.

Tigris, & aurata gradiens vectatur in aula,
Ut bibat humanum (populo plaudente) cruentem.
Heu pudet effari, perituraque prodere fata!
Persarum ritu male pubescentibus annis
Suri i puere viros, exectaque viscera ferro
In venerem fregere: atque ut fuga mobilis ævi
Circumscripta mora properantes differat annos:
Quærit se natura, nec invenit: omnibus ergo
Scorta placent, fractique enervi corpore gressus
Et laxi crines, & tot nova nomina vestis,
Quæque virum querunt. Ecce Afri eruta terris
Citrea mensa, greges servorum, ostrumque renidens
Ponitur, ac maculis imitatur vilibus aurum:
Quæ turbant censem, hostile, ac male nobile lignum
Turba sepulta mero circumvenit, omniaque orbis
Præmia correptis miles vagus extruit armis.
Ingeniosa gula est: Siculo scarus aquore mersus
Ad menam vivus perducitur: inde Lucrinis
Eruta litoribus condunt conchylia cænas:
Ut renovent per damna famem: jam Phasidos unda
Orbata est avibus, multoque in littore cantum
Solæ desertis aspirant frondibus aure.
Nec minor in campo furor est: emptique Quirites
Ad prædam strepitumque lucri suffragia vertunt.
Venalis populus: venalis curia Patrum:
Est favor in pretio: senibus quoque libera virtus
Excederat: sparsisque opibus conversa potestatas:
Ipsaque majestas auro corrupta jacebat.
Pellitur à populo victus Cato: tristior ille est
Qui vicit, fascesque pudet rapuisse Catoni.
Namque hoc dedecus est populi, morumque ruina.
Non homo pulsus erat, sed in uho victa potestas,
Romanumque decus: quare tam perdita Roma
Ipsa sui merces erat, & sine vindice præda.
Præterea gemino deprensam gurgite prædam,
Fænoris ingluvies, ususque exederat æris.
Nulla est certa domus: nullum sine pignore corpus:
Sed veluti tabes tacitis concepta medullis,
Intra membra furcens, hiris latrantibus errat.
Arma placent miseris; detritaque commodo luxu
Vulneribus reparantur: inops audacia tuta est.
Hoc mersam cano Röمام, somnoque jacentem
Quæ poterant artes sanâ ratione movere,
Ni furor, & bellum, furoque excita libido?
Tres tulerat fortuna duces, quos obruit omnes
Armorum stræ diversâ feralis Enyo.
Crassum Parthus habet: Libyco facet aquore Magnus:
Julius ingratam perfudit sanguine Romanum.
Et, quasi non posset tot Tellus ferre Sepulchra,
Divicit cineres: hos gloria reddit honores.

Petronius his Rapture.

That Monster should be wanting, which is slain
Because his tooth sells deare, instead of Graine.
Armenian Tigers our Corn-fleets import,
To be led stalking in a gilded Court:
And quaffe (the people clapping) humane blood.
I blush to speak, and broach Fates violent flood.
In Persian guize (yeares ripening to their harm)
They grab man up, and with a knife disarme
The apt for Venus wars: and, whiles this checks
Time's horse in his full speed, lost nature seeks
And cannot find her self: so all approve
Male Concubines, and which, like Geldings move
Broke to a pace: Love-locks and Cloaths which speak
All Countreys, and no man. Behold they break
Numidian ground: a Citrian board comes out
On painted Carpets plac'd, and round about
A Troop of waiters stand: and, drown'd in wine,
Upon the floore wallows an herd of Swine.
A Tree which did a Patrimony cost,
Fetcht (for the ruine of a Land) to boarfe
A new Nobility, did counterfeit
With spots the cheaper gold: On which were set
By the Earth-rounding-Soldier (that now hurl'd
His Arms aside) the spoyle of all the world.
His throat had wit. A Terbot, that did dive
In Corsick Seas, rose at his Board alive;
There Oysters pull'd out of the Lucrine lake,
Only for Sawce to lure his hunger back.
Now Phasian waves are of their birds bereft:
And the dumb banks (sore winds) have nothing left
To sing amongst the widowed leaves. As dire
Is the field's fury: The base Romans hire
Their votes out for the chime, and touch of Gold:
A venal people: venal Senate sold
Favour: even Age let her free vertue fall
And right by bribes was justled to the wall
And Majesty lay flat, with gold sought out,
Cato himself repul'sd was by the rout.
He that o'recame more sad, who blusht to see
That Cato should have fewer votes than he
For 'twas the people's, and the time's disgrace:
'twas not a man, but virtue lost the place,
And the old Roman honor: here then lies
Rome her own Merchant, and own merchandise:
Besides now use on use, mens principals
So swell'd, it overwhelm'd them. No man calls
His house his own. None uningag'd: but debt
Like to a lingering disease, doth fret
Into their barking bowels, being pain'd to follow
They cry to Arms: and wealth with riot drayn'd
Must heal with wounds: safe W A N T sets on fire.

Furor Petroniensis.

Est locus exciso penitus demersus hi a tu,
Parthenopen inter, magnaque Dicharchidos arva,
Cocytâ perfusus aquâ, nam spiritus extra
Qui furit effusus funesto spargitur æstu.
Non hæc Autumno tellus viret, aut alit herbas
Cespite lœtus ager: non verno persona cantu
Mollia discordi strepitu virgulta loquuntur:
Sed chaos, & nigro squallentia pumice saxa
Gaudent ferali circumtumulata cupressu;
Has inter sedes Ditis pater extulit ora,
Bustum flammis & canâ sparsa favillâ:
Ac tali volucrem Fortunam voce lacepsit.
Rerum humanarum, divinarumque potestas,
Fors cui nulla placet nimium secura potestas,
Quæ nova semper amas & mox possesa relinquis:
Ecquid Romano sentis te pondere victam?
Nec posse ulterius peritaram extollere molem?
Ipsa suas vires odit Romana juventus,
Et quas struxit opes, male sustinet, aspice latè
Luxuriam spoliorum & censum in damna furentem.
Ædificant auro sedesque ad sydera mittunt.
Expelluntur aquæ saxis: mare nascitur arvis,
Et permutatâ rerum statione rebellant.
En etiam mea regna petunt, professâ dehiscit
Molibus insanis tellus, jam montibus haustis
Antra gemunt: & dum varios lapis invenit usus,
Infernî manes cœlum sperare jubentur.
Quare age, Fors, muta pacatum in prælia vultum
Romanosque cie, ac nostris da funera regnis,
Jampridem nullo perfundimus ora cruento,
Nec mea Tisiphone sientes perluit artus,
Ex quo fullanus babit ensis & horrida tellus
Extulit in lucem nutritas sanguine fruges.
Hæc ubi dicta dedit dextræ conjungere dextram
Conatus, rupto tellurem solvit hiatu.
Tunc Fortuna levi defudit pectore voces:
O genitor, cui Cocyti, penetralia parent
Si modo vera mihi fas est impune profari,
Vota tibi cedent, nec enim minor ira rebellat
Pectore in hoc, leviorque exurit flamma medullas.
Omnia quæ tribui Romanis arcibus, odi;
Muneribusque meis irascor: destruet istas
Idem, qui posuit moles Deus, & mihi cordi
Quippe cremare viros, & sanguine pascere luxum.
Cerno equidem geminâ jam stratos morte Philippos,
Thessalique rogos, & funera gentis Iberæ.
Jam fragor armorum trepidantes personat aures.
Et Libyæ cerno tua Nile gementia claustra
Actiacosque Sinus, & Apollonis arma frementis.
Pande age terrarum sientia regna tuarum;

Atque

Petronius his Rapture.

Cast in this sleep, and rowling in this mire
What reasons can make Rome, but war and blood?
Which till th' are felt, are never understood.

Fortune had rais'd three Captains, all which feel
In several ways Enyo's mortal steel.

In Asia Craesus; Africk Pompey slain:
Ungrateful Rome great Julius blood did stain
And Earth, to poize her load by portions just,
(Greatness found this respect) divides their dust.

A wide-mouth'd vault descends to Hell's black-hall,
'Twixt great Dicarris fields, and Naples wall,
Lav'd with Cocytus streams, whence all the heath
About is blased with a Sulph'rous breath:
Where Autumn is the mother of no fruits,
Out of the Summers Turf no glad herb shoots,
No tender sprigs, inspir'd by vernal songs,
Are heard to warble with melodious tongues:
But Chaos, and rocks sweating with black dew,
Delight in Canopies of fatal hue.
Here Pluto rose in funeral flames and smoke,
And with these words light Fortune did provoke;

Divine-and-humane-things-commanding-Power,
Fortune, that likest no height that's too secure,
That lov'st new things, and (gain'd) discard'st them straight,
Shrink'st thou not yet beneath the Roman weight,
Unable longer to support the Tower

Of Romes recycling Greatnes: Their own Power
The Roman youth abhor, nor bear the piles
Of wealth they rais'd. See their vast Lux of spoyles,
And riches curs'd into a punishment!

They build in Gold, and to the Firmament
Exalt their seats. Here Seas with stones expel,
There let them in with Sluces, and rebel
Against inverted Nature. Not I'sape:

The earth delv'd through for their wild Heaps doth gape;
The Mountains shovell'd down: the caves now groan

There, whilst for several uses they dig stone.

Th' Infernal Ghofts are bid to hope for day:
Then Fortune turn thy smiles to dreadful fray:
Possess with rage the Roman breasts, and throng
Our Realms with funerals. Methinks 'tis long
Since these black jaws have been with Gore imbrewid,
Since my Tisiphone hath bath'd in blood
Her thirsty limbs: since Sylla's sword was drunke,
And horrid Earth nurs'd fruits from humane trunke.

This said, and striving to give her his hand,
With reaching up he brake the cleaving Land:

Then Fortune thus from fickle bosom says,

O Sire, whom all on that side Styx obeys,
If without danger I the truth may tell,
Thy wish is granted thee: nor to rebel

Furor Petroniensis.

Atque animas arceſſe novas. Vix navita Porthmeus
Sufficiet ſimulacra virum traducere cimba,
Clafe opus eſt. Tuque ingenti ſatiare ruina
Pallida Tifiphone, confiſaque vulnera mande.
Ad Stygios manes laceratus dicitur orbis.

Vix dum finierat, quum fulgure rupta coruſco
Intremuit nubes, eliſoſque abſcidit ignes.
Subſedit pater umbrarum, gremioque reducتو
Telluris, pavitans fraternal palluit iſcus.
Continuo clades hominum venturaque diama
Aūſpicis patuere Deum, namque ora cruento
Deformis Titan vultus caligine texit.
Civiles acies jam tum ſpirare putares.
Parte alia plenos extinxit Cynthia vultus,
Et lucem ſceleri ſubduxit. rupta tonabant
Verticibus laffis montis juga, nec vaga paſſim
Flumina per notas ibant morientia ripas.
Armorum ſtrepiuſ coelum furit & tuba Martem
Sideribus transmiſſa ciet, jamque Aētna voratur
Ignibus insolitis, & in æthera fulmina mittit.
Ecce inter cumulos atque offa carentia buſtis
Vmbrarum facies diro ſtridore minatur.
Fax ſtellis comitata novis incendia ducit,
Sanguineoque retens descendit Juppiter imbre.
Hæc oſtentā brevi ſolvit Deus. Exuit omnes
Quippe moras Cæſar, vindictæque actus amore
Galica projeſcit, civilia ſuſtulit arma.

Alpibus aeris, ubi Graio nomine pulſe
Descendunt rupes, & ſe patiuntur adiri,
Eſt locus Herculeis aris ſacer, hunc nive dura
Claudit hiems, canoque ad ſydera vertice tollit:
Coelum illinc cecidiſſe putes. non ſolis adulti
Mansuſcit radii, non verni temporis aura:
Sed glacie concreta rigens, hiemisque pruinis
Totum ferre poeſt humeris minitantibus orbem.
Hæc ubi calcavit Cæſar juga mailite laeto,
Optavitque locum, ſummo de vertice montis
Hesperiae campos late proſpexit, & ambas
Intentans cum voce manus ad ſidera, dixit:

Juppiter omnipotens, & tu Saturnia Tellus
Armis læta meis, olimque onerara triumphis:
Teſtor ad has acies invicium arceſſere Martem,
Invitas me ferre manus, ſed vulnere cogor,
Pulſus ab urbe mea, dum Rhenum ſanguine vinco,
Dum Gallos iterum Capitolia noſtra petentes
Alpibus exclido: vincendo, certior exul:
Sanguine Germano, ſexagintaque triumphis,
Eſſe nocens coepi, quanquam quos gloria terret,
Aut qui ſunt, qui bella volunt: mercodibus emptæ,
Ac viles operæ, quorum eſt mea Roma noverca,

Petronius his Rapture.

Have I leſſ mind then thou: or bayles thy womb
With a leſſ rage. All I beſtow'd on Rome
I hate, and am fallen out with my delight:
The God that rais'd theſe walls, the ſame ſhall ſlight.
The ſweet of burning Towns, of ſucking blood,
Is by me alſo fully underſtood.
I ſee Philippi with two Chiefs there slain:
Theſſalian tombs: and funerals of Spain.
The clash of Arins now ſtrikes my trembling eare:
The groans of Libya: and her Nile I heare:
And Actian waves: and ſo l cry, on. Expand
The thirſty Kingdoms of thy ſilent Land:
And get more Furys help. A boat's too ſmall
For Charon to waſt o're his ſouls wiſhal:
It asks a F L E T: and pale Tifiphone
With the great ruine do thou gorged be:
With ragged tuſhes chaw the tender wounds:
The mangled world deſcends to Stygian ſounds:
Scarce had ſhe ſpoke, when (cleſt with lightning ſheen)
Trembles a cloud, and darts ſqueez'd, fire between.
The King of Shades into earth's boſome funk:
And from his Brother's thunder frightened, shrunk.
Forthwith the fates of men, and ill's to come
Heaven ſhows by ſigues: for the deformed Sun,
Veils with a miſt his bluſhing face, as far
From giving count'naunce to a civil war.
The Moon at full (to leave them groaping) pops
Her light out too. The paſey'd Mountain-tops
(Supported with weak necks) come thundring down.
Nor wand'ring Rivers run in channels known,
To dye a natural death. Armies appeare
In th'Ayre, and Trumpets (even in his own ſphere)
Alarum Mars. Now hotter Aētna burns,
And thunderbolts for thunderbolts returns.
Lo! 'mongſt the Tombs and diſinterred bones,
The Gauſtly shadows ſend up baleful groans!
A blazing-Star draws an unusual train:
And a new Jove deſcends in bloody rain:
Heav'n ſoon theſe ſigues expounds: for Cæſar drove
With his own speed, and ſweet revenges love,
Threw down the Gallick, Civil Arms took up.
On cloudy Alps, where, winding to the top,
The rocks made paſſable by Græcian hands,
A Temple ſacred to Alcides stands.
'Tis thatched with crufed Snow, and blends its gray
Head to the Stars: how like the milky way!
It thaws not with the Sun's Meridian rayes,
Nor with the Spring's warm breath: but pav'd with layes
Of Ice and feathered Rain, the Heaven it beares:
For it both threatens and ſupports the ſpheres.
When He (the Soldier glad) theſe cliffs did tread,

And

Furor Petroniensis.

Ut reor, haud impune; nec hanc sine vindice dextram
Vinciet ignavus. victores ite ferentes,
Ite mei comites, & causam dicite ferro.
Namque omnes unum crimen vocat, omnibus una
Impendet clades. reddenda est gratia vobis:
Non solus vici. quare, quia poena trophæis
Imminet, & sordes meruit victoria nostra,
Judice fortuna cadat alea sumitè bellum,
Et tentate manus, certe mea caussa peracta est.
Inter tot fortis armatus nescio vinci.
Hæc ubi personuit, de coelo Delphicus als
Omnia læta dedit, pepulitque meatibus auras.
Nec non horrendi nemoris de parte sinistra
Insolita voces flamma sonuere sequenti.
Ipse nitor Phœbii vulgato lætior orbe
Crevit & aurato præcinxit fulgere vultus.
Fortior omnibus movit Mavortia signa
Cæsar; & insolito gressu, prior occupat haustus.
Prima quidem glacies, & cana juncta pruina
Non pugnavit humus, mitique horrore quievit:
Sed postquam turmæ nimbos fregere ligatos,
Et pavidus quadrupes undarum vincula rupit,
Incaluere nives, mox flumina montibus altis
Vndabant modo nata: sed hæc quoque jussa putares.
Stabant & vinclæ fluctus stupuere pruina:
Et paulo ante lues jam concidenda jacebat.
Tum vero malefida prius vestigia lusit,
Decepitque pedes. passim turmæque virique,
Armaque congesta strue deplorata jacebant.
Ecce etiam rigido concussæ flamme nubes
Exonerabantur, nec rupti turbine venti
Deerant aut tumida contractum grandine coelum:
Ipsæ jam nubes ruptæ super arma cadebant,
Et concreta gelu Ponti velut unda ruebat.
Victa erat ingenti Tellus nive, victaque coeli
Sidera, victa suis hærentia flumina ripis:
Nondum Cæsar erat: sed magnam nixus in hastam
Horrida securis frangebat gressibus arva:
Qualis Caucasea decurrens arduus arce
Amphitryoniades, aut torvo Juppiter ore,
Quum se verticibus magni demisit Olympi,
Et periturorum disjecti tela Gigantum.
Dum Cæsar tumidas iratus deprimit arcis:
Interea volucer motis conterrita pennis
Fama volat, summique petit juga celsa Palati:
Atque hoc Romano attonito fert omnia signa:
Jam clasæ fluitare mari, totasque per Alpes
Fervore Germano perfusas sanguine turmas.
Arma cruor, cædes, incendia, totaque bella
Ante oculos volitant, ergo pulsata tumultu

Petronius his Rapture.

And touch'd his wishes, from the Mountains head
Stretching his voice, (the Latian fields survey'd)
And both his hands to Heav'n, thus Cæsar said.
All powerful Jove, and thou Saturnian Land
Triumphant oft, safe always by my hand,
Witnes I come unwilling to this warre,
Unwilling Clash: but such my proud wrongs are,
Expuls'd my Country, whilst I paint with blood
The Rhine, whilst I the Galls the Alps exclude,
Threat'ning again the Capitoll. Exit'd
Farther by conquering more: the Germanes foyl'd,
And sixty triumphs are my crime. But who
Denounce this war? Blind with our beams a crew
Of trading Soules step-children to my Rome,
But they (I think) shall know too upon whom
Nor shall mechanick hands bind these with cords.
Go mine: Go victors: plead the Caule with Swords.
We all are in one fault: one shame threats all:
You conquer'd too. If punishment must fall
On them that beat, if this our triumph be,
Let the Dye fall, and Fortune judge for me.
Take up the war they throw you: try your force:
If overcome, my case can be no worse.
But arm'd, and with such men, that ne're can hap:
This said, the Delphick bird her wings did clap,
(An Omen good) and in a wood beside
A Bay-tree crackling in strange fire was spy'd.
A P O L L O's self shone brighter then he us'd,
And had a golden glory circumfus'd.
Stronger then Omens, Cæsar did advance,
And with unwonted pace first snatch'd a Lance.
First bound with ice, and candyed with the driffe
The earth was quiet with dull horror stiffe:
But when the Troops the clouds gives off, did take,
And trembling horses the waves fettlers brake,
The heat snows melted; straight new rivers burst
Out of the hills: these also straight were forc't
To make a stand: whilst (lo) new ice appeares,
And liquid late make work for Pioneers.
Then first deceiv'd the feet the slipp'ry ground,
And tript them up, Men, Arms, and whole Ranks, (round,)
In heaps deplo'red: big clouds with tempest's stroke,
Their burthens threw. Nor blasts with whirle-winds broke,
Were wanting there, or volleys of gross haile.
The concrete raine fell rattling on the Mayle,
Like showres of Arrows from a Parthian bow:
The Earth was overcome with a deep snow:
The Lamps of heaven o'recome; with Christal bits
The Rivers overcome; Cæsar not yet:
But leaning on his speare, that would not yield,
With secure steps he brake the horrid field:

Furor Petroniensis.

Pectora per dubias scinduntur territa causas.
Huic fuga per terras illi magis unda probatur.
Et patria est Pontus, jam tutior est magis arma
Qui tentata velit: fatusque jubentibus actus.
Quantum quisque timet, tantum fugit: ocyor ipse
Hos inter motus populus, miserabile visu,
Quo mens ista jubet, desertâ ducitur urbe.
Gaudet Roma fugâ, debillatique Quirites
Rumoris sonitu mærentia tecta relinquunt
Ille manu trepidâ natos tenet, ille penates
Occultat gremio, deploratumque relinquit.
Limen, & absentem votis interficit hostem.
Sunt qui conjugibus mærentia pectora jungant,
Grandevosque patres: onerisque ignara juventus
Id pro quo metuit tantum trahit omnia secum
Hic vehit imprudens, prædamque in prælia dicit.

Ac velut ex alto quum magnus inhorruit Auster,
Et pulsas evertit aquas non arma ministris,
Non regimen prodest: ligat alter pondera pinus,
Alter tutu sinu tranquillaque littora querit:
Hic dat vela fugæ Fortunæque omnia credit.
Quid tam parva queror? Geminus cum consule Magnus
Ille tremor Ponti, saevi quoque terror Hydaspis
Et piratarum scopulus: modo quem ter ovantem
Juppiter horruerat, quem fracto in gurgite Pontus,
Et veneratus erat submissa Bosphorus unda
Proh pudor! Imperii deserto nomine fugit,
Ut Fortuna levis Magni quoque terga videtur.

Tergo tanta lues Divum quoque numina vidit;
Confusisque fugæ cœli timor, Ecce per orbem
Mitis turba Deum, terras exosa furentes
Deserit; atque hominum damnatum avertitur agmen
Pax prima ante alias niveos pulsata lacertos
Abſcondit galea victum caput, atque relicto
Orbe fugax Ditis petit implacabile regnum.
Huic comes it sincera Fides, & crine soluto
Justitia, & mærens lacera Concordia palla.
At contra, sedes Erebi quæ rupta dehicit,
Emergit late Ditis chorus horrida Erynnys,
Et Bellona minax, facibusque armata Megæra:
Læthumque Infidiæque, & lurida mortis imago.
Quas inter Furor, abruptis ceu liber habenis
Sanguineum late tollit caput, oraque mille
Vulneribus confossa cruentâ casside velat.
Hæret detritus lævâ Mavortius umbo,
Innumerabilibus telis gravis: atque flagrantî
Stipite dextra minax terris incendia portat.
Sentit terra Deos, mirataque sydera pondus
Quæsivere suum, namque omnis regia cœli
In partes diducta ruit: primumque Dionæ

Petronius his Rapture.

As when Alcmena's son marched apace,
Down Caucasus: or with an angry face
When Jove descended the Olympian hill,
With Giants blood Phlegrean plains to fill.
Mean while swift Fame is born with frightened wings,
And perching on the Capitol, sad things
Tells the affrighted Romans: that the Main
Is swarm'd with ships: The Alps of a light flame
With Troops, yet reeking with Sicambrian gore,
Arms, Blood, Death, Fire, and War is drawn before
Their eyes from head to foot: which makes them erre,
And see their danger double through their feare.
This flies by land, this by, and that to Sea,
So for no land his native changes he.
He's safest now, the Chance of war that tries,
And follows fates instinct: He farthest flies
Whose feare is longest winged: (A grief to say!)
The people led by wild amazement, stray
They know not whither: Rome delights in flight,
And scar'd Quirites their sad mansions quite;
At the bare rumour of approaching Arms,
Those clasp with trembling hand their tender barnes:
These in their bosomes hold their Houſhould-Gods:
And hurry from their desolate aboads:
And in their prayers kill the absent Foe:
There are that to their wives sad bosomes grow,
And bedrid parents: youths impatient beat
Takes onely her, on whom his soul is set.
Some all, and to the war unwisely sweep
The prey, for which'tis made. —

As when the deep
Is plough'd up by Northwinds, and her roul'd hills
Are knock'd together: And the Seamen's skills
Avail not now, one binds the splitting mast,
Another to the quiet shore doth hast,
A third to Sea and Fortune trusts with all.
What talk I of small things: the Generall
With both the Consuls The great Pompey, He
Terror of dire Hydaspes, and the Sea,
The Pyrates rock, whom (thrice triumphing late)
Jove trembled at, lest he should shake his state:
Whom Pontus (having crush'd it's watry braves)
And Bosphorus ador'd with crouching waves:
(Oh shame) deserting the State's rudder, fled:
That fickle Fortune might t'have seen beset
Ev'n Pompey's back. A flight autoriz'd so,
Involv'd the Gods, and Heaven his back did show.
See a mild troop of Gods (loathing the rage
That reigns in mortals) take a pilgrimage,
From a damn'd crew of Earthlings: And first Peace
(Beating her snowy Arms) her vanquish'd face

Furor Petroniensis.

Cæsar's acta sui ducit. comes additur illi
Pallas, & ingentem quatens Mavortius hastam:
Magna cum Phœbo soror, & Cyllenia proles
Excipit, ac totis similis Tyrinthius actis.
Infremuere tubæ, ac scisso Discordia crine
Extulit ad superos Stygium caput. hujus in ore
Concretus sanguis, contusaque lumina fabant.
Stabant ærati scabra rubigine dentes;
Tabo lingua fluens, obseſſa draconibus ora
Atque intertorto laceratam pectore vestem
Sanguineam tremula quatiebat lampada dextra.
Hæc ut Cocyti tenebras, & Tartara liquit,
Alta petit gradiens juga nobilis Apennini,
Unde omnes terras, atque omnia littora posset
Aspicere, ac toto fluitantes orbe catervas:
Atque has erumpit furibundo pectore voces:

Sumite nunc gentes accensis mentibus arma,
Sumite, & in medias immittite lampadas urbes.
Vincetur quicunque latet; non foemina cesset,
Non puer, aut ævo jam desolata senectus.
Ipsa tremat Tellus, lacerataque testa rebellent.
Tu legem Marcellæ tene: tu concute plebem
Curio, tu fortæ ne supprime Lentule Martem.
Quid porro tu Dive tuis cunctaris in armis?
Non frangis portas? non muris oppida solvis,
Theſaurosque rapis? nescis tu Magne queri
Romanas acies? Epidauria moenia quære,
Theſſalicosque finus humano sanguine tingue.
Factum est in terris, quicquid Discordia jussit.

Petronius his Rapture.

Hides with a cask, and flying from the light,
Seeks the hight mansions of eternal Night:
With Her pure FAITH, and JUSTICE, (her sword broke)
And CONCORD in a rent and mourning Cloak.
On th' other side where Hell's wide jaws respire,
Grim Pluto's train springs rife: Erinnys dire,
And fierce Bellona, and flame-girt Megeare,
And Death, and Fraud, and multiplying Feare.
Amongst whom Rage, like Bacchus (his reines broke)
Runs headlong, and with bloody helm doth Cloake
A thonſand ugly faces digg'd with wounds
With heavy shafts: a Martial Target sounds
Worn with his left, and from his right hand hurl'd
A blazinc fire-brand terrifies the world.
The stars are pos'd: light-headed Atlas reels;
Wond'ring to miss the weight that pos'd heaven's wheels.
The factions Gods come down on earth to ſide.
And Venus firſt her Cæſar justify de,
Pallas with her, and Mars that shakes a wholt:
Oak for a ſpear; and with his Sister, S O L:
And ATLAS GRANDSON and Alcides (found
Like him in all his acts) The trumpets sound,
And DISCORD with torn hair, her Stygian head
Advances from a dell, her dim eyes ſhed
Instead of tears a blotted ſhow'r of blood:
Two tire of brazen grinders rusty stood:
Her tongue o'reflows with gore: her ſnaky locks
Hang down over her face: and through her Frocks
Wide-gaping Rent, thrusting a bloody hand
About her head ſhe toſt a flaming brand.
She leaving Hell, and where ſad rivers joyne,
Touch'd the high top of noble Appennine:
From whence each realm and ſea ſhe might command,
And view the Troops that roule on every Land:
Then burst into theſe words, with fury warm,
Arm all the world with fell intentions: arm:
Shoot flames in midſt of Towns (who e're he be
That bands a Newter, is the Victor's fee.)
Fight Boys, fight Maids, fight Old men neer your end.
Quake Earth, and shattered ſtones rebel. — Defend
The laws Marcellus. — Do thou Curio preach
Up tumults. — Lentulus do not impeach
Thy Martial ſpirits working. — What makſt thou
Julius the while freezing in Armour? now
Enter the gates, or ſcale the walls, and break
The Roman Fisk. — Pompey art thou too weak
To keep Rome's Towers? to EPIDAMNUM paſſ
The Ominous Scene, and dye Theſſalian graſſ
With Roman blood. To all that DISCORD ſaid,
EARTH cry'd 'Tis done: and her command obey'd.



The Translator's POSTSCRIPT.

H ERE PETRONIUS breaks off abruptly, thereby as well as in many imperfect places of his own Copy, proving as good as his word, that he had not added thereto the last hand. In which thing alone I have translated him to the life, for neither have I added mine to the English: only making so much use thereof, as to shew the Rule and Model, which (indubitably) guided our CAMOENS in the raising his GREAT BUILDING, and which (except himself) that I know of, no POET ever followed that wrought in great, whether ancient, or modern. For (to name no more) the Greek HOMER, the Latin VIRGIL, our SPENSER, and even the Italian TASSO (who had a true, a great, and no obsolete story, to work upon) are in effect wholly fabulous: and LUCAN (though worthily admired) is as much censured by some on the other side, for sticking too close to truth. As FABIUS for one; — LUCAN full of flame and vigour, and most perspicuous in his Sentences: yet (that I may speak what I think) rather to be reckoned amongst the ORATORS than the POETS. And SERVIUS for another, with less manners in his expression; That which I said, that the Art of Poetry is forbidden to set down a naked story, is certain: for LUCAN deserved not to be in the number of POETS, because he seems to have compiled a HISTORY, rather than a POEM. Amounting to the same which is objected above in the Introduction to this Essay (which glanceth particularly at LUCAN) and mended (as the Author thereof conceived) by the Essay itself, which is of a mixt nature between Fable and History.



TORQUATO TASSO. in his 6 Part. fol. 47.

Vasco, te cui felici ardite Antenne
Incontro al Sol, che ne riporta il giorno,
Spiegar le vele, e fer colà Ritorno,
Dove egli par che di cadere accenne:
Non piu di Te per aspro mar sosterme
Quel, che fece a CICLOPE oltraggio, & scorno:
Ne chi turbo l'Arpie nel suo soggiorno,
Ne diè piu bel Subjetto. a Colte penne.
Et hor quella del colto, e buon LUIGI
Tant'oltre stende il glorioso volo
Che j tuoi spalmati Legni andar men lunghe.
Ond'a quelli, a cui S'alza il nostro polo,
Et a chi ferina contra j suoi vestigi,
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

Vasco, whose bold and happy ships against
The Rising Sun (who fraughts them home with day)
Display'd their wings, and back again advanc't
To where in Seas all Night he steeps his Ray:
Not more then Thou on rugged Billows felt,
He that bor'd out the Eye of POLYPHEME;
Nor He that spoyl'd the HARPYES where they dwelt,
Afforded Learned Pens a fairer Theam.
And this of Learn'd and honest CAMOENS
So far beyond now takes it's glorious flight,
That thy breath'd Sails went a less Journey, Whence
To Those on whom the Northern Pole shines bright,
And Those who set their feet to ours, The boast
Of thy Long Voyage Travails at his Cost.





THE
L V S I A D
O F
Lewis Camoens.

First Canto.

STANZA. I.



Rmes, and the Men above the vulgar File,
Who from the Western Lusitanian shore
Past ev'n beyond the Trapobanian-Isle,
Through Seas which never Ship had fayld before ;
Who (brave in action, patient in long Toyle,
Beyond what strength of *humane* nature bore.)
Mongst Nations, under other Stars, acquir'd
A modern Scepter which to Heaven aspir'd.

2.

Likewise those Kings of glorious memory,
Who sow'd and propagated where they past
The Faith with the new Empire (making dry
The Breasts of ASIA, and laying waste
Black AFFRICK's vicious Glebe ; And Those who by
Their deeds at home left not their names defac't,
My Song shall spread where ever there are Men,
If Wit and Art will so much guide my Pen.

B

Geafe

3.
Cease man of T R O Y , and cease thou sage of G R E E C E ,
To boast the Navigations great ye made ;
Let the high Fame of A L E X A N D E R cease,
And T R A I A N ' S Banners in the E A S T display'd :
For to a Man recorded in this P e e c e
N E P T U N E his Trident yielded, M A R S his B l a d e .
Cease All , whose Actions ancient Bards exprest :
A brighter Valour rises in the W e s t .

4.
And you (my T A G u s ' s N y m p h s) since ye did raise
My Wit t'a more then ordinary flame ;
If I in low , yet taneful Verse , the praise
Of your sweet River always did proclaim :
Inspire me now with high and thund'ring lays ;
Give me them clear and flowing like his stream :
That to your Waters P H E B U S may ordaine
They do not envy those of H Y P P O C R E N E .

5.
Give me a mighty Fury , Nor rude Reeds
Or rustick Bag-Pipes sound , But such as War's
Lowd Instrument (the noble Trumpet) breeds ,
Which fires the Breast , and stirs the blood to jars .
Give me a Poem equal to the deeds
Of your brave Serviters (Rivals of M A R S)
That I may sing them through the U N I V E R S E ,
If, whom That held not , can be held in Verse .

6.

And you, a present Pawn to P O R T U G A L E
Of the old Lusitanian-Liberie ;
Nor the less certain Hope t'extend the Pale
One day , of narrow C H R I S T I A N I T Y :
New Terror of the moorish Arsenale :
The foretold Wonder of our Centurie :
Giv'n to the World by G o d , the World to win ,
To give to G o d much of the World agin .

7.

You , fair and tender Blossom of that Tree
Belov'd by Him , who dy'd on one for Man ,
More then whatever Western MA I E S T I E
Is styl'd M ost C H R I S T I A N , or C A E S A R E A N .
Behold it in your Shield ! where you may see
O RI Q U E S Battaile , which A L P H O N S O wan ,
In which C H R I S T gave for Arms , for you tembois ,
The same which He himself bore on the Cross .

You

8.
You (pow'rful King) , whose Empire vast the Sun
Visits the first as soon as he is born ,
And eyes it when his Race is half-way run ,
And leaves it loath when his tyr'd Steeds adjourn .
You , who we look should clap a yoak upon
The bruitish I S H M A E L I T E , become your scorn ;
On th'Eastern TURK , and G E N T I L who still lies
Sucking the stream which water'd P A R A D I S E .

9.
That M a i e s t i e which in th's Brow appears
(This tender one) suspend for a small time ,
Already such , as in your perfect years
When F A M E ' S immortal Temple you shall climbe
Those milder eys , with which you banish Feares ,
Bend to the ground : on which , by num'rous Ryme ,
You'll see in me a Passion overgrown ,
To make the Portugal-Atchievemens known .

10.

You'll see a strange love to my Native-foyle ,
Not mov'd with v i l e but high immortal Meed :
For , to be compted is a Meed not v i l e
The Trumpet of the Nest where I was bred .
By That , their names drawn great , and laid in oyl
You'll see , of whom you are the Sov'reign Head :
And judge , which is the greater Honour Then
To be King of the World , or of such Men .

11.

Hear me , I say , for not for Actions vaine ,
F a s t a f i c k , F a b u l o u s , shall you behold
Yours prais'd , though forraigne Muses (to obtaine
Name to themselves) have ev'n feign'd names extold .
Your Subjects true Acts are so great , they stain
And credit all the Lyes of others told .
Stain R H O D O M O N T , that pufse R O G E R O too ,
And M A D O R L A N D O , grant their deeds were true .

12.

For These , I give you a fierce N U N N I O
Who King and Country propt , almost alone .
An E G A S , a D o n F u a s , whose worths to show
I wish my Voice could reach great H O M E R ' S tone .
For the twelve Peers , I other twelve bestow
That past to E N G L A N D , and M A G R I Z Z O one .
Th'illustrious G A N I A in the Reare I name ,
Who rob'd the wandring Trojan of his Fathe .

B 2

Then

13.

Then (if to Match with CHARL'S THE GREAT of FRANCE,
Or one you seek to rival CÆSAR's name)
The first ALPHONSO see, who with his Lance
Eclipses whatsoe're *outlandish* Fame!
And Him, who by successful Valiance
Resc'd and snatched his *Realm* from *civil Flame*!
The second JOHN, unconquer'd by the sword!
The Fourth and Fifth ALPHONSO, and the Third!

14.

Nor shall my Verses in Oblivion leave
Those CHIEFS, who, in the *Kingdoms* of the Morn,
Their name in Armes unto the starres did heave,
By whom your ever-conqu'ring Flag was born:
Matchless PACHECO: Two ALMENDRA'S brave,
Whom weeping TAGUS will for ever mourn:
Terrible ALBURQUERQUE: CASTRO bold:
And more, whom death had not the pow'r to hold.

15.

And whilst I These do sing, and dare not you,
Great King (for I aspire not to that height)
Take you your *Kingdomes* reynes your Hand into,
And furnish matter for a loftier flight,
Whilst your new *worth* may meet a *Vein* as new.
Your num'rous Fleets, and Armies pond'rous weight,
Let the *World* groan with, and their *terrour* feize
The AFRICK-Land's, and ORIENTAL-Seas.

16.

On you with fixed eys looks the cold MOORE,
In whom he reads his ruine prophecy'd:
The barb'rous GENTILE (viewing you) is sure
You'll yoak his neck, and bows it to be ty'de.
The silver THETYS offers you in dow're
All her *blem* *Realm*, and doth the same provide.
Took with your Face (where love is mixt with awe)
She seeks to buy you for her Son-in-Law.

17.

In you, out of their Blissful Bow's Above
Your Grandfirs souls (both famous in their way,
The one in golden peace, which Angels love,
T'other in bloody War) themselves survay.
In you they hope their glories shall improve,
Their Vertues be recoynd with leis Alay:
And wide they sit, to keep for you a roome
In Heav'n's eternal Temple 'gainst you come.

But

18.

But now, because your time creeps slowly an
To rule your People, who much wish it so;
Play with the new Attempt of a bold man,
That up with you this Infant-muse may grow;
And you shall spye ploughing the Ocean
Your ARGONAUTS, that they may also know
You see them tost upon the angry Brine:
And use your self to be invok'd betime.

19.

They now went sayling in the OCEAN vast,
Parting the sharling Wavyes with crooked Bills:
The whispring Zephyre breath'd a gentle Blast,
Which stealingly she spreading CANVAS fills:
With a white foam the Seas were overcast,
The dancing Vessels cutting with their Keels
The Waters o'f the Consecrated DEEP,
Where PROTHEUS's Flocks their Rendezvous keep.

20.

When in the HEAV'N O'F HEAV'N'S the Deities,
That have of humane things the Government,
Convene in glorious COUNCIL, to advise
On future matters of the ORIENT.
Treading in Clusters the Diaphane skyes
Thorough the Milky way their course they bent,
Assembled at the THUNDERER'S command
By Him That bears the Caduceian Wand.

21.

They leave the patronage of the Seas'n spheres
Which by the HIGHEST POW'R to them was giv'n:
The HIGHEST POW'R, who with an eye-brow steers
The Earth, the raging Ocean, and the Heav'n.
There, in a moment, everyone appears;
Those, where BOOTES's waine is slowly driv'n,
Those, who inhabit South, and where the Sun
Is born, and where his golden Race is don.

22.

With an austere and high Majestick grace
Upon a Christal Throne, with stars impos't,
Sublime THE FATHER sat (worthy that place)
By whom the Bolts, dire VULCAN forg'd, are cast.
An Oderiferous Ayre blew from his face,
Able to breathe new life in a pale Ghost:
A Scepter in his Hand, and his Head crown'd
With one stone, brighter then a Diamond.

On

23.

On glitt'ring chairs (imbroyd'red richly o're
With infinite of Pearles and finest Gould)
The other Deities were placed low'r,
As Reason and the Herald order would:
The Seniours first, to honor them the more,
And after them those who were not so ould:
When thus the most high JO VE the silence brake,
With such a voice as made O LY M P U S shake.

24.

Eternal dwellers of the Tow'r divine,
And Impirean-Hall with starred Vault;
If the much Virtue of the valiant Line,
Of Lurus be not worn out of your Thought;
You needs must know what the great FATE's design
To crown the former Wonders Those have wrought,
That they shall darken with their evening-Glory
Th' Assyrian, Persian, Greek, and Roman story.

25.

Your selves were witnesses, with what a poor
And naked Army it was giv'n to Them
To take from the well-fix't, and num'rous M O O R
All that sweet T A G U S waters with his stream.
Then 'gainst the stout Castilian-Warriour
Heav'n still beheld them with a fav'ring beam:
And still in fine with glory and Renown
The hanging Trophies did their Churches crown.

26.

I speak not (Gods) of that more ancient name
Which with the Queen of Nations they did get
When (led by V I R I A T U S) so great fame
They wan, whilst They and hostile ROME were met.
I pass their other Clash with that proud Dame
(Which 'tis impossible you should forget)
When a Bandito did their Truncheon bear,
Who feign'd himself inspir'd by a tame Deare:

27.

See now, how trusting to uncertain Waves
In a fraile Barke, through ways untrud before
(Fearles of horrid Boreas, and the Braves
Of the fierce Southern wind) they throw at more!
How (having yoak't before that sea which laves
A F F R I C K S North-side, and yoakt her Southern-shore)
They bend their purpose and their forces turn
To win the Cradle of the budding MORN.

To

28.

To Them is promis'd by eternal FATE
(Whose high decrees no Power can ere revoke)
To be perpetual Porters of that Gate
Through which the Sun first guides his silver spoke.
They've spent at Sea the bitter Winter's date;
The men are harast, and with Travaille broke.
'Tis now high time (as it appears to me)
To shew them that new Land where they would be.

29.

And therefore, since they have (as you have seen)
So many dangers in this Voyage past;
Tost through so many Seas and Clymates been;
Of so sharp adverse Winds felt many a Blast;
I purpose now they shall as friends be in
The A F F R I C K - Land refresh't with some Repast;
And, having victual'd there their wearied Fleet,
Proceed in their long course as it is meet.

30.

Thus JO VE: when in their course of Parliament
The Gods reply'd in order as they Sate,
And to and fro by way of Argument
Upon the matter calmly did debate.
Then FATHER BACCHUS stiffly did dissent
From what great JO VE propos'd; As knowing, that
His Fame ith' EAST must suffer an eclipse
Should there arive the Lusitanian-ships.

31.

He of the FATES had understood, from S P A I N
How that a warlike People was to come
Thorough the middle of the OCEAN,
Which all the Indian-Coast should overcome,
And which, with modern Victories, should stain
All old ones, whether forraign, or their own.
It griev'd him sore, those Actions should be drown'd
Which still in N Y S A made his name resound.

32.

He looks on I N D I A as his old Acquest,
From whom nor Time, nor deeds by others don,
Had rob'd the stile of CONQUOR OF THE EAST,
By All That taste the streams of Helicon.
But now he fears that Glorie's neer it's West,
In the black Water of oblivion
To set, should their desired Port obtain
The valiant P O R T I N G A L L S That plough the Main.

Faire

33.

Fair V E N U S holds up the contrary Theam
Affected to the *Lusitanian-Nation*,
For the much likenes she observ'd in Them
To her old R O M E , for which she had such passion,
In their great hearts , in the propitious beam
Of their to-A F F R I C K-fatal constellation,
And in the charming musick of their *Tongue*,
Which she thinks *Latine* with small drofs among.

34.

These things did C Y T H E R E A move: But more
Because from F A T E of truth she heard it sed
That at those L A N D S her Altars should adore
Where this Victorious *People* should be spred.
So one , to keep what was his own before,
T'other, to gain new honors to her head,
Contest and stickle for their sev'ral ends,
And Both are backt and favour'd by their Frends.

35.

As when the fierce *South-wind*, and fiercer *North*,
Have got into the thickest of a W o o d ,
Breaking the Bougħs to force a passage forth
Through matted shades, impetuous and wood;
The Air that yells , and all the mountain roar'th,
The Leaves are scattered , and the strong Rocks mov'd:
Such was the tumult which amongst the G o d s
Was raised then in the *Supream Aboads*.

36.

But M A R S , who, with more cordialness did take
Then any of the rest, the G O D D E S's part;
Whether it were for old *Affection*-sake,
Or for this valiant *People's* own desart
(His look confess him vext before he spake)
Amongst the G o d s upon his feet did start.
His heavy Target , at his shoulder hung,
(Displeas'd , and dreadful) he behind him flung.

37:

Lifting a little up his Helmet-sight
(Twas Adamant, with confidence enough
To give his Vote himself he placed right
Before the Throne of J O V E , arm'd , valiant, tough:
And (giving with the butt end of his Pyke
A great thump on the floor of purest stiffe)
The Heav'n's did tremble , and A P O L L O 's light
It went, and came, like colour in a fright.

And

38.

And thus he said ; O Sire, whose will (whate're)
All which thou hast created must obey :
If These, who seek another Hemisphere,
Thou wouldst not have to perish in the way,
Whose deeds and Valour once thou heldst so deare,
And did'st of old ordain what they assay :
Then hear no more (since thou'rt a Judge upright)
Reasons, from one who sees by a false light.

39.

For if found Reason did not plainly show
It self here vanquisht by excess of Feare,
'Twere prop'r B A C C H U S should his pains bestow
For L u s u s's Race, who was his Minion deare.
But let this spleen of his at present goe ;
" Tis an ill stomach rising at good cheare :
" And envy never found the way in fine
" To do Man right, or what the G o d 's designe.

40.

And T h o u (the Father of great *Constancy*)
From the determination thou hast tooke
Recoyle not. " It is imbecility
" When once a Thing's begun, then back to looke.
But since in speed the winged M E R C U R Y
Outstrips the Winds , a shaft , the swiftest Brooke.
Let Him now shew them to some Country, where
They may refresh , and news of I N D I A heare.

41.

The pow'ful Father having said the same ,
Gave with a nod the S O V E R A I G N A f f e n t
To that which M A R S said here with greater flame,
And over All his holy Nectar sprent.
Streight through the milky way , by which they came,
The G o d s to their respective Stations went,
Making a low obeysance to the Throne
As they past by in Order one by one.

42.

Whilst this in the H I G H - C O U R T is passing now
And beautiful O F H E A V ' N Omnipotent ;
The warlike People the salt ocean plough
Leaving the South , and face the Orient,
'Twixt M A D A G A S C A R ' S Isle , where all things flow ,
And E T H I O P I A ' S barren Continent.
'Twas in that month, when S O L the Fishes fryes
To which fear'd B R O N T E s turn'd two D E I T I E S .

C

43.

So pleasantly they went before a Wind
 As those That now had got the *Heav'n* to frend.
 Serene the Ayre was, and the Weather kind :
 No Cloud, nor ought that danger might portend,
 The PROMONTORY PRASSUS left behind,
 Which antient ETHIOPIA doth defend,
 NEPTUNE disclos'd new Isles which he did play
 About, and with his billows danc't the Hay.

44.

VASCO DE GAMA (a most valiant Guide,
 Born and pickt out for that great Enterprise,
 Of a high Soul, and strongly fortify'd,
 Who FORTUNE to him by his Boldness tyes)
 Stands off, to leave this Land upon one side,
 Thinking, that uninhabited it lies ;
 And on his course determines to proceed :
 But otherwise the matter did succeed.

45.

For streight, out of that Isle which seem'd most neer
 Unto the Continent, Behold a number
 Of little Boats in companie appeer,
 Which (clapping all wings on) the long Sea sunder !
 The men are rapt with joy, and, with the meer
 Excefs of it, can only look, and wonder.
 What Nation's this (within themselves they say) ?
 What Rites ? what Laws ? what King do they obey ?

46.

Their coming, thus : in Boats, with finns ; nor flat,
 But apt t'o re-set (as being pincht and long)
 And then they'd swim like Rats. The Sayles, of Mat
 Made of Palm-leaves, wove curiously and strong.
 The Mens Complexion, the self-same with that
 He gave the Earth's burnt parts (from Heaven hung,)
 Who was more brave, then wise ; That this is True
 The Po doth know, and LAMPETUSA true.

47.

The Cloaths, they came in, were a Cotton-Plad
 With divers Colours strip'd, and white the ground ;
 Which some cast queintly under one arm, had ;
 others, about their Middles streightly bound ;
 All else from the waste up remain'd unclad :
 Their weapons, Skeyns, and crooked Faulchions : Round
 Terbants upon their heads ; and, as they row'd,
 Resounded Timbrels in an antick Mode.

Waving

48.

Waving their hands and kerchers, These made signe
 To those of LUSITANIA to stay :
 But the swift Prows already did incline
 To come to Anchor in the Island's Bay.
 Land-men, and Sea-men in this work All joyne,
 As all their labours should have end that day.
 They haule the Roapes ; strike, strike, the crew resounds :
 The salt Sea (stricken with the Anchor) bounds.

49.

They were not Anchor'd, when the uncouth Folke
 Already by the Cordage did ascend.
 Their jovial countenances wellcome spoke,
 To whom the Lordly Chiefe did (courteous) bendl.
 Bids streight the Boards be spread, the Bottles smoke,
 With that rich juice which is the Poet's frend.
 ours pow'r it into Bowles, and All They fill
 The burnt by PHAETHON spare not to swill.

50.

They ask (and still the cheerie Bowle goes round)
 In the Arabick-language, WHENCE THE FLEET ?
 Who, and of whence, the men ; and WHITHER BOUND,
 And through what Seas It came where now they see't ?
 Hereto the valiant LUSITANIANS found
 Such answers as were proper, and discreet :
 We are the PORTUGUESES of the WEST,
 We go to seek the Countreyes of the EAST.

51.

All the great OCEAN have we sail'd, and crost,
 To the Antartick from the Artick Strand
 Gone all the Round of AFRICK's spacious Coast ;
 We have felt many a Clyme, seen many a Land.
 We serve a potent King, who hath ingrost
 His Peoples loves so, that, at his command,
 With cheerful faces, not vast Seas alone,
 But we would pass the Lake of ACHERON.

52.

And 'tis by that comand we travel now
 To seek the Eastern Land which INDIES laves :
 By that this distant Ocean-Sea we plough,
 Where none but Monsters sayl'd the horrid Waves.
 But now 'tis reason, We should likewise know
 (If Truth have found a Harbour in your Caves)
 Who you are ? what this Land in which you dwell ?
 Or, if of INDIA you can Tydings tell ?

C 2

We

53

We are (one of the Isle replying said)
Strangers unto this People, Law, and Place;
The Natives being such, as Heav'n hath made
Without the light of Reason, or of Grace.
We have a Law of TRUTH, which was convay'd
To us from that New-light of ABRAM'S Race,
Who houlds the World now in subjection due,
By Father, GENTILE; and, by Mother, JEW.

54.

This little Isle (abarren healthles Nook)
Of all these Parts is the most noted Scale
For such as at QUILOA's Traffick look,
Or to MOMBASSA, and SOFALA, sayle.
Which makes Us here some inconvenience brook,
To gather, for a mortal life, and frayle:
And (to inform you in one word of All)
This little Isle Men MOZAMBIQUE call.

55.

And now (since you come seeking through long toyle
INDIAN-HYDASPEs, and the Spicy Strand)
You shall have such a Pilot from this Isle,
As through the waves the way doth understand.
'Twere also good, you here repos'd a while,
And took in fresh provisions from the Land;
And that our Goverour did come Aboard,
To see what else may need for Him t'afford.

56.

This the Barbarian, and retreated then
Into his Boates with all his companie,
Departing from the Captaine, and his Men,
With demonstrations of due Courtesie.
Mean time A POLL in the Sea did pen
The golden day, and down to sleep doth lye
Leaving his siffer so much Torch to burn
As may suffice the World till he return.

57.

With unexpected joy their hearts on floate,
Blithely they pass the Night in the tyr'd Fleet;
To think that in a Country so remote
The news so long desired they should meet.
Within themselves they ruminate, and noate
The mens odd fashion, and admire to see't,
Or how a People of their damned way
Could take such root, and bear so vast a sway.

58.

The silver Moon's reverberated Ray
Trembled upon the Chrystal Element;
Like Flow'rs in a great Meade, at middle May,
The stars were in the azure Firmament.
The furious Winds all husht and sleeping lay
In drowsy Hyperborean Caves dark-pent
Yet those of the Armada do not sleep,
But in their turns accustom'd watches keep.

59.

And when AURORA left her Spicy Bed,
Shaking her dewy locks the Earth upon;
And drawing, with a lilly-hand, the red
Transparent Curtains of the waking Sun,
To work go ALL, over the Decks to spred
The shadowing Sails, and all their Streamers dion,
To entertain with feasting and with joy
(Advancing in his Barge) the Isle's VICK-ROY.

60.

Merrily sayling he advanc't, to see
The Lusitanian-Frigates in the Road,
With fresh provisions from the Land: For HE
Still hopes, they are of that inhumane Brood,
Which, from their mountains near the CASPIAN SEA,
The fruitful LANDS of ASIA overflow'd;
And, by permission of the POW'R DIVINE,
Usurpt the Empire of GREAT CONSTANTINE.

61.

The CAPTAINe, with a meen benevolent,
Receives the MOORE, and all his company.
Things of great price he doth to HIM present,
For such Occasions carryed purposely:
Gives him PRESERVES, and gives him of that queint
Unusual liquor which gives jollity.

The MOORE receives it all in courteous part,
But what he EATS and DRINKS most glads his heart.

62.

The nimble Lusitanian Mariners
Upon the shrowds in admiration hung,
To see a mode so different from theirs,
And barb'rous gibbrish of that broken Tongue.
No less confus'd the subtle MOORE appears,
Eying their colour, habit, and ships strong.
Then, asking all things; This, amongst the rest,
If happily they came from TURKIE, prest.

Moreover,

63.

Moreover, to behold desireth Hee
The Books of their Religion, Law, and Faith :
To see, if with his own the same agree
Or that of C H R I S T (as he suspects) he faith.
And (that he All may note, and All may see)
He prays the Captain, shew him what he hath
Of Armes, which by his Nation used are
When with their Enemies they go to War.

64.

To whom the valiant Captaine made reply
By one well vered in that Bastard-Tongue :
Illustrious Lord, I shall to thee descry
My Self, my Faith, and th' Armes I bring along.
Neither of Turkish-blood nor breed, am I ;
Nor of a Countrey that delights in wrong.
In fair and warlike E U R O P E was I born,
I seek the famous Kingdoms of the M O R R N.

65.

We worship H I M , who is by every Nature,
(Invisible, and visible) obay'd,
H I M , who the Hemispheres, and every Creature,
(Insensible, and sensible) hath made :
Who gave Us his, and took on Him our feature :
Whom to a shameful death his own betray'd :
And who from H E A V 'N to Earth came down in fine,
That Man, by H I M from Earth to H E A V 'N might climbe.

66.

Of this G o d-M A N sublime, and infinit,
The Books which thou desir st I have not brought,
For that in Books we need not bring that Writ,
Which (written in our Hearts) we have by rote.
For th' Armes , whereof thou hast desir'd to git
A fight, with all my heart I do allow't,
To see them as a Friend; For well I know,
Thou ne're wilt wish to see them as a Foe.

67.

This having said, the ready-Officers
He doth command to shew the Magazeen.
Out come the Backs, and Breasts, glitt'ring and terse ;
Fine Mayles, safe Coats, with quilted plates between;
Bucklers, where various Imagerie appeares ;
Ball, Lead, and Iron; Muskets of Steel sheen ;
Strong Bows, and Quivers with barbd Arrows wedg'd ;
Sharp Partesans, and Halberts double edg'd.

The

Cant.I.

68.

The morter-pieces come ; and with them came
(Confounding where they light) Granadoes dire ;
Yet would he not permit the sons of Flame
Unto the dreadful Cannon to give fire.
For valiant spirits (which are still the same
With generous) to boast their utmost Ire,
To few, and timid soules, cannot indure
“ To be a L Y O N among Sheep, 'tis poor.

69.

But now the M O O R E from what he heard and view'd,
(All which he did observe attentively)
Conceiv'd within his Breast a certain feud,
A root of Envy, and Malignity ;
Yet no such thing his outward gestures shew'd :
But, with a smiling hollow Courtesie,
He with himself resolves to treat them faire,
Till he his purpose may by deeds declare.

70.

Pilots the Captain at his hands doth pray,
His Ships as far as I N D I A to guide :
Assuring him they shall with ample pay
For all their pains therein be satisfy'd.
The M O O R E consents ; but still the poyson lay
Close, where it was, invenoming his side :
For, had he pow'r of blasting with his breath,
Instead of Pilots, he would give him death.

71.

So great the hate was, and so great the spight,
Which to the strangers sudainly he took ;
Knowing they follow that unerring light,
The S O N O F D A V I D holds out in his Book.
“ O the deep secrets of that I N F I N I T E
“ Into the which no mortal eye can look !
“ That They, whom T h o u to be thy friends hast chose
“ Should never be without perfidious Foes.

72.

The trech'rous M O O R E , when he his fill had seen,
Departeth from the Frigates with his Crew
(As false in heart, as flatt'ring in his meen)
And feign'd Regards on all the Sea-men threw.
Through the short Traverse of the humid Green
The Boats had quickly cut, when, wellcom'd to
The shore, and met by an obsequious Train,
To his known House they wait him back again.

The

73.

The famous THEBAN from th' *aetherial Hall*
(He, in his Thigh, whom JOVE his Father bore)
Seing this meeting with the PORTUGAL
Is an abomination to the MORE;
Hath in his Brain a Stratagem, which shall
(He hopes) destroy him quite upon that score.
Now whilst this plot is forging in his head,
Unto himself these angry words he sed;

74.

Is it already then by FATE ordain'd,
That so great *victories*, and so renown'd,
Shall by the men of PORTUGAL be gain'd
On warlike People, and on Indian Ground?
And I (son of the HIGHEST, unprofan'd
With carnal mixture, and in whom are found
Such rare *Indowments*) must I suffer FATE
To a meer man my honors to translate?

75.

Unto the son of PHILIP it is true
Such pow're the GODS did in those parts afford,
'Twas one with Him, to See, and to subdue,
And MARS himself did homage to his Sword.
But can it be indur'd, that to so Few
FATE such stupendious puissance should accord,
That that of MACEDON, of ROME, and MINE,
The LUSITANIAN GLORY should out-shine?

76.

It must not, nor it shall not. For before
This Swabber shall arrive the wished Land,
I'll spin him such a Webb on yonder shore,
That he shall never see the Eastern-strand.
I'll down to Earth, and spur th'iraged MORE:
"The Iron cooles that suffer'd is to stand.
"And who so means a business sure to make,
"He by the foretop must occasion take.

77.

Thus saying (vext, and little less then mad)
Upon the Affrick-shore he did descend,
Where, in a humane shape and visage clad,
To neig'b'ring PRASSUS he his course doth bend.
The shape he took on him (thereby his bad
And false designe the better to command)
Was of a MOORE in MOZAMBIQUE known,
Old, wise, and with the GOVERNOUR all one.

And

78.

And (entring to his Patron when he spy'de
The fittest season to infuse his guile)
He tells him; These, who in the Harbour ride,
Are men That live by robberie and spoyle:
That Fame, from Nations rang'd on the Sea-side,
With hue and crye pursu'd them to their Isle,
Of whom these Vagabonds a Bootie made
When they had anchor'd with pretence of Trade.

79.

Moreover I would have thee know (quoth Hee)
These bloody CHRISTIANS (as I understand)
With Flames and Pyracies have fill'd the Sea,
As well as with their Robberies the Land;
And that they have it in designe, how wee
May be reduc't too to their proud command:

How they may rob us of our goods, and lives,
And take for Slaves our children, and our Wives.

80.

And this I know, to morrow by day-breake
To come on shore for water they intend,
Arm'd, with their Captaine: Can Men plainer speake?
"They mischief mean, to feare it, who pretend.
Thou, arm'd with thine, the same advantage take;
Them in close ambush quietly attend:
Who, thinking to catch thee at unawares,
Will come with ease to fall into thy snares.

81.

And, should it so fall out, that by thisfeat
They should not wholly be destroy'd, and slain;
Another Plot (the which will give thee great
Content, I'm sure) I have within this Brain.
Send them a Pilot, skill'd so in deceit,
And how to lay an undiscerned Train,
That he may lead them blinded, where they may
Be kill'd, wreckt, sever'd, or quite lose their way.

82.

This said by Him, who plaid so well the MOORE
Whom years and Fraud made wise to obviate Harmes;
Thanking him much for his advice mature,
About his Neck the ZIQUE throws his armes.
And from that instant bids his Bands besure
To be all ready for the Morn's Allarmes.

That so, when land the LUSITANIAN shou'd,
He may convert their water into blood.

D

Farther

82.

Farther (t'effect that other false device)
 A Moorish Pilot he did ready git,
 Subtle, dissembling, and in mischief wise,
 To whom so great a Trust he might commit.
 Him, through such Seas, where such and such Coast lies,
 He bids to guide the Lusitanian Fleet,
 That, should the danger in one place be past,
 It may be sure to perish at the last.

84

Now visited th' Apollinean Ray.
 The Nabathēan mountains with a smile,
 When GAMA with his men themselves aray
 To go and fetch fresh-water from the Isle.
 Plac't with good order in the Boates are They,
 As he had known of the intended guile;
 And in a sort he did so: "For the Wife
 'Have a divining foul that never lies."

85.

Moreover for the Pilot he had sent
 To land before, in need whereof he stood;
 To which the sound of Warlike Instrument
 Was all the anwer he had understood.
 For this, As likewise, to be confident
 Of a false Nation being never good,
 He went as well provided as he could
 With no more people then three Boats could hold.

86.

But the keen Moors (pickeering on the Strand
 To keep them from the Fountain's thirsted draught,
 With Buckler on one Arm, and dart in hand,
 Another with bent Bow, and poysion'd shaft)
 Stay for the valiant PORTINGALLS to land,
 In secret Ambush others hid with craft:
 And send (to make them think the businesse sure)
 A small Forlorn, as Faulkners throw their Lure.

87.

On the white Beaches the black Warriours prance,
 Waving and vap'ring all the Levell ore;
 And with heav'd Target, and with threat'ned Lance,
 Dare the bold PORTINGALLS to come on shore.
 The noble people have not patience
 To see the doggs grin at them any more.
 But spring in Covey, with such equal hast
 One could not say which landed first, or last.

88.

So a brisk Lover in the bloody PLACE
 (His beauteous Mistress by in a Balcon)
 Seeks out the Bull, and (planted face to face)
 Curvets, runs, whistles, waves, and toles him on;
 But the stern Brute, ev'n in a moment's space
 (His horned Brow low'd to the Earth) doth run
 Bellowing about like mad; and (his eys shut)
 Dismounts, strikes, kills, and tramples underfoot.

89.

Loe, from the ships the Flames out of the hard
 And furious Cannon roll'd, to Heaven rise!
 The Bullets murther, whom the Sound but scar'd:
 The hissing Aire, struck, bandies back the noise.
 The Moors hearts melt in them, they are so fear'd;
 And the same passion chills their blood to Ice.
 Now He, That lay in hidden ambush, flies:
 And He, That ventur'd the Encounter, dyes.

90.

The Lusitanian People rest not here:
 But, following their success, destroy and slay.
 The Wall-less-Town, and timber-Houses there,
 They waste with fire, and flat with Cannon lay.
 His sally now the Moor repents full deer,
 For which he thought a cheaper price to pay.
 Now he blasphemeth the War, curses ill luck,
 Th'old devil, and the dam that gave him suck.

91.

The flying Moors their Javelins backward threw
 Fainly, through feare, and haste of their Retreat.
 The Flint, the Stake, the Stone in folio flew.
 "Anger makes all things weapons, when 'tis heat.
 Now, to the Victor leaving the Isle too,
 Unto the Continent they frightened get.
 The Sea's small Arm, that doth their Isle imbrace,
 They cut and traverse in a little space.

92.

Some leap with their best goods into the Boats;
 Some with their natural Oars swim to the shore;
 This sinks into the crooked waves, then floats;
 That puffs the Sea out, he new drank before.
 The howred Bullets from the Cannon-Throats
 The bruitish peoples brittle Vessels tore.
 Thus did the PORTINGALLS in fine chastise
 The falsehood of malicious Enemies.

93.

To the *Armada* Victors they return
With the rich spoils and booty of the War.
Water they may have now to serve their turn
At their own time without controle, or bar:
The *Moores* (fresh smarting with their losses) burn
With greater malice then before by far:

And, seeing so much unrevenged shame,
Set their whole *Rest* upon the *After-game*.

94.

The *Gouvernour* of that infamous Land
To sue for Peace (as if repenting) sent.
Nor do the *Lusitanians* understand
That, under shew of peace, worse war is meant:
For the desired *Pilot* (underhand
Instructed in his trecherous intent)
In token of the Peace which he did crave
He sends to be their *Pilot* to the *Grave*.

95.

The *Captaine* (who already understood
'twas time to go his discontinued way,
And that the weather and the wind are good
To carry him for wished *INDIA*)
Receives the *Pilot* with a cheerful mood:
And th' *Envoyé*, who did his answ're stay,
Dispatcht in haste (his minde is in the skye)
To the large Wind lets all the *Canvas* flye.

96.

Departed in this wise, the azure Waters
Of *AMPHITRITE* cuts the warlike Fleet,
Attended by a Troop of *NERUUS*'s daughters
(sweet Friends, and no less constant, then th'are sweet)
The *Captain* (thought-less of those devilish matters
Which in his Brain the subtle *Moor* doth knit)
Touching all *INDIA*, and the Coasts they past,
Informs himself by *Him* from first to last.

97.

But the *Moor* well instructed in deceit
(To whom his lesson spightful *BACCHUS* gave)
Prepares for Him, e're he to *INDIA* get,
New Ills, either of *Thralldome*, or a *Grave*.
Giving accomp't of *Indian* Harbours yet,
He shews him All that ever he did crave;
That (judging Truth what he in *that* confess'd)
The valiant People may not doubt the rest

And

98.

And then he tells him (with the same intent
With which false *SYNON* witcht the men of *TROY*)
There is an *Isle*, not far from where they went,
Which ancient *CHRISTIANS* from all times injoy.
The *Captain* (who to all he told him lent
Attentive Eare) at this so sprang with joy,
That he conjur'd him with a golden spell
To guide him speedy where those *CHRISTIANS* dwell.

99.

This very thing the trech'rous *Moor* design'd
Which the deluded *CHRISTIAN* doth intreat,
Those, who possesst this *Isle*, being the blind
Disciples of the filthy *MAHOMET*.
Here death, and certain Ruine, he shall finde
(As he believes) for a far more strong and great,
Then *MOZAMBIQUE*, is this *Isle*; by name
QUILOA: frequent in the mouth of *Fame*.

100.

To it the joyful *Fleet* he did incline,
But *Shee*, whose *Altars* in *CYTHERA* steam,
(Seeing him go astray from his right line,
To meet a death of which he doth not dream)
Permits not those in so remote a *Clyme*
To perish, whom she doth so much esteem:
And puts them, with contrary winds, besides
The *Place* to which the traytious *Pilot* guides.

101.

Then the base *Moor*, when he did plainly finde
He could not work the Villany he meant,
Spawning another mischief in his minde,
And always constant to his black intent:
Tells him, that, since the waves are so unkinde
To put them by the *Port* to which they bent,
There lyes another *Island* hard before,
Where mixed live the *CHRISTIAN*, and the *MOR*.

102.

Likewise in this the shameles Villain ly'de
(As his *Instructions* were in fine to do)
For not a *Christian-Soul* did there reside
But *All* of *MAHOMET*'s detested Crew.
The *Captain* (who in all believ'd his Guide)
Made a short task to bring his ships thereto:
But (his protecting *Angel* saying, nay)
Past not the *Bar*, and anchors in the *Bay*.

This

103.

This Isle lay to the Continent so neer
 That a small Chanel onely ran between:
 In front thereof a City did appear
 Upon the Margent of the OCEAN green:
 Fair and Majestical the Buildings were,
 At a far distance plainly to be seen:
 Rul'd by an aged King. MOMBASSA, all
 The Isle; the Town too they MOMBASSA call.

104.

And neer the same the Captain being come
 Is much rejoyc't: There looking to behold
 People, That had receiv'd their Christendome,
 As the false Pilot promis'd him he should.
 When loe, Boats coming from the King, with some
 Provisions to the ships! For He was tould
 Of such a Fleet by BACCHUS long before
 Taking the figure of another More.

105.

Such the Provisions were, as Friends send Friends,
 But there is poyon hidden in the Baite.
 Of Enemies their thoughts are and their ends,
 As will be too much manifested straight.
 "O the perpetual danger which attends
 "The lot of Mortals! O uncertain State!
 "That, where our trust seems to be anchor'd sure,
 "We are not safe, although we are secure.

106.

"By Sea; how many Storms, how many Harms,
 "Death in how many sev'ral fashions dreft!
 "By Land; how many Frauds, how many Alarms,
 "Under how many wants sunk, and opprest!
 "Where may a fraile man hide him? in what Arms
 "May a short life injoy a little Rest?
 "Where Sea, and Land, where Guile, the Sword, and Dearth,
 "Will not all arm 'gainst the least worm o'th Earth?

End of the first Canto.

Second

Second Canto.

STANZA 1.

NOW was the glorious Guilder of the Pole,
 Who into hours distinguishes the DAY,
 Come to his temp'rare and desired GOLE,
 From Mortals hiding his celestial Ray;
 And GOD NOCTURNUS to descending SOL
 Of THETYS's private Chamber turn'd the KAY:
 When to the ships the faithless People row'd
 Which were new-anchor'd in MOMBASSA'S Road.

2.

Amongst them one (who had it in command
 To Sugar o're the poyon) thus began.
 Undaunted Captain, That with Keel hast span'd
 The spaces of the briny OCEAN,
 The noble KING of this renowned LAND
 At thy arrival is an o'rejoy'd Man:
 The sum and heighth of whose Ambition is,
 But to behold and serve thee with what's his.

3.

And, for he longs indeed thy Face to see,
 As ONE's, whose name FAME glories to repeat;
 Within the BARR, without suspition, THEE
 With all thy ships to come; he doth intreat.
 Also, because thy Men must wearied bee
 Through so long Toyle, and so excessive great,
 He says, thou maist refresh them on the shore
 Which HUMANE NATURE doth delight in more.

4.

Moreover, if thou seek for Merchandise
 Product by the Auriferous LEVANT;
 Cloves, Cinnamon, and other burning Spyce;
 Or any good or salutiferous Plant;
 Or, if thou seek bright Stones of endless price,
 The flaming Ruby, and hard Adamant:
 Hence thou may'st ALL in such abundance beare,
 That thou may'st bound thy wish and Voyage Here.

The

5.

The *Captaine* by the Bearer did return
 His humble thanks unto the *King*, and said ;
 Because the Sun already did adjourn
 His Royal pleasure was not straught obayd :
 But at the first disclosing of the *Morn*,
 Whereby the *Anchors* might be safely weigh'd,
 With all assurance he would Enter, since
 He was oblig'd to more for such a *Prince*.

6.

He asks him afterward, if in the *Isle*
 Are *CHRISTIANS*, as the *Pilot* certify'd ;
 The subtle *Messenger*, (who smelt the Wile)
 Most of the *Isle* believe in *CHRIST*, reply'd.
 With this, all jealousie he did exile,
 And wise suggestion of the soul deicide
 In the strange *Captaine*, Resting now secure,
 In a false *Nation*, and a *Seſt* impure.

7.

Yet, out of such as (having been condemn'd
 For faults and horrid mischiefs done at home)
 Had their lives giv'n them onely to the end
 For desp rate services with *Him* to come,
 Two of the prime and craftiest Heads, to fend
 With the deceiptful *MOORES*, he pick't: By whom
 To spye the Town, and what their strength might be,
 And note those *CHRISTIANS*, whom he yearns to see.

8.

And *He* by them sent presents to the *King*,
 Through which the Friendship to himself pretended
 Might be soft, pure, and without wavering,
 Nothing of which was by the *King* intended.
 Now was the wicked and perfidious *Ging*.
 Gone from the ships, and through the waves contended.
 The two of the *Armada*, with a faign'd
 Alacrity, on shore were entertain'd.

9.

And when they had delivered to the *King*
 The *Presents*, with the *message*, which they brought,
 They walkt the *Town*: But no discovering
 The half of what to have observ'd they thought:
 For the suspitious *Moors*, not every thing
 Would shew to them, which They to see besought.
 "Where malice reigns, there Jealousie doth nest,
 "Which doth suppose it in Another's Brest.

But

10.

But *He*, who hath perpetual *Youth*, and *Mirth*
 In his plump *Cheeks*, ruddy with *blood* and *wine*,
 And from two *mothers* took his wond'rous birth ;
 Who for the *ships* spun all this snare so fine ;
 Disguis'd into a Creature of the *Earth*,
 Was in a House within the *City's* *line*,
 Feigning himself a man of *Christian* *lore*,
 And deckt an *Altar* where he did adore.

11.

On *It*, the picture of that *Shape* he plac't
 In which the *HOLY SPIRIT* did alight :
 The picture of the *Dove* (so white, so chaste)
 On the *BLESSED VIRGIN*'s head, so chaste, so white.
 The *SACRED TWELVE* sate figur'd all aghast,
 More wondring at *themselves*, then at the *sight* ;
 As *Those*, who knew, what onely did inspire
 Their various *Tongues*, was those *false Tongues of Fire*.

12.

The two *Companions* (carried by design
 Where *BACCUS* was in this deceitful guize)
 Their knees devoutly to the *Earth* incline,
 And raise their hearts to *Him* That's in the skyes.
 Gums of the oderiferous and divine
PANCHAYA; Gums, in which the *PHENIX* dyes,
LYEUS burnt: from whence it doth issue,
 That the *false God* came to adore the *true*.

13.

Here entertained and careft that night,
 With all good Treatment, and Reception fair,
 Were the two *Christians*: heedless of the slight
 By which with *holy flesh* deceiv'd they were.
 But when the *Sun* displayd his glorious light
 (Having dispatcht before him through the Ayre
 Old *TYTHON*'s youthful Confort, to proclaim
 With Blushes to the world her *Gallant* came.)

14.

The *MOORS* return, who to the *City* went,
 With Orders from the *King* for entring There :
 With them, the Couple whom the *Captain* sent,
 To whom the *King* appear'd a Friend sincere.
 So that (assur'd there is no Evil meant
 To *PORTINGALLS*, which he should need to feare,
 And that *CHRIST* hath some *Sheep* amongst those *WOLVES*)
 To enter the salt River he resolves.

E

His

15.

His own ENVOYES say, they saw on shore
Religious Altars, and a holy Priest;
That they were nobly treated, and did snore
Till fair AURORA left her rosie nest,
Nor ought but joy, and wellcome more, and more,
By King, or People, could they see exprest:
So that to doubt a thing so fair, and clear,
No ground of reason did to them appear.

16.

Therefore the noble GAMMA did receive
With open arms the MOORS That came aboard :
For wariest minds 'tis easie to deceive
When words and deeds so seemingly accord.
His ship is cram'd with faithless folk, who leave
The Boats which brought them, ty'de to't with long Cord.
Blithe they are all, as Those that understand
They have the Prey as sure as in their hand.

17.

Weapons, and Ammunition of the War,
They have on Land prepared secretly ;
That, when the Ships are anchor'd past the Bar,
They may invade them, bold, and fuddainly,
And, by this treachery, resolv'd they are
To ruine Those of Lusus totally ;
Making them (unexpected) to pay, so,
The score which they in MOMBAS owe.

18.

Hoysting the holding Anchors, the ships Men
In the accustom'd Nautick clamour joyn'd.
To thrid the Barr's Land-marke they bord it then,
Giving the fore-sails onely to the Wind.
But fair DIOME (never absent, when
The gallant Folk need her in any kind)
Seeing so neer so cruel a surprize,
From HEAV'N to th'OCean like an Arrow flies.

19.

She calls together NEREUS's snowy daughters,
With all the azure Flock That haunts the deeps ;
(For, being born from the salt-Sea, the Waters
In her obedience as their Queen she keeps)
And, telling them the Cause that thither brought her,
With all in Squadrons to that part she sweeps
Where the ships are, to warn them come, no nigh,
Or they shall perish fundamentally.

Now

20.

Now through the ocean in great haste they flunder,
Raizing the white foam with their silver Tayles.
CLOTO with bosom breaks the waves in Sunder,
And, with more fury then of custom, sayles ;
NISB runs up an end, NERINE (younger)
Leaps o're them, frizled with her touching Scales :
The crooked Billows (yielding) make a lane
For the feard NYMPHS to post it through the Maine.

21.

Upon a TRITON's back, with kindled Face,
The beauteous ERICYNA furious rode.
He, to whose fortune fell so great a grace,
Feels not the Rider, proud of his fair load.
Now were they almost come upon the place
Where a stiff gale the warlike Navy blow'd.
Here they devide, and in an instant cast
Themselves about the Ships advancing fast.

22.

The Goddess, with a party of the rest,
Lays her self plum against the Am'ral's Prow,
Stopping her progress with such main contest
That the swoln sayl the Wind in vain doth blow.
To the hard Oak she rivets her soft Brest,
Forcing the strongship back again to go.
Others (beleaguring) lift it from the Wave,
It from the Bar of Enemies to save.

23.

As to their Store-House when the Housewife ANTS,
Carrying th'unequal Burthens plac't with flight
To their small shoulders (lest cold WINTER's wants
Surprise them helpless) exercise their might ;
This tugs, that shoves, one runs, another pants ;
Strength far above their size, they ALL unite :
So toyl the Nymphs, to snatch and to defend
The men of Lusus from a dismal end.

24.

The ship (inforced contre) goes back, back,
In spight of those she carries, who with Cries
Handle the Sayls. They fume, their wits they lack ;
From side to side the shifted Rudder flies.
The skilful Master from the Poop doth crack
His Lungs in vain, for in the Sea he spies
A horrid Rock just just before the ship,
Threatning a Wreck should she advance a step.

E 2

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25.
Here the rude sailors raise a *Cry* indeed,
As they are busie at their work. The *M o r a*
This hideous clamour strikes with such a dread,
As when in horrid fight the *Cannons* roar.
From them the cause of all this fury's hid :
Nor whom t' approach know *They*, or what t' implore.

They think their *treacherie* is made appear,
And that for *it* they must be punisht heer.

26.

Loe ! in the twinkling of an Eye some dart
Themselves into their speedy Boats agin :
Others betake them to their swimming Art,
Making the Sea leap up as they plump in.
They vault o're the ship-sides from ev'ry part,
So mainly are they frightened with the dyn :
Advent'ring rather to the *O c e a n*, so,
Then to the hands of a provoked *Foe*.

27.

As *Froggs* (in ancient Ages *Lycian-Folkes*,
Confin'd to live in *Water*, they deny'de)
If, basking heedless on the Banks, or Rocks,
Some *Person* on the suddain they have spy'de,
Skip back again, and fill the *Pond* with croakes,
Flying the danger which they have desfride ;
And (scaping to their *Sanctuary* known)
Shew above Water their black heads alone.

28.

So fly the *M o o r s*. And so the *Pilot* (who
To this great peril had misled the *ships*)
Thinking his *Treason* was discovered too,
Into the briny water, flying, skips.
But that fixt *Rock* to scape and to exchue,
Which the sweet life might drive out of their lipps,
The *Admiral* threw streight an anchor out ;
And close to her the others likewise do't.

29.

Th'observing *G a m a*, seeing the great fright
And unexpected of the *M o o r s*; withal
The *Pilot*'s suddain and accusing flight,
Found what the bruitish Folke hatcht in their gall :
And seeing, how in spight of *wind*, in spight
Of *Tyde* (both with him) and in spight of all
Their *Art*, the *Ship* would not advance a head
(Holding itfor a miracle) thus fed.

30.
O great, undreamt of, strange *deliverance* !
O *Miracle* most clear and evident !
O fraud discover'd by blind *Ignorance* !
O faithless *Foes*, and *Men* devilishly bent !
“ What *Care*, what *Wisdom*, is of suffisance
“ The stroake of *Secret* mischief to prevent,
“ Unless the *Sov'raign Guardian* from on high
“ Supply the strength of frail *Humanity* ?

31.
Well into Us hath *P r o v i d e n c e* infus'd
What little safety in *these Ports* is known :
Well have we found how much we were abus'd
With *shows* of *Friendship*, and *Religion*.
But since to *humane Prudence* is refus'd
To pierce *intents*, and where such *masks* are on,
O thou (*GUARDIAN DIVINE*) to guard *Him* daigne,
Who without *Thee* doth guard *himselfe* in vain.

32.
And since *thy* heart is toucht with so great Ruth
For a poor People wandring on the *Seas*,
As of thy goodness (whence alone it doth
Proceed) to save us from such *Wolves* as these ;
Unto some *Haven* now, where there is *Truth*,
Resolve to lead us for a little Ease ;
Or shew us to the long desired *Coast*,
If for thy honour we desire it most.

33.
These *pious* words the fair *D i o n* heard
And (to compassion being mov'd thereby)
Goes from among the *N y m p h s*, who sad appear'd
That they must loose so soon her company.
Now doth she pierce the *Stars*; now in the *third*
Sphere, she is entertain'd : whence by and by
(Having repos'd her) she doth forward move
Towards the *Sixt*, where is her Father *J o v e*.

34.
And (ruffled with her motion) now so fair,
So fresh, so gay, so lovely is her *looke* ;
That *Stars*, and *Heav'n*, and circumfused *Ayre*,
And *All* That see her are with passion took.
Her *Eyes* (the Nests of *C u p i d* whom she bare)
Breath'd such quick *spirits*, and such *fire* they strook ;
They burn the *World* again like *P h a b t o n*,
And to the torrid turn the frigid *Zone*.

35.
And (to bewitch her Sov'reign Sire the more,
Whose dearling she was always, and his joy.)
She comes to J O V E , as she had done of yore
In the Idean Grove to Him of T R O Y .
The Huntsman who the Horns (transformed) wore,
For seeing thus that other G O D D E S S coy;
Had he seen this, had ne're been torn asunder
By his own doggs : But dide of love, and wonder.

36.
The golden Tresses on her shoulders fell,
Whose whiteness smuts the Fleece of nnsalm Snow :
Her Breasts (and those ev'n their own milk excel)
Playd with by unseen C U P I D , trembling go :
Her C esto's white doth mounting flames expel,
Which, that Boy kindling, thole white bellows blow :
Of this fair Pyle the Pillars smooth, and round,
Desires, like Ivy, have about them wound.

37.
Those parts, of which Shame is the natural Screen,
In a thin Veile of Sarcenet she doth fold ;
Not wholly shewd, nor wholly left unseen,
Not Prodigal, nor niggard, of that Gold.
But this transparent Curtain draws between,
To double the desire, by being control'd.
Now H E A V ' N is fill'd with jealousy, and love :
This mov'd in M A R S , in V U L C A N that did move.

38.
And then, discov'ring in her Angels face
A Sadness temper'd with a little smile,
Like some nice Dame, who by the rude embrace
Of heedless Lover got a bruise, or soyl ;
She's pleas'd and angry in one instant space,
And one while chides, and laughs another while :
So spake the G O D D E S S who admits no Peer
Less sad, then Minion, to her Father deer.

39.
O pow'rful Father, I had always thought
That, for such things on which my heart were set,
Kinde I should finde thee, affable, and soft,
'Though some Opposer should the same regret.
But since I see, without neglect, or fault
Of mine, thy love is bated in the heat ;
What remedy? let B A C C H U S have his will :
In fine, his luck was good, and mine is ill.

40.
This People (who are mine, for whom I pore
These tears out, which I see in vain distill)
The more I love, I seem to hate the more ;
Thou being resolv'd to break me of my will.
For Them I weep to thee; for them implore,
And 'gainst my Fate in fine am fighting still.
Well then, because I love them they're misus'd,
I hate them, then they will be better us'd.

41.
But let them dye by bruitish Peoples hands ;
For since I was —— and heer with pearly drops
(As when the morning's-dew on Roses stands)
Making a salt Parenthesis, she stops :
As if her words obey'd not her commands,
Through melting pity of the mens mishaps.
Then (going to proceed where she gave o're)
The mighty T H U N D E R lets her say no more.

42.
And, mov'd by that dumb Rhet'rick (which would move
A Tygers flinty Breast) with the same Face
Of cheerfulness, with which he doth remove
The Clouds from that of H E A V ' N , and Tempests chace,
He wipes her Tears, and (kindling with nevv love)
Kisses her Cheek, her vvhite Neck doth embrace.
Who, had he hated P O R T U G A L before,
Would novv have lov'd it meerly on her score.

43.
And (pressing her lov'd face vvith bis) S H E burst
Into fresh Tears, and faster then before :
As vwhen, a child being beat by mother curst,
The more one moans it, it vvill sob the more.
Novv, to allay this Passion, He is forc't
To tell her much vvhich he till then forbore :
And, vvith these vvords, out of the secret vvomb
Of pregnant F A T E , rips many things to come.

44.
Fair daughter mine, fear no adversitie
Which to thy L U S I T A N I A N S may betide ;
Nor Any, to have greater povv're vvith me
Then the svveet Tears vvhich from these cleer Springs glide
For, let me tell thee (daughter) thou shalt see
Both G R E E K S and R O M A N S (so much magnify'de)
Forfeit their ancient Honours by the New
Act's, vvhich this People in the East shall do.

45.

For if the Eloquent ULYSSES fled,
The SIRENS Song, and dire CALYPSO's spell;
And if ANTENOR with his ship did thred
Th'Illyrian-Sleeve, and reacht TIMANUS's Well;
And if 'twixt SCYLIA, and CHARIBDIS dread,
Pious ENEAS with his Navy fell:
How much worse dangers pass Thine dayly over,
Who, sayling round the world, new worlds discover?

46.

Thou shalt see (daughter) Cities, and strong Ports,
And lofty Walls, which These shall build, and found;
Thou shalt see warlike TURKS, and their proud Forts,
By These destroy'd and level'd with the ground:
The INDIAN KINGS (secure in their free Courts)
By a more potent KING Thou shalt see bound.
He, in conclusion holding All in awe,
Unto that LAND shall give a better Law.

47.

This very MAN, who now, through so much fright
And misty Errour, stumbles to the YND,
Thou shalt see NEPTUNE tremble at his sight,
Curling his waves without a breath of wind.
O wonderful, nor seen by mortal Wight,
The Winds lockt up, and yet a Storm to find:
O valiant People, and for great things made,
Who makes the ELEMENTS themselves afraide.

48.

That LAND, which water late to Him deny'de,
Thou shalt behold it a commodious Port,
Where in their way to rest them shall abide
The Ships that (weary) from the WEST resort.
All this wyl'd Coast in fine (which now hath try'de
By wicked trechery to cut him short)
Shall pay him Tribute, knowing they must down;
If they withstand the LUSITANIAN CROWN.

49.

And Thou shalt see the ERYTHREAN, lose
It's native red, and pale with Teravour look:
And see the potent Kingdom of ORMUS's
Twice taken, twice subdu'de unto their yoak:
And see the furious MOOR stand in a Muze
With his reverberated Arrows strook:
That he may learn, if against Thine he fight;
His Treacherie on his own pate shall light.

50.

The famous FORT of DIO Thou shalt see,
Being twice besieged, thy People twice defend:
There will their prowess manifested be,
There will their name in Arms to H E A V 'N extend,
There will they bring great MARS under their Lee
With deeds which, told, would set the Hayr on end.
There will the falling MOOR blaspheming ban,
And dam with his last breath the ALCORAN.

51.

Thou shalt see GOA taken from the MOOR,
GOA, That by her loss at last shall gain;
When, on the wings of Conquest made to soare,
Shee, as the QUEEN OF ALL THE EAST shall reign.
The stubborn GENTILES (who the Sun adore)
High and triumphant then, she shall restrain
With a rough BITT, and All who in that LAND
Against thy People dare to lift a Hand.

52.

Slenderly mannde, and in poor order put;
Thou shalt see held the FORT of CANANOWR;
And shalt see won the CITY. CALICUT,
In People infinite, boundless in pow'r;
And in COCHIN shalt see such honor got
By one, shall stand in battail like a Tow'r,
That never Lyre a Victor did resound,
Who so deserv'd to be with Lawrel crown'd.

53.

Never was so LEUCATEL of a flame
With shocking Fleets, when gilding with their Trim
The Aetian waves) Hence young OCTAVIUS came,
Bringing Italian pow'rs along with Him;
Thence ANTHONY (with a fresh Victor's name
Barbarians from the ORIENT, from NYLÉ's brim,
And from the farthest BACTRIA; and (the bane
Of ALL!) th'Egyptian Mistress in the Traine.

54.

As thou shalt see the SEA, and neigb'ring SHORES,
Fire with thy Peoples Battails. Who, in bands
Shall coupled lead IDOLATERS with Mores
(Triumphing over many Tongues and Lands)
And (GOLDEN CHERSONESSUS's pretious stores
To farthest CHINA conqter'd by their hands
With the EAST's outmost Islands, in the end
Make all the OCEAN to their TAOUS bend.

55.

In so much (daughter mine) that, at the rate
This Nation's valour passes humane bound,
The WORLD hath not to match them in debate,
From silver GANGES, to th'HERCULEAN SOUND;
Nor, from the Northern ocean, to that straight
Which the affronted LUSITANIAN found;
Though all the ancient H ero's (deified)
Should rise again to have the mastery try'de.

56.

This having said, his consecrated Poast
(The son of MARY) down to the Earth he sends,
To finde some peaceful Port upon that Coast
Where the Armada may repose with Frends.
And (lest the valiant Captain should be lost,
If longer time he at MOMBASSA spends)
He gives his Legate farther in command
To shew him in his sleep that friendly Land.

57.

Now swift CYLLENIUS cuts it through the Ayre:
Now to the Earth his winged feet declin'd.
Badge of his office, the black Rod he bare:
This HELL's sad Pris'ners doth release, and bind:
This lays asleep the Eye opprest with Care:
Whisking with this he doth outstrip the Wind:
His Hat of maintenance upon his Crown:
And thus he comes into MELINDE'S Town.

58.

With him he carries FAME, that she may tell
The Lusitanian prowes, and rare parts
"For an illustrious Name is a strange Spell
"To attract Love, and good Report hath dattes.
Thus he prepares their way with a sweet smell,
And takes up lodgings in the Peoples bears.
Now all MELINDE is on fire, to see
What kind of men these valiant souls should bee.

59.

From thence he parteth to MOMBASSA straight,
Where, what to do, the Ships uncertain stand;
To bid them, without question or debate,
Leave that Foes Harbour, and suspected Land.
"For wicked plottings of infernal hate
"In vain are Force and Courage to withstand:
"In vain, to extricate our selves, is Wit,
"If HAVN do not both prompt, and second, it.

Now

60.

Now sable NIGHT had finisht half her Race,
And in the Heav'n the Stars with borrow'd light
Supply'd the Moon's, as she her Brother's, place;
And sleeping now was Mortals whole delight.
Th'illustrious Captain (who had all that space
Been kept awake about the last day's fright)
Gave then to his tyr'd Eys a little sleep:
The rest by Quarters did their Watches keep:

61.

When in a Vision he did HERMES see.
And fly (he bid him) LUSITANIAN fly
The Ambush of a wicked King, which Hee
Hath laid, to make thee yet obscurely dye:
Fly, for the wind and Heav'n Both favour Thee.
Thou hast the ocean calm, serene the skye,
And not far of another King, to frend,
On whose reality thou mayst depend.

62.

Look for no better entertainment here,
Then what was giv'n by THRACIAN DIOMED,
Whose Horses (us'd to bloody Provendere)
He with the Bodies of his strangers fed.
Th'infamous Altars of BUSIRIS (where
His Guests inhumane humane offrings bled)
Unless thou quit it, look for in this place:
Fly a perfidious and a cruel Race.

63.

Steer straight alongst the Coast, and thou shalt light
Upon a Countrey where more Trubb resides;
Close there, where burning Sol at constant hight
The night and day with equal line divides.
Then shall a King receive with much delight
Thee, and thy men; and give to you (besides
Safety, and Treatment worthy of a King)
One, who the Fleet shall unto INDIA bring.

64.

Thus HERMES; and the Captain (parting) woke.
He, rowz'd out of his Nest in a great fright,
Perceives the circumfused darkness broke
With a shot Ray and stream of divine light.
And (seeing it imports Him, and his Folke,
From that infamous LAND to take their flight)
Commands the Master, with a spirit new,
To hoyle the sayles unto the Wind that blew.

65.

Set sayl (he cride) set saile to the large Wind :
Heav'n is our Guide, and God our course directs.
 These Eys saw the Express, he was so kind
 To send from his high Court to guard our steps :
 At this, the *Mariners* before, behind,
 As with one motion spring upon the Decks.
 They tow the Anchors in to the ship-side
 With that rude strength which is the *Sea-mans* pride.

66.

The self-same time they did their Anchors weigh,
 (Hid in the mask of night) the trech'rous Moors
 Sawing their Cables hush't and silent lay,
 So to destroy them being run ashore.
 The Christians (though there shone not the least Ray,
 Yet) in their heads the Eyes of Lynxes wore.
 The other, finding how they were awake,
 With Wings, and not with oares, away did make.

67.

But now did the sharp Keels go cutting through
 The liquid Element of silver pure :
 The Wind ('twas a side-wind) gently it blew
 With motion calm, and stiddy, and secure.
 Discoursing, on their dangers past they chew
 As they sayl on : for tis not easie sure.
 To pass in silence a deliverance
 So great, and brought about as 'twere by chance.

68.

The burning Sun had finisht one Career,
 Began another, of his annual Race ;
 When, as far off as they could ken, appear
 Two Vessells creeping on the Water's face.
 Knowing they must be Moors, who coast it there,
 Forthwith ours veer their Sayles to give those chace.
 One (as more nimble, or as frighted more)
 To save her People ran herself ashore.

69.

Her Fellow (not so light to make away)
 Into the hands of those of Lusus falls,
 Without or Mars to board her; or, to play
 On her bruiz'd sides black Vulcans horrid Balls :
 For (she being weakly man'd, nor built for Fray)
 At sight of his own Men the Master falls.
 His courage, and his sayles (His wisest course)
 Had he resisted, he had far'd the vorse.

70.

Then Gamma (who did this but to procure
 A Pilot for the Indies so long sought)
 Amongst those Moors thought to have found one sure,
 But found he was deceived in that thought.
 There's not a man of them, That can assure
 Under what part 'tis of the heav'ly Vault.
 This All can tell him, That Melinde's nigh,
 Where he may finde a Pilot certainly.

71.

The goodness of that King the Moors extol,
 His bounteous nature, and his Breast sincere,
 The greatness like the goodness of his Soule,
 With other parts, which win him love, and feare.
 The Captain easily believes the whole,
 Concurring with that very Charakter.

Hermes had given in his sleep before:
 So goes, bid by the dream, and by the Moors.

72.

That gladsome season 'twas, in which returns
 Into Europa's Ravisher the Sun ;
 Putting new lights in both his gilded Horns
 Whilst Flora pours out Amalthea's one.
 And now that glorious planet turn'd the Morn's
 Red finger, to that moving Feast ; whereon
 He, who was dead the soul-sick world to heal,
 To it's Redemption rose to put the Seal :

73.

When, to that distance from the which their Eys
 Might reach Melinde, the Armada came ;
 Adorn'd with Tapistrie triumphant-wise,
 As that day's holiness it well became.
 The Standart trembles, and the Streamer flyes,
 The Scarlet-Waft-cloaths at a distance flame,
 The Drums and Timbrels sound. Thus they that Bar,
 Like Christians enter, and like Men of War.

74.

With People hid is the Melindian shore,
 That come to see the joyful Fleet. More kind
 Are These, more humane, and of truth have more,
 Then Those of all the Countreys left behind.
 The Lusitanian Navy drops, before,
 The heavy Anchors, which fast rooting find.
 One, of the Moors they took, is sent on Land :
 To let the King their coming understand.

75.

The KING (who was already by report
Of those of Lusus's gallantry possest)
The Captain's so frank entrie in his Port
Takes as a favour from so brave a Guest:
And with true heart, and in most courteous sort
(Both individual from a noble Brest)
Bids the man pray them much to come on Land,
Where they shall have his Realms at their command.

76.

Th'offer as real is as it appears,
The words full of unfeign'd Sinceritie,
Which the KING sent the noble Cavaleers,
Who had past so much Land, and so much Sea.
He sends them more, Live-sheep aboard, fat Steers,
And Poultry cram'd by Houswifes industrie,
With all such Fruit as then in season was:
And the good will the Present did surpas.

77.

The well-pleas'd Moor, who with this Errand went,
The Captain pleas'd receiv'd, with what he brought;
And instantly another Present sent
Unto the KING, far fetcht, and dearly bought:
Illustrious Starlets (colour of content)
Brancht Coral fine, for Nobles greatly sought:
Of double nature under water soft
And velvet-horn'd, hard-pen'd when 'tis aloft.

78

Sends more, one dext'rous in th' Arabick-Tongue,
To treat a firm League with the ROYAL MORU,
Excusing him he did not leave his strong
And lofty Ships, to kis his hand on shore.
Unto the noble KING, led through a Throng
Presents himself the fit Ambassadore;
And with these words (which PALLAS herself dips
In her own Nectar) disunites his lips.

79.

Most high and mighty King, to whom the pure
And incorrupt J U S T I C E from Above
Gave, to restrain the rough and haughty MOOR;
Nor more to force his Feare, then win his love:
As to the strongest Port, and most secure
Of all the EAST, Hither we flye; to prove
What FAME reports, and find in It and Thee,
A certain Port in our necessitie.

80.

We are not Men, who, spying a weak Town
Or careless, as we pass along the shore;
Murther the Folks, and burn the Houses down,
To make a booty of their thirsted store:
But (by a KING we have, of high renown,
Sent from fair EUROPE, never to give o're
Our compassing the World, till we have found
The wealthy INDIA) thither are we bound.

81.

How stony yet some Race of People was!
What barb'rous guize! what stile of a Man-Hater!
To bar not their Ports onely (let that pass)
But the cold Hospitalitie of Water!
To whom have we done wrong? wherein (alas!)
Have we discover'd such a savage nature,
To make so many of so few afraid?
That Traps and Pitfalls should for us be made.

82.

But Thou (O gracious KING) from whom, to have
True dealing we are sure; and hope, we may
That certain help too, which ALCINOUS gave
Unto the wandring Prince of ITHACA:
To Thee secure we come, as boldly crave
Of Thee, conducted by the son of MARY:
For, since JOVES Harbinger was ours; 'tis cleare,
Thy Heart is large, is humane, is sincere.

83.

Nor think (O KING) our noble Chief declin'd
Coming, to see and serve thee personally,
For an' thing he scrupled of unkind;
Or hollow dealing possible in Thee:
But the true reason, why he stayd behind,
Was, that in all he might obedient be
Unto his KING; who gave him this command
In Port, or Roade, never to go on Land.

84.

And, because subjects are the self-same Thing
With Members governed by the Head, or Crown;
Thou, bearing here the Office of a KING,
Wouldst not that Any disobey'd his own:
But, he doth promise an acknowledging
Of thy great Grace and favours now bestow'n,
With all That can by Him and His be done;
So long as Rivers to the Sea shall run.

85.

Thus He harangu'd : And, with one Voice, the whole
Presence (comparing notes there where they stand)
The matchless courage of the men extol,
Who traverse so much Sea and so much Land.
But the wise KING (revolving in his Soul
The PORTINGAL's obedience to command)
In Scales of wonder and of reverence weigh'd
A KING, who so far off could be obeyd.

86.

Then answers (gracious) with a Brow serene
Th Ambassadour, to whom inclin'd he seem'd:
Wipe all suspicion from your Bosoms cleane ;
Let no cold Fear be harbour'd there, or seem'd :
For such your worths are, and your deeds have been,
To make you over all the world esteem'd.
And They who injur'd you, We will be bold,
Know not what price Virtue and Honor hold.

87.

That all your People do not come on shore
Observing the respect due to our Port,
Though in our own regard it grieve us sore,
Yet our esteem of them is greater for't.
For if your Rules permit it not, no more
Shall we permit, that (only to comport
With our desires) such loyal excellence
Should lose it self, or suffer Violence.

88.

But when to morrows light shall come, to greet
And shew, the WORLD; with our own Barges, Wee
Shall go in person to the warlike Fleet,
Which we so many days have long'd to see.
And, if it need any convenience meet,
Through shatt'ring storms, and keeping long at Sea,
A Pilot it may have, and Victuals here,
And Ammunition, with intention cleere.

89.

This was his language, And L A T O N A ' S Boy
Into the Ocean div'd. The Messenger
(Returning with this Embassie of joy)
To the Armada rows with merry cheer.
Out of all Breasts is banisht black Annoy,
Seeing the proper remedie is here
To find the Land whereof they sayl in quest :
So all that night they keep a double Feast.

There

90.

There wants not there the artificial star
Like trembling Comet (nor less cause of wonder)
The Gunners do their Part, making the Ayre,
Water, and Earth, resound with Mortalls's Thunder.
The CYCLOPES (practising for t'other War
On JOVE) with Bullets rend the Clouds in sunder.
others on lofty Cornets (singing) playd :
And These with Musick did the SPEARES invade.

91.

They answer from the shore at the same time
With Squibs that crack amongst the Rout : In gyres
The whizzing Vapours up to HEAVEN climbe :
Th'imprison'd Powder with a bounce expires :
Heaven's brazen Vault echoes the Voyces's chyme :
The sea's clear Glass reflects the joyful fires :
The Earth is not behind them. In this sort
Both sport in earnest, and Both fight in sport.

92.

But now the restless Heav'n, wheeling about,
To their day-labours mortals doth incite ;
And M E M N O N ' s mother (fair APPOLLO's scout)
Sets bounds to sleep by her arriving light ;
With her approach dull shadows, Put to rout,
In a cold sweat upon the Flowers light ;
When the MELINDIAN KING (embarked) plide
To see the Ships That in his Harbour ride.

93.

The shores are crown'd with people (of a fire
To be spectators only of the show)
The Scarlet Coates flame with the dye of TYRE :
The glossie Silks with all May's flow'rs do blow.
Instead of Arrows (part of Warr's Attire)
And of the horn'd Moon-imitating Bow ;
Palm in their hands, in sign of Peace, they bear :
Which on their Heads victorious HEROES wear.

94.

In a Canoe (which was both long and broad,
And glispend in the Sun with Cov'nings, made
Of mixed Silks) MELINDE'S KING is row'd :
Wayted by Princes 'mongst their own obay'd.
In rich Attire (according to the mode
And custom of that Land) he comes arrayd.

Upon his Head he weares a Terbant, roll'd,
Of silk and Cotton, with a CROWN of gold.

G

95.

A Roabe, of Scarlet-damask, (high-extold
By Them, and worth the wearing of a KING)
About his Neck a Collar of pure gold:
The work worth twice the substance of the Thing.
A Velvet sheath a dagger keen did hold,
With Diamond-hilt, hang'd by a golden string.
Sandals of Velvet on his Feet he wore,
With gold and pearl imbroydred richly o're.

96.

O're Him a round Silk-Canopy he had
Advanc't aloft upon a gilded Pole,
With which a Boy behind to burn forbade
Or trouble the Great KING, the beams of Sol.
Musick ith Prow, so merry that 'twas mad,
Grating the Eare with a harsh noise. The whole
Consort, is onely crooked Horns, wreath'd round,
Which keep no time, but make a dismal sound.

97.

No less adorn'd, the LUSITANIAN
From the Armada in his Boats doth dance,
To meet Him of MELINDA with a Train
Whom much their cloaths, but more their deeds advance:
GAMA comes clad after the use of SPAIN,
But wears a Caslock ala mode de France:
The Stuff, a Florence-Satin; and the dye,
A perfect Crimson, glorious in their Eye.

98.

The Sleeves have golden Loops, which the Sun-shine
Makes too too bright and slippery for the Eyes:
His close Camp-Trowles lac't with the same myne,
Which Fortune to so many men denyes:
Poynts likewise of the same, and Tagging fine,
With which his Doublet to his Hose he tyes.
A Sword of massive Gold, in Hanger tyde:
A Cap and Plume; the Cap set a toe side.

99.

Mongst his Camrades, the noble Tyrian dye
(Not livery-wise, but) sparcel here, and there,
The sev'ral Colours recreate the Eye:
So do the diff'rent Fashions which they weare.
Such their inamel'd Cloathes Varierie
(Compriz'd in one survey) as doth appear
The painted Bow, in water-colours laid,
Of Juno's Minion, the Thaumantian Mayd.

The

100.

The ratling Trumpets, now, their joy augment
As, other times, they had their courage done.
The Moorish Boats cover'd the Sea, and went
Sweeping the Water with their silks Anon.
The Clouds of HAVN the thund'ring Cannon rent,
And with new Clouds of smoak put out the Sun.
Before the Blow the winged lightning flies:
The MOOR'S hands stop their Eares, the lids their Eyes:

101.

Into the Captain's Boate the KING doth come
(Folding him in his Arms) And He agin
With such respect and rev'rence, as become,
Doth both receive, and speak unto, the KING.
A while with wonder and Amazement, dumb,
The MOOR on GAMA stands considering,
As He That highly doth esteem the Man
Who came so far to seek the Indian Stran.

102.

Then makes him a large proffer, of what're
To do him good his Kingdom can afford;
And that he freely would demand it there
As his own goods, if ought he lackt aboard.
Adds, though till now he saw the LUSIANS ne're
Yet he from FAME had heard much of their SWORDS;
And how, in other Parts of AFRICA,
They have had wars with People of his way.

103.

And how through all that spacious LAND resown
The glorious Actions of that NATION,
When they therein did gain that Kingdom's Crown,
Where the HESPERIDES of old did won.
And most of That, which to the KING was known
(Although the least the PORTINGALS had done)
He spread out thin in words, and magnifie:
But to the KING de GAMA thus reply'de:

104.

O great and gracious KING, who dost (alone)
The Lusitanian People's sad estate,
(By NEPTUNE's rage, and adverse Fortune, thrown
Into so many streights) Commercate:
The KING OF KINGS (who, from th'eternal Throne,
Turning HAVN round, did the round Earth create,
Since Mercy is his chiefest Attribute)
Reward thee for it, for we cannot do't.

G 2

Thos

105.

Thou onely, of all Those A P O L L O blacks,
In peace receiv'st us from the Ocean vast:
In Thee, from peril of Eolian Wracks,
We find a Refuge kind, sincere, and fast.
Whilst the Sun lights, whilst Night his presence lacks,
In H A V'N's blew Meade whilst Stars take their repast,
Where I go, in either Hemisphere,
Thy Name, and Praises, shall be founded there.

106.

This humbly said, towards the Fleet they row,
(The K I N G requesting that he now may see't).
Ship after Ship about it round they go:
That he of All may note all he thinks meet.
Lame V U L C A N walks on Lynstocks to and fro,
With which the Guns salute him from the Fleet.
The Trumpets play unto him in shril notes:
The Moors with Cornets answer from the Boates.

107.

But when the gen'rous King had cast to Noate
All That he would, nor heard with little wonder
Th'unusuall Instrument with the wide Throate
That speaks so big, and tears the Clouds in sunder;
He bids them (in the Sea anch'ring the Boate)
Suspend their Oars, as they had done their thunder:
That he may know at large of brave D E G A M E
Those things, which lightly he had heard from F A M E.

108.

The Moor doth into sev'ral questions run,
With gulf inquiring, sometimes of the great
And famous Wars between our N A T I O N,
And Those who do believe in M A H O M E T.
Now of the L A N D we dwell in, which the Sun
Bids last good night, when he makes hast to set;
Now, of the N A T I O N S which therewith confine;
Now of his ploughing through the Gulps of Brine.

109.

But rather, valiant Captain (quoth the K I N G)
Make us a full and orderly narration
Under what Part of the C A L E S T I A L R I N G,
Under what Clyme ye have your Habitation;
Also your ancient Generation's spring,
And, of a R E A L M so potent the Foundation;
With the successes of your Warrs: For (though
I know them not) that they were vast I know.

Tell

110

Tell us besides, of all that tedious maze
Through which thou hast been lost with angry flaws
On the salt Seas, observing the strange ways
Of our rude A F F R I C K, and the barb'rous Laws.
Tell; For the Horse of the new Sun, the D A Y's
Imbroodered Coasts with golden traces draws,
Postilion'd by the MORN: The Wind's asleep,
And the curst Billowes couch upon the D E E P.

111.

And if the Winds and Seas are hulst, to hear
The story thou shalt tell: no less are Wee.
Who would not lend your Acts a greedy Eare?
Who hath not heard of Lusus's Progenie?
S O L (who the Brain of man doth purge and clear)
Drives not his Coach thus nigh us as you see,
To have M E L I N D I A N S thought so dull a Breed,
As not to value an Heroick deed.

112.

A daring War the haughty G Y A N T S made
Upon O L Y M P U S permanent and pure:
Rath T H E S E U S, and P E R I T H O U S, did invade
Grim P L U T O's Kingdom horrid and obscure,
If such high Boys as these the world hath had,
'Tis not less hard, nor will less Fame procure,
Then the attempting H E A V'N and Hell by Them,
That others should attempt the Watry Ream.

113.

D I A N A's Temple built by T E S I P H O N
(Rare Architect!) H O R O S T R A T U S burnt down:
To be talkt of, though for a Thing ill done,
And dye defam'd, rather then live unknown.
If on so false, and vile Foundation,
The sweet desire deceives us of Renown;
How much more lawful is to seek a name
By deeds deserving everlasting FAME.

End of the second Canto.

Third

Third Canto.

STANZA I.

Now what illustrious GAMA, neer the Line,
Inform'd that KING, report CALIOPE:
Breathe an immortal Song, and voice divine,
Into this mortal Breast, that's big with Thee:
So, never the great God of Medicine,
(To whom thou ORPHEUS bar'st) love CLYCIS,
Court DAPHNE more, or call LEUCOTHORX Frend,
Since Thou in Beauty doest them ALL transcend.

2.
Thou, Nymph, promote my pious just desire
To pay my Country what to It I owe,
That the whole world may listen, and admire
To see from Tagus AGANIPP. flowe.
Leave PINDUS's flow'r's: For (Loe!) the MUSE's Sire
Bathes me in Sacred dew from top to toe.
If not, I swear thou hast some jealousie
ORPHEUS (thy joy) should be eclyps'd by me.

3.
To hear the noble GAMA, In a Ring
Gather'd was all th'attentive Companie;
When (having sat a while considering)
Raising his manly Vifage, thus said HE.
Thou doest command me to unfold (O KING)
My noble NATION's genealogie:
Thou bid'st me not to tell a forraign story,
But of my own thou bid'st me tell the glory.

4.
Upon Another's Prayses to dilate
Is usual, and that which Friends doth raise:
But of One's own the Prayses to relate,
Will prove (I fear me) a suspected praise.
Besides, to praise ours to the worth, the date
Would first expire of six the longest days.
But (to serve Thee) a double fault I'll do:
I'll praise my own, and crop their praises too.

Yet

5.
Yet what in fine doth animate me, is,
I'm sure of LYING I shall run no danger:
For of such DEEDS say what I can, I wis
I shall leave more to th'utterance of a stranger.
But (to pursue that method in all this)
Thy self prescrib'd, nor seem in all a Ranger)
First, of the Territory large I'll tell;
Then, of the bloody Battailles that befell.

6.
Between the Zone where CANCER bends his clutch
(To the bright Sun a Bound Septentrionall)
And that which for the COLD is shun'd as much,
As for the HEATE the middle Zone of all,
Prowd EUROPE lies: whose NORTH, and parts which touch
Upon the OCCIDENT, have for their Wall
The OCEAN; and, with unreturning Waves,
Her SOUTH, the SEA-MEDITERRANEAN laves.

7.
Upon the EAST she neighbours ASIA:
But that cold River with the doubling stream
(Which from Riphean Mountains plough his way
To the Meotick Lake) divideth Them:
So doth that furious and that horrid SEA
Which with their Fleet th'incensed GREEKS did steme;
From whence the Sayler now with his mind's eye
Sees the name onely of once glorious TROY.

8.
Where she is most beneath the ARTICK POLE
The Hyperborean Mountains she doth see;
And those, where EOL reigns without controle,
Owing to blustering their Nobility.
The SUN, That spreads his lustre through the WHOLE,
His rays have here such imbecility,
That a deep snow is still upon the Mountains,
The Sea still frozen, frozen still the Fountains.

9.
Here SCYTHS, and TARTARS, in great numbers, live;
Who were engag'd in a sharp war of old,
About their Pedigrees prerogative,
With those who then THE GYPTIAN-LAND did hold.
But, where the justice of the CAUSE to give
Being hard by erring Mortals to be told,
To get more certain information, look
In the Clay-Office from which MAN was took.

In

10.

In that far *Nook* (to name of many some)
 Are the cold *LAPLAND*, *NORWAY* comfortless;
SCANDIA that triumpht o're triumphant *ROME*
 (Which her proud ruines to this day confess).
Here, whilst the waters are not stiffe, and numb,
 With *Winters* Ice glazing the *BALTICK SEAS*,
 That *Arm* of the *SARMATICK OCEAN*
 Sayles the brave *Swede*, the *Prussian*, and the *Dane*.

11.

Betwixt *this Sea*, and *TANAIIS*, live strange *Nations*:
RUTHENI, frozen *MUSCOVITES*, *LIVONIANS*,
 That were in former Ages the *SARMATIANS*,
 And, in th*HABCIAN FOREST*, the *POLONIANS*.
 Held of the *GERMAN EMPIRE* are *ALSATIANS*,
SAXONS, *BOHEMIANS*, *HUNGARS*, or *PANNONIANS*:
 With divers *other*, whom the *RHINE*'s cold waves,
 The *EVE*, the *MOZELL*, and the *DANOW* laves.

12.

Twixt wandring *ISTER*, and that *NARROW SEA*
 Where, with her life, fair *HELLE* left her *name*,
 The warlike *THRACIANS* dwell: who lay a plea
 To *MARS* his *Sword*, as from whose loyns they came.
 Here *HÆMUS*, and *ORPHEAN RHODOPE*,
 Obey the *OTTOMAN*; and (to the shame
 Of Christendom) *BYZANTIUM*'s noble *Seat*,
 A proud affront to *CONSTANTINE THE GREAT*.

13.

The next in order *MACEONIA* stands,
 Bath'd with the *Aetian* (now *LEPANTO*'s) *Sea*:
 And likewise *yon*, O admirable *LANDS*,
 Where *Wit*, and *Manners*, were in high degree;
 Which bred those solid *Heads*, and valiant *Hands*,
 Those streams of *Eloquence*, and *Poetrie*,
 With which *Thou* (famous *GREECE*) unto the skies
 As well by *Letters*, as by *Arms* didst rise.

14.

*DALMATIAN*s follow *Them*: and, in that Bay
ANTEGOR chose for his new *City's Syte*,
VENICE (like *VENUS*) rises from the *Sea*;
 From low beginnings swoln to that proud hight.
 That *Sea*, an *Arm* of *Land* doth over lay,
 Which the whole *WORLD* subjected by its might.
 That *Arm* (no les than *GREECE*) to *HEAVEN* soar'd
 With the two *wings* of *LEARNING*, and *THE SWORD*.

15.

'Tis wall'd by *nature*, part, where it doth joyn
 Unto the *ALPS* thick shoulders: *NEPTUNE* barrs
 The rest with his salt waves: The *APPENINE*
 Cuts ith'middle: where your *LYBIAN MARS*
 Wan him such Fame. But now, since the *divine*
Porter hath got it (impotent in *Wars*)

'Tis stript of the vast pow'r it had before:

"So much is *GOD* delighted with the *pore*.

16.

Pas we from thence to *FRANCE*, so much of old
 With *CÆSAR*'s triumphs through the World renownd.
 'Tis water'd with the *ROYAL SEYN*, the *cold*
GAROON, the pleasant *LOYRE*, the *RHINE* profound.
 Now those high *Mountains* in the clouds behold
 Which still the lost *PYRENE*'s name resound:
 From which, being fir'd (as ancient Books have told)
 Rivers ran down of *Silver*, and of *Gold*.

17.

Loe! here displays it self illustrious *SPAIN*,
 As Head there of all *EUROPE*: Inwhose strange
 Successes of their *Wars*, and ways of *raign*,
FATE's wheel gave many a *turn*, wrought many a *change*.
 But never *Force*, or *Fraud*, shall fix a stain
 (Through *Fortune*'s humor always giv'n to range)
 But *SPAIN* will finde a time to wipe it out,
 And make her blasted *honors* freshly sprout.

18.

She faces *TINGITANIA*: and There
 (As if to make the *Mid-land Sea* an *Isle*)
 The well-known *STREIGHTS* to close their jaws appeare
 Innobled with the *THEBAN*'s latest *Toyle*.
 With diffrent *Nations* she her head doth reare
 (*Sea-girt* three sides, the fourth with *Hilly Pyle*)
 Of such Nobility and Valour *All*,
 That each pretends to be the *principal*.

19.

She has the *ARRAGONIAN*, so renown'd
 For conquer'ing twice stubborn *PARTHENOPE*:
 Those of *NAVAR*: *ASTURIANS*, who did bound
 The *MOORS*, broke in upon us like a *Sea*.
 She has the shrewd *GALLEGO*, many-crownd
CASTILIAN, whom his *Star* reserv'd to be
SPAIN's great *Restorer* and her *Lord*: *SEVILLA*,
GRANADA, *LEON*, *MURCIA*, with *CASTILLA*.

20.

The LUSITANIAN KINGDOM here survey,
Plac't as the Crown upon fair EUROPE's Head:
Where (the Land finishing) begins the Sea,
And whence the Sun steps to his watry Bed.
This, first in Arms (by gracious HEAV'N's decree)
Against the filthy MAURITANIAN sped:
Throwing him out of Her to his old Nest
In burning AFFRICK; nor there let him rest.

21.

That, That, the loved EARTH where I was born!
To which if kinder HEAV'N do so dispose
That I (this Task perform'd) alive return:
With It, my dying Eyes, there let me close.
From LYSSUS (which the Latines Lusus turn)
Old BACCHUSS's Camrade, or (as some suppose)
His Son, was LUSITANIA's name deriv'd,
When in that Countrey his Plantation thriv'd,

22.

Here was that Shepherd born, who in his Name
(As well as in his Actions) did write MAN:
Whom none must hope to equal in his Fame
Since that of ROMB he to eclipse began.
This Spot, through shuffling of light Fortune's Game,
TIME (who devours his children) saw, Anan,
On the WORLD'S Theater a great Part play
Rays'd to a Kingdom: and it was this way.

23.

There was in SPAIN a King (ALPHONSO hight)
Who made so close a War upon the MORE,
That (what with policy, and what with might)
Many he flew, and many a Town he bore.
This KING's sublime Renown taking her flight
From Streights Herculean to the Caspian Share,
Diverse (affecting an immortal name)
To Him and Death to offer themselves came.

24.

Others (more fir'd with an intrinsic love
Of Christian Faith, then Honour popular)
Flock from all Corners: willing to remove
Both from sweet Countrey, and from private Lax.
But, when their names, by Actions rais'd above
The vulgar pitch, they ALL advanc't in War;
The fam'd ALPHONSO, for such gallanr deeds,
Would have them reap proportionable meeds.

Amongst

25.

Amongst These HENRY (saith the History)
A younger son of FRANCE, and a brave Prince,
Had PORTUGAL in lot, in the World's eye
Not then so glorious, nor so large, as since.
And the same KING did his own daughter tye
To HIM in Wedlock, to infer from thence
His firmer love: as giving, in her hand,
The LIVERY and SCISIN of that LAND.

26.

He (when against the Off-spring of the Hand-
Maid HAGAR mighty Conquests he had won,
Gaining in much of the adjacent LAND,
And doing what was comely to be done) did he
Obtains from HIM, who doth high HEAV'N command
In a short time (to guerdon All) a Son:
Who (adding to his Father's worth, his owne)
Shall first erect the LUSITANIAN THRONE.

27.

HENRY was now come from the HOLY LAND,
And Conquest of enslav'd JERUSALEM;
Having seen consecrated IORDAN'S Strand,
That saw the flesh of GOD bath'd in his stream;
For, GODFREY finding nothing could withstand
After IUDA was subdu'd by Him,
Many, who in that War had giv'n him Ayd,
Their wisht return to their Dominions made:

28.

When, come to the last Exit of his Age
The famous FRENCH-MAN (to a wonder brave)
Pull'd by DEATH's hand down from this mortal Stage,
His Spirit, unto HIM, that gave it, gave.
His Son remain'd in tender rupillage,
True Copy of his Sire that's in the Grave:
Then whom more excellent the world had none,
For such a Father must have such a Son.

29.

But old Report (how true I cannot say):
For things so distant with much night are spred)
Tells, how the Mother, taking all the way,
Scorn'd not to stoop unto a second Bed:
And, for herself an After-Game to play,
Her Fatherless-Son disinherited:
Claiming for Hers the Land, and Princely Pow're,
As giv'n her by her Father for a dow're.

H 2

Then

30.
Then young ALPHONSO (so the Prince they call,
Inheriting his Grandfire in his Name)
Despairing by fair means of PORTUGALL,
For that the Mother, and her Groom, the same
Usurp, and mean from Him to give it All:
(His bosom boyling with a Martial flame)
By force to seize it in his mind revolves,
As briskly executes what he resolves.

31.
The blushing Plains of ARADUCA groan,
With one-same blood of War intestine dide;
In which the Mother (whose deeds spake her none)
The Son her love, and his own LAND denyde:
Now stands against him in battalions,
And cannot see (being blinded with her pride)
How much she sins 'gainst HEAV'N, and natural Love:
But in her Breast the sensual swims above.

32.
O Witch MEDA! PROGNE, with blood-stain!
If for their Fathers, not their own misdeeds,
By you your children in Revenge were slain,
Behold, TEREZA's sin ev'n yours exceeds!
Incontinence, the sacred Thirst of Reign,
These are the Causes whence her Crime proceeds.
SCYLLA her aged Father flew through one:
Through both TEREZA goes against her Son.

33.
But the brave Prince a perfect conquest had
O're an ill mother, and a Father-in-Law.
Forthwith, the Victor, all the LAND obay'd
That did before their swords against him draw.
Then (by his Wrath his judgement oversway'd)
Fast laid in Irons he his Mother saw:
Which GOD's avenging Hand did soon pursue.
"Such Reverence is to all Parents due."

34.
Loe! proud CASTEEL unites her Forces all
(To be reveng'd for sad TEREZA's wrong)
Against the few-in-People PORTINGALL:
But, though his Troops be weake, his Heart is strong.
His mortal Head with Shield Angelical.
Hid in the day of Battail from a throng
Of falling darts, not onely firm he stands
Their shock, but routs the formidable Bands.

Yet,

35.
Yet, not long after, was this valiant Prince
In the same ARADUCA (his chief Nest)
Blockt up with a vast Army, to which, since
Their late defeat, the angred Foes increast.
But by his faithful Tutor EGAS, thence
(Offring himself to death) he was releast.
Elle (of all needful matter ill beset)
He in that streight had surely perished.

36.
But the best Servant ever Master found,
Seeing his Prince can no resistance make,
That he should hold of Him the Countrey round
To the CASTILIAN KING did undertake.
He (having honest EGAS MONIZ boundy)
The dreadful siege did presently forsake.
But the Illustrious youth can not afford
To pay low Homage to another Lord.

37.
The time prefixed was arrived now
When the CASTILIAN MONARCH made account
To do him homage that the Prince would bow
As to his Founder, and Lord Paramonnt.
EGAS (who knew that would not be, and how
Because of Him CASTEEL rely'de upon't)
Resolves his broken promise, at the rate
Of his sweet life's expence to expiate.

38.
And, with his children, and dear Wife, he went
Tunpawn and to redeem his morgag'd Faith,
Barefoot and bareleg'd, and with eyes so bent
To th'Earth, as would move pity more then wrath.
If my rash confidence thou have intent
To scourge as it deserves (O KING) he saith;
Loe, here I bring thee of mine own accord
A life, in lieu of ill-accomplish word!

39.
Loe here (to piece out mine) the innocent
Lives, of my Wife and Babes, before thy Eyes!
If Bosoms generous and excellent
Accept so frail and dire a Sacrifice.
Loe here the guilty Hands, and Tongue! invent
All sorts of pains and deaths to exercise
On These: such as may prove fierce SCIENCS dull
In mischief; and out-roare PARISUS'S RUM.

Just

40.

Just as before the Heads-man one condemn'd,
Who doth in life his death anticipate,
And now upon the Block his Neck extend,
For the fear'd stroak which must dispatch him straight:
So E G A's lookt', expecting the worst end
Could be pronounc't by K I N G's deserved Hate.

But the K I N G seeing such stupendious *Faith*,
Mercy at length could more with him, then *Wrath*.

41.

O great, and Portingal-Fidelitie,
Payd by a Subject to his Prince! What more
Perform'd the P E R S I A N in that Project high,
When Nose and Face he carbonado'd o're,
Which made the great D A R I U S (sighing) cry,
His brave Z O P Y R U S, such as he was once,
H'had rather have, then twenty B A B I L O N S?

42.

But now the Prince A L P O N S O did provide
The happy Hoast of L U S I T A N I A
Against the M O O R S, who, on the other side
Of T A G U S's delectable River, lay.
Now in the fam'd O R I Q U E S Champion wide
The proud and warlike Troops he doth aray,
Just in the beard of the confronted M O O R:
As rich in courage, as in numbers poor.

43.

His Trust is not in *Flesh*, but placed all
In the eternal G O D, That Heav'n doth steer:
For the baptiz'd Army was so small,
To his one man an hundred Moors there were.
Those, who consider things by Reason, call
It madness rather, then the effect of clear
And sober heat, on such vast Heapes to run,
Where there's an hundred Horsemen to his one.

44.

Five M O O R I S H K I N G S he hath that day defy'de
Of whom the Chief hath I S M A R to his name:
All with the style of S O L D I E R dignify'de,
By which is purchased immortal *Fame*.
Each had his Mistress fighting by his side,
Like that, as beautiful, as warlike, D A M E
Who helpt so long to prop up falling T R O Y,
And Those, who streams of T H E R M O D O N T injoy.

Now

45.

Now did A U R O R A, beautiful and clear,
Out of the Welkin chase the golden Fry:
When M A R Y sson, A L P H O N S O's heart to cheer,
Appear'd to him upon the Cross on high.
Whom worshipping, That thus vouchsaf't t'appear,
All of a fire with *Faith*) the Prince doth cry,
Not to me L O R D, but to the I N F I D E L:
Not unto me, who know thy pow'r so well.

46.

This miracle of mercy so inflam'd
The P O T I N G A L L S, and did their minds erect,
That they the gallant Prince their K I N G acclam'd,
Whom with such cordial love they did affect;
And (drawing up before the Foe) proclaim'd
To H E A V 'N, and to the World, their new Elect:
Crying aloud; T H E A R M Y, C R O W N A N D A L L,
F O R G R E A T A L P H O N S O K I N G O F P O R T U G A L L S.

47.

As a fierce Mastiffe in the woody C H A C B
(Whom Shouts, and Hunters Instruments incite)
Attacks a Bull, the which his Trust doth place
In his sharp Horns's irrefragable might;
Now fastning on his flank, now on his Face,
More nimble at the turn, then strong in fight;
Till, tearing out his Throat, down falls the Beast,
The groaning Mountain with his weight opprest:

48.

So the new K I N G (with courage no less new
Inflam'd by G o d, and by the People, Both)
Upon the barb'rous Hoast, before him, flew
With his bold Troops, impetuous, and wroth.
With this, the doggs take up a Howle and rue-
Full Cry, the people rowze, th' Alarum goeth:
They snatch their Spears, and Bowes, the Trumpets sound;
Loud Instruments of war go bellowing round.

49.

As when a fire in Stubble dry begun
(The whistling Boreas hapning then to blow)
Fann'd by the Bellows of the Wind, doth run
To the next which Field, Furzes overgrow,
And there a knot of Shepherds (who upon
The graffie ground sweet flumbers undergo)
Wak't by the crackling flames in the thick Brake,
Snatch up their Hooks, and to the Village make:

50.

So the surprized Moors, and thunder-strook,
Catch up their weapons, which ly round about.
Yet fled not, these; but to their Arms they took,
And spur'd their warlike Bars, resolv'd and stout.
The PORTINGALL encounters them unshook,
He makes his Lances at their backs come out.
Some drop half-dead, some tumble dead outright,
Others invoke the ALCORAN, and fight.

51.

Most terrible Encounters, there, resound;
Enough to shake in its firm seat a Rock:
When those fierce Beasts, the Trident-strooken ground
Produc't (with their more furious Burthens) shock.
No Nook exempt, the war is kindled round,
Vast wounds are giv'n, Neither hath cause to mock:
But those of Lusus, Armours, Males, and all,
Break, cut, hack, batter, penetrate, and maul.

52.

Heads from the shoulders leap about the Field;
Arms, Leggs, without or Sence, or Master, flye.
Others (their panting entrails trailing) wheel'd;
Earth in their bloodless cheek, death in their Eye.
Th'impious Army now the day doth yield:
Rivers of Blood flow from their wounds, whereby
The Field it self doth lose its colour too,
And into Crimson turns the verdant hew.

53.

The PORTINGALL victorious doth remain,
Reaping the Trophies and the wealthy Frey.
Having discomfited the MOOR of SPAIN,
Three days the GREAT KING on the place doth stay.
In his broad Shield (which he till then bore plain)
A Badge eternal of this glorious day,
Five small Shields azur he doth now include,
In sign of these five Kings by Him subdued.

54.

In these five Shields he paints the Recompence
For which THE LORD was sold, in various Ink
Writing his history, who did dispence
Such favour to him, more then Heart could think.
In every of the Five he paints Five-pence,
So sums the Thirty by a Cinque-fold Cinque;
Accounting that which is the Center, twise,
Of the five Cinques, which he doth place Cross-wise.

Some

55.
Some time after he gave this grand defeat
Th'illustrious KING (whose Thoughts to Heaven soare)
To take in LEYRIA marcht; which Those, He beat,
Had took from Him a little while before.
To boot, the strong ARRONCHEZ he doth get:
And, with her pleasant Vale, the evermore
Glorious CABELOCASTRO (Santaréne)
Which Thou, sweet TAGUS, waterst so serene.

56.

Unto these noble Towns reduc't, he soon
Adds MAFRA, dar'd by his victorious Wings;
Then, in the famous Mountains of the Moon
Cold SYNTRE (forc'd) to his obedience brings:
Syntre, in which the NAYADBS do run
From the sweet Snare, hiding themselves in Springs.
But LOVE hath Nets will there too serve their turn:
And in the water will his wild fire burn.

57.

And Thou, fair LISBON (worthy to be crown'd
Of all the Cities of the WORLD the Queen)
Which that great Prince of Eloquence did found,
Who by his wit TROY-TOWN had ruin'd seen;
Thou (whom obeys the Ocean-Sea profound)
By the brave PORTINGALLS were taken in,
Help'd by a potent Fleet, which at that time
Happen'd to come out of the Northern Clime:

58.

Thence, from the German ELVE, and from the RHENE,
And from the Brittish-Sea-commanding THAMES,
Sent to destroy th'usurping SARACEN,
And free their sister JORDAN's captive streames.
These, entring TAGUS's pleasant mouth, and then
With great ALPHONS so joyn'd (whose Glory's beames
Attract all Hearts, but those his name appalls)
A seige is laid to th'ULYSSEAN WALLS.

59.

Five times the Moon did hide her horned head,
And other five her face at full displayd;
When by main force the City entered
The will of the Beleaguerer obayd.
Fierce was the Battail, much the blood there shed,
As needs they must be (circumstances waigh'd)
Between rough Conquerours, That all things dare,
And conquer'd People driven to despaire.

I

Thus

60.

Thus Shee, was after some few Months expence
Compell'd to stoop to this new Victor's law;
Whom in old time to their obedience,
With all their might cold Vandals could not draw:
Whose pow'r (which own'd no bound, stuck at no Fence)
EBRE, and GOLDEN TAGUS, trembling saw:
And BETIS they did so entirely tame,
They did that Land VANDALUSIA name.

61.

If noble LISBON could not stand it out,
Where is that City so resolv'd, and strong,
That can resistance make to such a stout
And warlike people (FAME's immortall song)
Now all ESTREMADURA's at his Foot,
OBIDOS fair, ALENQUER proud (among
Whose pleasant Groves runs many a River sweet,
Murm'ring, as if too good to wash their Feet)
And TORRESUEDRAS.

62.

You likewise, O ye fair TRANS-TAGAN LANDS
(Which golden CERES with her Bounty crowns)
Hee, who brings more then Mortall strength, commands
Out of your Forts, and Arms. And you (the Clowns
Of AFRICA) who ploughrd them with your hands,
Hope not to reap the Fruits: For the good Towns
Of MOURA, SERPA, YELVES, by assault
Are taken, and ALCACER OF THE SALT.

63.

Lo! now that noble City (certain Seat
Of the brave Rebell in old time, SERTORIUS;
Where still his far-fetcht Water pure and neat,
To serve the place b' an act so meritorious
Through Arches on Two hundred Pillars set
Doth pass, with Royall restauration glorious)
Ev'n Her, the bold GERARDO'S prowess brings
To own, and serve, the LUSITANIAN KINGS.

64.

Against the City now of BEYA,
To take revenge for spoyl'd TANCOBO's Town,
ALPHONSO goes; who cannot rest a Day
For ymping a short life with long Renown.
Before this City long he doth not stay;
And (storming it b' a part that's beaten down)
Enraged enters: where, of all that breathes,
His hungry Steel he in the Bowels sheathes.

Jointly

65.

Jointly with these, PALMELA doth he win;
Fishy CIZIMBRA too: nor wins alone,
But (his good star assisting him therein)
A potent Army there hath overthrownne.
The Town saw his intent, so did her King:
Nor was he backward to relieve the Towne.
Careles he marcht along the Mountain-side,
Little imagining what did betide.

66.

'Twas HE OF BADACHOZ (a haughty MORSE)
Four thousand furious Spirits were his HORSES,
Of INFANTRY innumerable store,
With gilded Arms (Gallants, and Warriors)
But, as in MAY a jealous Bull (before
He is perceiv'd) rushes with all his force
Upon a Travailer, and runs him over,
(Twice mad, both as a Beast, and as a Lover):

67.

Just so ALPHONSO, from an Ambush close,
Assaults the people that securely past;
Strikes, overturns, and kills; The Field he mows;
The MOORISH KING flyes for his life in hast.
Struck vwith a Pannick fear, the Remnant throvvs
Avvay their Arms; and followvs him as fast:
They That made all this Havock, being a Force
(Good God!) consisting but of sixty Horse.

68.

The Victory vvithout delay, the great
And indefatigable KING pursues,
Causing his Drums through all the REALMS to beat
(Conquering of LANDS he as his Trade doth use)
Besiegeth BADACHOZ, and soon doth get
The end of his desire: For there he shewvs
So much of Souldier, and a Soul so high;
That keep, It must the others company.

69.

But the great GOD (vvhich keeps his Rods in store,
For such as merit them, till his ovvn time;
Whether, for Sinners to amend, before
They fall: or CAUSES, Man can not divine)
If he, till now, the valiant KING forbore,
And (through all dangers leading) gave him line:
Yet now, he vwill no longer let him be,
From his imprison'd MORTHUR's curses, free.

70.

For lying in this *City* weakly man'd,
The *León-Mén* besiege th'ill-guarded Walls,
'Cause he that *Conquest* took out of *their* Hand,
Being of *León*, and not *Portugals*.
Here dear did *Him* his Pertinacy stand,
As in the *World* out oftentimes it falls:
For in a furious *Sally* (his leg burst
Against an *Iron*) he to yield was forc't.

71.

O famous *Pompey*! Be not *Thou* in pain
To see thy *Glories*'s sad *Catastrophe*;
Or that just *Nemesis* should pre-ordain
Thy *Father-in-Law* to triumph over *Thee*;
Though frozen *Phasis*; and *Bootes*'s *Way*;
The *Land* under the *BURNING AXLE-TREE*;
And strange *Syene*, where no *oblique Sun*
A shadow casts, and all the *day* is *Noon*;

72.

And *ENICCIANS* fierce; and *ARABS* rich;
And *COLCHOS*, famous for the *Golden Sheep*;
And *CAPPADOCIANS*; and *JUDEANS*, which
Abolish *Rites* so obstinately keep;
And soft *SOPHENIA*, scurf with pleasures Itch;
And (with *SILICIAN-ROBBERS* on the *DEEP*)
ARMUNIA, That *two Rivers* boasts, which came
From *PARADISE*; All trembled at thy name:

73.

And though, in fine, from the *ATLANTICK-SEA*
To *SCYTHIAN-TAURUS* with erected Crown,
Victorious: Wonder not, that thou shouldst be
In the *PHARSALIAN BATTAIL* overthrown.
For *high* and *great ALPHONSO* thou shalt see
Bear *All* before him, and at last bourn down.
By a *Cross-match* of *FATE* were *Both* undon,
Thou by a *FATHER-IN-LAW*, *He* by a *SON*.

74.

The noble *KING* thus scourg'd by *HEAVN*, at length
Restor'd was to his *PORTUGAL* again.
There (after he had been; by a vast strength
Of *MOORES*, in *SANTAREN* besieg'd in vain;
And, after that the *Corps* of *St. VINCENTH*
The Martyr, from that *Head of Land* in *SPAIN*
Which by his name to all the world is known,
Translated was to th'*ULYSSEAN TOWN*.)

To

75.

To carry on the Work by *Him* begun,
The *old man* (weary) doth his *Son* command
With men and warlike preparation
To march into the *ALENTEJAN-LAND*.
SANCHIO (to prove himself his *Father's Son*)
Like a strong stream let loose, passes beyond:
And makes the *River of GUADALQUIVER*
Run *Moorish blood*, That wont to run so clear.

76.

Flesht with his *winnings*, the young *Gamester* grows
New Covetous; and cannot rest, before
He in a second Battail overthrows
(In fight of *BEIA*) the beleagu'ring *MORE*.
Nor long with this *design* in labour goes
E're he the *Bays* by *Him* desired *Wore*.
The MOOR (on both sides justled to the Wall)
Resolves at once to be reveng'd for all.

77.

Now, from the *Mountain* which *MEDUSA* star'd
Out of *that Body* which the *HEAVN* sustayn'd,
From *AMPHELEUSA'S Promontory*, hard
They march; from *TANGER*, where *ANTBUS* raign'd.
Of *AVILA* the *dwellers* are not spar'd:
Doth likewise march (well-arm'd, and choicely train'd)
At the harsh *Mauritanian Trumpet's sound*
Of noble *JUBA* all the *Kingdom* round.

78.

With this huge mass of men his inroad made
The great *MIRAMOLIN* in *PORTUGAL*.
Twelve *Moorish Kings* he carryed in his *Ayd*,
'Mongst whom *He* wears the *Crown Imperial*.
These, having in their march by *Parties* prey'd,
And, where they could, destroy'd the *Country* all,
In *SANTAREN* Don *SANCHIO* close impound'd:
But a sad Seige it will for *them* be found.

79.

Furious *assaults* th'incensed *MOOR* doth make:
A thousand *Stratagems* in practice puts.
In vain huge *Stones* from horrid *Engins* brake:
In vain the *Mine* is hid, and the *Rambuts*.
ALPHONSO'S SON is everywhere awake,
Here his *Care* sheilds, and *there* his courage cuts.
So what with *these*, and what with *martial Art*,
Stopt is each *Meuse*, and guarded in each part.

But

80.

But the old man (whose burthen'd Lims, and Head,
With years, and Cares, oblig'd him to repose)
Retir'd into that City, whose fair Mead
To sweet M O N D E G O's streams its verdure ows ;
Hearing his Son is close beleaguered
In S A N T A R E N by blind and barb'rous Foes,
Flyes from that City to his Ayd: For Age
Cramps not his wonted speed, nor cools his rage.

81.

He, with his Troops inur'd to warlike Feats,
Thund ring the Reare, and his Son salying out ;
The P O R T I N G A L (who now of custom beats)
In a short space the M O O R S doth wholly rout.
With Terbants, Cossacks, Faulcions, Coverlets,
Cloaks with wrought Capes, the Field is strew'd about :
Horses, and their Caparisons (rich Prey)
And by the Horses their dead Masters lay.

82.

The Lusitanian Bounds the rest forego,
Put to a hasty and disordred flight.
The great M I R A M O L I N , he flyes not though:
For before he could flye, he fled the light.
To H I M , who did this Victory bestow
Are rendred thanks and Praises infinite :
For in so great, and so apparent odds,
The part man acts is the dumb shew to G o d s .

83.

This was the great A L P H O N S O 's latest wreath
Of Vittory (a Prince of vast Renown)
When He who forg'd it with his Sword (his breath
Deserting him) exchang'd his M O R T A L C R O W N .
The hand of sickness ush'ring that of death,
Toucht his weak Body, and so pusht it down.
Thus, whom so many had paid Tribute to,
Paid the last tribute unto Nature due.

84.

Him did the lofty Promontories moan :
With all their streams the widow'd Rivers wept,
And (overflowing the Fields, newly sown,
With rueful Tears) the next years Harvest swept.
But through the world his living F A M E is blown :
And, where he raign'd, his name so fresh is kept;
That there each Hill, and ev'ry echoing Plain,
A L P H O N S O calls, A L P H O N S O — But in vain.

S A N -

85.

S A N C H O succeeds (valiant, and in his Spring)
True Copy of his Sire, examin'd well
By the Original, alive yet being
When he with barb'rous blood made B E T I S swell ;
And overturn'd the Andalusian King
Of the accursed Race of I S H M A E L :
But better, when at B E J A 's siege he made
Them feel the weight of his Victorious Blade.

86.

After he ware the L U S I T A N I A N C R O W N
(Some years elaps'd since he to reign began)
Before the City S I L V E S he sat down
Then in possession of the A F F R I C A N .
Assisted was he to take in this Town
By Strangers from the Northern Ocean,
With Men, and Arms, for A S I A bound : to joyne
In rescue of distressed P A L E S T I N E .

87.

They sayld, to second in the Holy Cause
R E D F R E D R I C K , who with a potent Hoast
To the defence of that plag'd City draws,
By which the L O R D O F L I F E his own life lost :
When G U I D A with his Troops (having their jaws
Parcht up with drowth) to the G R E A T S O L D A N forst
Were to surrender, where the Miscreants
Have prepossess the Springs which G U I D O wants.

88.

But the fair N avie (forc't upon our shore
By adverse Winds, though S A N C H O 's prosperous Star)
Assists him willingly against the M O R E ,
Since one and t'other is a Holy War.
As thy great Father, L I S B O N took before,
Just so, and with the same Auxiliar,
From the fierce dwellers tak'st Thou, S I L V E S : This
Also, a noble Realm's M E T R O P O L I S .

89.

And, if from the M A H U M B T A N S thou hast
So many trophies; neither didst thou let
The men of L E O N (though in Mountains plac't,
And nurst in bloody Battail) quiet set :
Till thou a Yoke upon the Neck hadst cast
Of their proud T U I , adding a C ö r o n e t
Of Towns her Neighbours, on which Thou didst put
(Renowned S A N C H O) thy triumphant Foot.

But

90.

But death (like a bold Thief) did Him assault
 In his Career of glory. He was heyr'd
 B'a Son whom many Vertues did exalt :
Second ALPHONSO, of our Kings the Therd.
 In his Reign was ALCACER OF THE SALT
 Subdu'd again in spight of the Moor's Beard ;
 By whom late took, 'tis now re-took, with great
 Destruction of them, and four King's defeat.

91.

A L F O N S O dead, The *Second SANC H O* came
 To hold the Scepter ; Tame, and negligent :
 To that degree both negligent, and tame,
 That for the shadow of Himself he went.
 Then did *Another* (fitter for the same)
 Wrest from his hands that pow'r, he was content
 To delegate. And why ? He having none
 Himself, his Minion's Crimes were call'd his owne.

92.

No, no, our *SANC H O* was not of that mood
 Lewd N E R O was, who married with a Boy ;
 And after (with leſs guilt he shed her blood)
 His mother A G R I P P I N A did injoy :
 Nor (like the self-same N E R O) piping stood,
 Then clapt his hands to see his burning T R O Y :
 Nor did his daughter, like one King, devour :
 Nor change his Sex like t'other Emperour.

93.

He did not o're his People tyrannize,
 Like Those who Kings in S Y R A C U S A were :
 Nor hyr'd he men, strange Tortures to devise,
 Like P H A L A R I S, one of the Tyrants there.
 But the proud Realm, which too indulgent skyes
 Had us'd to Kings, who would indure no Peere ;
 That likewise to such niſenes did arrive
 T'indure no King, who had his Peer alive.

94.

Therefore B O L O N I A 's Earl the Helm did guide :
 Which he did after in his own right hold,
 When his still-slothful Brother (*SANC H O*) dy'de.
He (nam'd A LPH O N S O, and furnam'd the Bold)
 After he had the Kingdom pacify'd ;
 And all sharp humors settled, or controll'd ;
 Thinks, how he may enlarge it by his merit :
 Too ſmall a Circle for ſo great a spirit.

95.

Of the A L G A R V E S 's land (the conquering
 Whereof was giv'n him with his Queen in dow'r)
 He gains in much, outing the Moorish King ;
 On all whose Actions now curſt M A R S did low'r.
 But out of P O R T U G A L did wholly fling
 (By Prudence part, and part by martial pow'r.)
 That pertinacious People, and did chace
 From that good Land which L u s s u s left his Race.

96.

Now, D E N I S ! worthy his own Parentage :
 And for whom ſuch a Father ſhould make room.
 D E N I S ! Who ſtrikes (in the way of Patronage)
 The fame of A L E X A N D E R 's bounty, dumbe,
 The Land got breath, and flouriſh in that Age
 (Mild Peace, and, with peace, Justice from Heav'n come)
 With Constitutions, Laws, and Customes right :
 Of a calm Kingdome L U M I N A R I E S bright.

97.

He, was the first That made C O Y M B R A ſhine
 With Lib'ral Sciences which P A L L A S taught ;
 By Him, from H E L I C O N the Muses Nine
 To bruize M O N D E G O 's graffie brink were brought ;
 Hither transferr'd A P O L L O that rich Mine,
 Which the old G R E E K S in learned A T H E N E s wrought,
 Here Ivy-Wreaths with Gold he interweaves,
 And the coy D A P H N E 's never-fading leaves.

98.

Now noble Cities from the ground ascend,
 Castles, and warlike Fortresses ſecure ;
 Scarce any Corner but this Prince doth mend :
 Convents he builds, and Towns he doth immure.
 But A T R O P O S (the Best muſt have an End)
 Shearing his golden Thrid in years mature,
 His Son ſucceeds ; not dutiful (the Fourth
 A L P H O N S E) but of high courage, and much worth.

99.

On proud C A S T E L he ſtill with Scorn did look :
 Yet free from malice as 'twas free from feares,
 Only men have a custom, in that Nook,
 To dread no pow'r for being more then theirs.
 For when the M A U R I T A N I A N undertook
 H E S P E R I A 's ſecond Conqueſt ; and appears
 Just ready now C A S T I L I A N S to invade :
 The brave A L P H O N S O pow'r's in to their Ayd :

100.

Never S E M I R A M I S with such an *Hoast*,
 Did swarm H Y D A S P E S's banks, his Sands out-number;
 Nor A T T I L A (He, who *Himself* did boast
 The *Scourge* of G O D , and was the *fright*, and *wonder*
 Of I T A L Y) so many G O T H S ingrost
 And N o r t h e r n P e o p l e : As of M o o r s were under
 The A F F R I C K - M O O R (with Those G R A N A D A yields)
 At that time mustred in T a r t e s i a n F i e l d s .

101.

Then the C A S T I L I A N K I N G (who saw so great
 And vast a pow'r, against his Countrey bend ;
 Nor weigh'd his *life*, but the intire *defeat*
 Of S P A I N it self (once lost) did apprehend)
 Help from the valiant P O R T I N G A L L t'aintreat,
 His dearest *Consort* to that *Court* did send :
 His *Wife* from whom the *Embassie* is sent,
 And his dear *daughter* unto whom it went.

102.

Virtuous M A R I A , and as *fair* as *good*,
 Enters her Father's *Palace* (glorious dame !)
 Lovely, in *Grief*; nor, though the water stood
 In her sweet eyes, did *that* suspend their flame.
 Her *Angel's* Tresses with a *golden* flood
 Coverd her *Ivory* shoulders. When she came
 Before her *Sire* (He overjoyd and kind)
 It rain'd down right, and thus she brake her mind.

103.

As many *Nations* as all A F F R I C K bred
 (A People *barbarous* and *inhumane*)
 Hath the great King of the M O R O C C O 's led
 To take possession of illustrious S P A I N .
 So vast a pow'r ne're marcht under one Head
 Since the dry Earth was compast by the Main.
 It terrifies the *living* where it rolls,
 And ev'n alarums their dead *Father's* Souls.

104.

His frightened subjects to protect and skreen,
He, whom *thou* hast my *Lord* and *Husband* made,
 Stands with small strength exposed to the keen
 And thirsty edges of the *Moorish* Blade ;
 And I shall soon depriv'd of *all* be seen,
 If thou afford him not thy present ayd :
 A *sad* and *private* Woman, *Husbandless*.
 Without a *Crown*, or *Him*, or *Happiness*.

There-

105.

Therefore (O King) for very fear of whom
 The streams of hot M A L U C O do congeale ;
 Succour, O ! quickly to the succour come
 Of miserable and despis'd C A S T E L E .
 If that deare *smile* be an assenting dumb,
 If *that* thy fatherly affection seal.

R u n Father; if thou do nor, by the M O R E
 I fear thou'l find it *over-run* before.

106.

This with the self-same tone M A R I A said
 To King A L P H O N S O on her trembling knees,
 With which sad V E N U S once her Father pray'd
 For her E N E A S lost on *Lybian Seas* ;
 At which, with sense of the deep moan she made,
 Such tender pitty did J o v E 's bowels seize,
 (Indulgent Sire !) he let his *Thunder* fall,
 And (griev'd she askt no more) granted her *all*.

107.

Streight armed *Squadrons*, glitt'ring in the Sun,
 Are mustred in the Fields of E B O R A :
 Scowr'd is the *Sword*, the *Lance*, the *Murrion* :
 In rich *Caparisons* the *Horses* neigh,
 The *Trumpet* shrill, with pendant *Banner* done,
 Rowzes from *peaces* down (where long they lay)
 Their tickled Hearts to disaccustomed *Arms* ;
 And concave *Drums* go thund'ring fresh *Alarms*.

108.

Amongst them and above them All appeers
 Higher by head and shoulders then the rest
 (And where *He* goes the *Royal Standart* veers)
 Valiant A L P H O N S O with erected Crest.
 His very *look*, it animates and cheers
 (If there are any) ev'n the *Coward's* Brest.
 Into C A S T E L L thus marching is he seen
 With his fair *daughter*, the *Castilian Queen*.

109.

The two A L P H O N S O 's in conclusion joyn'd,
 In wide T A R Y P A 's Fields confronting stood
 The endless numbers of the people blind
 For vvhom too narrowv are both Plain and Wood.
 Of ours not one so hardy, but did find
 Somevwhat of cold and shiv'ring in his blood,,

Save onely such as cleerly understands
 *C H R I S T fights the battail vvith his People's hands.

110.

Deridest are the thin-spread Christian-Bands
By Bond-Mayd H A G A R's Progeny unclean ;
Who, by anticipation, all their lands
Divide amongst the Army Hagarene,
Which by false Title in possession stands
Of the illustrious Name of Saracene :
Just as Another's noble Land they boast
Now, for their own ; reck'nig without their Host.

111.

As that big-bon'd and barb'rous Gyant (whom
King S A U L so fear'd, and all his Army worse)
Seeing a simple Swain against him come,
Only with Pebbles arm'd, and a clean force,
With haughty language (arrogant and grum)
Scorns the poor Boy, and sends him to his Nurse ;
Whom rounding with his sling, He taught at length
The diff'rence betwixt Faith, and humane strength.

112.

So the perfidious Moor (advancing) cracks
Over the Christian Hoast ; nor understands
What Pow'r it is that their weak Powers backs,
Which Hell with all its Fiends in vain withstands.
Helped by that Pow'r, He of C A S T E E L attacks
M C R O C C O 's King, who there in Chief commands :
The P O R T I N G A L (who sleights their whole Armada)
He takes to Task the Kingdom of G R A N A D A.

113.

Now crack the Lances, and the Swords cry clink
Upon the Armonrs, Pow'r's incoutring Pow'r's ;
Invoking (when they stand on danger's brink)
Theirs M A H O M E T, and St. I A G O ours.
The strook strike Heav'n with Cries, making a sink
And standing Pool with thick Vermilion show'rs :
Where some (half dead) lye drowning where they stood
In too much new, who fell for want of blood.

114.

With so great blood-shed did the P O R T I N G A L
Make Spoyl and Havock of the G R A N A D I N E,
That in small space he kills, or routs, them all,
Spight of their Mayles and breast-plates of steel fine.
His hungry Blade which will to supper fall
In F E z, if in th'A L H A M B R A it did dine)
The brave C A S T I L I A N helps to end the Fray :
Who hath the M A U R I T A N I A N at a Bay.

115.

The burning Sun was making his retreat
To T H E T Y S's grotts, and the bright Ev'ning Star
Drawing that glorious day to it's red Set,
Whose memory no time shall ever bar :
When the two Kings consummate the defeat
Of the Moor's Powers assembled in this War,
With so much Tragick slaughter, as no Age
Beheld before, or since, on the World's Stage.

116.

Not a fourth part rough M A R I U S flew, of Those
That lost their lives in this day's Victory,
When water dash'd with blood of their dead Foes
He made his Army drink, which then was dry :
Nor He of C A R T H A G E (sworn, a child, t'oppose
With Fire and Sword the Pride of I T A L Y)
When he so many Knights kill'd famous R O M E,
That their Rings tane did to three Bushels come.

117.

And if Thou (noble T I T U S) couldst alone
So many souls to black C O C Y T U S send,
When thou the Holy City didst unstone
Of that stiff People, never to be wean'd
From their abolish'd Ryties : This G O D did owne,
And christned it his Act, that what was pen'd
By the O L D P R O P H E T S might be verify'de,
And J E S U S said too, whom they Crucify'de.

118.

After this great and prosperous event
(A L F O N S o come to P O R T U G A L again,
There to injoy in peace and sweet content
The spreading Glories he in War did gain)
A black and lamentable accident
(Worthy in F A M E's Memorials to remain)
Was on a miserable Lady seen,
Who, after she was dead, was made a Queen.

119.

Thou, onely Thou (pure L O V E) with bended bow,
Against whose Force no brest whate're can hold,
As if thy perjur'd Subject, or sworn Foe,
Didst cause her death whom all the World condol'd.
If Tears (which from a troubled Fountain flow)
Quench not thy Thirst, as hath been said of old,
It is, that such is thy tyrannick mood,
Thou lov'st thy Altars should be bath'd in blood.

120.

Thou wer't (fair Y N E s) in Repose, of Love's
Reflected Fires fost'ring the sweet heat, young ;
In that sweet Error, that worse Fates removes,
Which Fortune never suffers to last long :
In sweet M O N D E G O 's solitary Groves,
Whose streams no day but thou didst weep among :
Teaching the lofty Trees, and humble Grafts,
That Name which printed in thy bosom was.

121.

Thy pensive Prince, with thine did sympathize
Remembrances, which in his Soul did swim,
Bringing thee always fresh before his Eyes,
When, from thy fair ones, bus'ness banish'd Him :
By night, in dreams ; that cheat him with sweet lies :
By day, in thoughts ; that pencil thy each lim :
And all he mus'd, and all he saw in fine,
Were dear I D E A 's of thy Form divine.

122.

Of other Ladies fair, and Princesses
The tend'red Matches he did vilifie ;
For, of a Heart 'tis hard to dispossess.
True Love, that hath had time to fortifie.
Upon these highly am'rous passages
The Father looking with an old man's Eye
(Enrag'd with what the common-people sed
And his Son's resolution not to wed)

123.

Y N E s determines from the World to take,
His Son from Her to take, and to remove :
Believing, with her blood's ill let-out Lake,
To quench the kindled flames of constant love.
O ! that sure Sword (which had the pow'r to make
The Moorish Rage strike saile) what Rage could move
Thee, from the honor'd sheaths, where thou didst rest,
To be new sheath'd in Lady's gentle Brest ?

124.

The horrid blood-hounds dragg'd her to the King :
Whose bowels now to mercy stood inclin'd.
But ill-Advisers with false reasoning
To her destruction re-inflam'd his mind.
Shee (with Heart-breaking language which did spring
Only from sense of Those she left behind
In solitude, her Prince, and children deare,
Whose Griefe she more, then her own death did feare :)

Lifting

125.

Lifting unto the azure Firmament
Her Eyes, which in a Sea of Tears were drown'd ;
Her Eyes, for one of those malevolent
And bloody Instruments her hands had bound ;
And then, the same on her dear Infants bent,
Who Them with smiling innocence surround
By whom poor Orphans they will staight be made
Unto their cruel Grand-Father thus said.

126.

If Beasts themselves (wild Beasts) whose use, and way,
By Nature's dire instinct, is not to spare ;
And vagrant Birds, whose bus'ness 'tis, to prey,
And chace their Quarrey through the yielding Ayre ;
The world hath seen take Babes expos'd, and play
The tender Nurses to them with their care,
As N I N U S 's mother once it did befall,
And the Twinn-Founders of the Roman Wall :

127.

O Thou, whose Superscription speaks thee, Man
(That the Contents were suited to the Cover !
A feeble Maid thou wouldst not murther than
Onely for loving Him, who first did love her)
Pitty these Babes (the babes about him ran)
In thy hard doom since I am spot all over.
Spare, for their sakes, their lives, and mine : And see
Whiteness in Them, though thou wilt not in me.

128.

And if (subduing the presumptuous M O R E ,
How to give death with fire and sword thou know'st,
Know, to give life too, to a damsel poore,
Who hath done nothing why it should be lost.
Let my hid Innocence thus much procure :
Exile me to some sad intemperate Coast,
Cold S C Y T H I A , or burn't L Y B I A , to remain
A weeping Tomb, and never more see S P A I N .

129.

Plant me where nothing grows but Cruelty,
Mongt Lyons, Bears, and other Savage Beasts :
To see, if They that mercy will deny
Which I in vain implore from humane Breasts.
There, in firm love to Him for whom I dye,
I'll breed his Pieces, thou here seest, their guests
And my Companions ; to slide off with Those
Part of the burthen of their mother's woes.

Fain

130.

Fain would have pardon'd her the gracious King,
Mov'd with these words, which made his Bowels yearn :
But *Fate*, and *whisperers* (That fresh Fewel bring)
They would not pardon. 'Tis those mens concern
(Having begun) to perpetrate the Thing.
They strip their steel out of the Scabbard (stern).
Out Villains ! Butchers ! What ! employ your spights,
Your swords, against a *Lady*, and call'd *Knights* ?

131.

As at the breast of fair *POLIXENA*
Condemn'd to death by dire *ACHILLES*'s shade
(The last dear stake of Aged *HECUBA*)
Revengeful *PYRRHUS* bent his cruel *Blade* ;
But with a *look* that drives ill Ayrs away
(Patient, as any *Lamb*) The *Royal Maid*,
On her mad *Mother* casting up her Eys,
Presents her self a *Sacrifice*, and dyes :

132.

So gentle *YNE*'s bruitish Murtherers,
Ev'n in that *Neck* (white *ATLAS* of that *Head*)
Whose stars, thought set, had influence o're the pow'rs
Of *Him*, That crow'd her after she was dead)
Bathing their thirsty *Swords*, and all the flow'rs
Which her fair Eyes had newly watered
(Mindless of the insuing Vengeance) stood
Like crimson'd *Hunters* reeking with her blood.

133.

Well mightst Thou *PHEBUS* from an Act so dire
(*PYROUS* starting) have reverst thy look ;
As from *THESTES*'s Table, when the *Sire*
Din'd on the *Son*, the *Uncle* being the *Cook*.
You, hollow Vales (which, when she did expire,
From her cold lips the dying accentstook)
Hearing her *PEDRO* nam'd with her last breath,
Form'd *PEDRO*, *PEDRO*, after *YNE*'s death.

134.

Like a syveet *Rose* (vvith party-colours fair)
By *virgin*'s hand beheaded in the Bud
To play vvithal, or prick into her Hair,
When (sever'd from the stalk on vvhich it stood)
Both *Scent* and *beauty* vanish into Ayre:
So lies the *Damzel* vvithout *breath*, or *Blood*,
Her *Cheeks* fresh *Roses* ravisht from the Root
Both red and white, and the syveet life to boot.

This

135.

This Act of horrour, and black night obscure,
MONGOS's daughters long resented deep ;
And, for a lasting Tomb, into a pure
Fountain, transformd the *Teares* which they did weep.
The name, they gave it (which doth still indure)
Was *YNE*'s loves, whom *PEDRO* there did keep.
No wonder, such sweet *Streams* water those *Flowers* :
TEARES, are the substance ; and the *Name*, *A-mour*.

136.

It was not long ere *PEDRO* found the way
To that *Revenge* which in his breast did boyle ;
For, taking in his hands the *Kingdom*'s sway
Hee takes it on the *Murd'ers* (who chang'd soyle)
(Partners in mischief) having made that vile
And bloody pact, *AUGUSTUS* did with those
He was new *Friends* with, of exchanging *Foes*.

137.

A rigorous *Chastizer* was this King
Of *Thefts*, of *Murthers*, and *Adultries* blind,
The Ill to condigne punishment to bring
Was the delight and banquet of his mind.
Restraining *Cities* with rough *disciplin*,
From *Vice* and *Insolence* of every kind,
He gave more *Robbers* their deserved meed
Then wandring *THESSUS*, or *ALCIDON*, did.

138.

From the just *PEDRO*, and severe (Behold
How *Nature* sometimes can prevaricate !)
Sprang the remisse, the Carelesse, the sheep-fold
FERNANDO: who set all of a Flame straight.
Whence the *CASTILLIAN* entring uncomptrolld,
Went wasting so the weake disnerved *State*,
That at last gaspe it lay : For its seen oft,
"A soft *KING* makes a valiant *People*, soft."

139.

Whether it were *GOD*'s Judgement, for his sin
Of taking from her Husband *LEONORE*,
And marrying Her, besotted with her *wining looks*, and by his Flattering *Casuists* more ;
Or that faynt *Vice* (through custom soaking in
Into his Breast, thence breathing through each pore)
Made him all *Pap* within : For, tis as true,
"Vnlawfull fires make Valiant *KINGS* soft too."

L

"Lust"

140.

"*Last* oft hath brought great men to great mishap :
God that permitting, and ordaining thus.
Witness th'Abettors of fair H E L L E N's Rape :
King-T ARQUIN, and Triumvir-A PP I U S.
Why could not holy D A V I D judgement scape ?
Why was destroy'd the T R I B E illustrious
O F B E N J A M I N ? D I N A H cost S I C H E M deer :
Nor (S A R A H onely wisht) went P H A R O A H cleer.

141.

Then, whether manly Bosoms melt, or not,
With fires that are not kindled from Above ;
A L C M E N A ' S Son (who ware a Petticot
To please O M P H A L E) well may serve to prove :
And A N T H O N Y, who lost the fame he got,
And the World's Crown for C L E O P A T R A ' S love.
And Thon of C A R T H A G E, in full conquest stayd
By stumbling on a mean Appulian mayd.

142.

But who is priviledg'd from the sweet snare
Which Love so subtly weaves, and hides it (oh !)
In Damask Roses, in bright auburn haire,
Transparent alabaster, and warm Snow ?
Who, from the poysond Arrows of the Faire ?
From a M E D U S A ' S head (I term it so).
That turns the hearts of them whom she doth tame,
Not into Stone (then it were well) but flame ?

143.

Who sees a crystal Brow, a piercing look,
A lusious, and Seraphick excellence,
(Transforming Soules into it) That can brook
The object, or pretend the least defence ?
All That have swallow'd L O V E ' S bewitching Hook,
With poor F E R N A N D O ' S frailty will dispence :
And some (as when M A R S seen in courser snares
The Gods did once) ev'n with his case were Theirs.

End of the third Canto.

Fourth Canto.

STANZA 1.

A fter a pitchie, and a dripping night,
Poor Travailers confounding in their way,
A glorious Morn (succeeding) glads the sight ;
And, with the long'd-for Sun, returns the day :
After the whistling winds have spent their spight,
On the calm'd Sea the wanton Dolbins play :
So the afflicted Kingdom it befell
When soft F E R N A N D O bade the world farewell.

2.

And if ours wisht a Champion, to fullfil
Their Vengeance upon Those, from whom alone
(Using remiss F E R N A N D O ' S favours ill)
They make account that all their Ills are grown.
Now they l have one according to their will,
Putting illustrious J O H N into the Throne,
As P E D R O ' S onely Son they could come at :
And his true Son, though Illegitimat.

3.

That this was Heaven's Ordinance divine
By most clear Tokens evident became,
When a young girl, speaking before her time,
In E B O R A distinctly form'd his name.
And as a Herald-Angel sent in fine
The Portingall Successour to proclaim
Lifting i'th'Cradle Body, Hand, and Tone,
Cry'd, P O R T U G A L F O R T H E N E W K I N G D O N J O H N .

4.

Such, at this time, was the confus'd Estate
Of the poor Realm, and the mad People's spleen ;
That (to disburthen their conceived Hate)
Flat Cruelties in ev'ry part were seen :
Killing the Kin, and all that did relate
To the adul'trous Earl, and to the Queen,
With whom her lewdness (they affirm'd) was more
In widowhood, then it had been before.

5.

But true, or false, the scandal which they gave
 Forfeits his Head (and rightly) to the Axe.
 He dyes for't in her presence : Others have
 The self-same sawce. It catches like fir'd flax.
 One, whom religious Orders could not save,
 Thrown from a Steeple like A S T I A N A X :
 A Second, Orders, Sex, nor th' Altar's Horn :
 A third dragg'd naked, and to mamocks torn.

6.

In long forgetfullnes may now be laid
 Those horrid Massacres, which ROME beheld,
 By bloody SYLLA, and fierce MARIUS, made,
 When one another they by turns expel'd.
 Then LEONORE (whom th'unrevenged shade
 Of her dear Count with open fury swell'd)
 Invites C A S T E E L, who did her daughter wed :
 Saying, the CROWN belongeth to her head.

7.

Her daughter BEATRICE was she, as due
 To whom, he of C A S T E E L that Crown might clame :
 Reputed daughter of FERNANDO too,
 With the permission of her mother's Fame.
 Into the Field C A S T I L I A therefore drew,
 To seize the Kingdom in his Consort's name,
 Amassing men (our Spot to overwhelm)
 From every Province of his spacious Relm.

8.

Troops came (on this occasion) from that L A N D
 To which one BRIGUS gave his name of yore :
 From Lands recover'd (by their G R E A T FERNAND,
 And greater C I D) from the usurping M O R E .
 Nor those, who high in M A R S his favour stand,
 Who with their Ploughs (laborious) travaile o're
 The Hills of L E O N, slowly did advance :
 The ancient Terror of the Moorish Lance.

9.

The V A N D A L S came, who to this day confide
 In Valour which of old they made appeir.
 S E V I L I A came (A N D A L U Z I A ' S Pride)
 So sweetly water'd by G U A D A L Q U I V E R R.
 The noble I S L A N D (which was colonied
 Sometime by T Y R I A N S) was not wanting here,
 Who, on their Banners in those days of yore
 The famous Pillars of A L C I D E S bore.

Came

10.

Came likewise Troops from old T O L E D O ' S Reame,
 Whose nimble Tongue the neatest Spanish trolls :
 And T A G U S clasps her with his amorous streme,
 Which from the H i l l s of C U E N C A sweetly rolls.
 Nor fear kept you from being joyn'd to Them,
 Sordid G A L L E G O S (refractory Souls !)
 That arm your selves again, those swords t'oppose,
 Of which already ye have felt the blows.

11.

Likewise black Furies of the war drives an
 The B I S K A Y N E R, A mortal enemy
 To Complement; nor of a Heart, that can
 From any stranger brook an injury :
 He of G U I P U S C U A, and th' A S T U R I A N :
 Fam'd for their Yron-Indies far and nigh :
 These (arm'd with their own Mines) conducted are
 To serve their L O R D in the denounced War.

12.

J O H N, from whose manly Bosom's bristles, grew
 That courage, S A M P S O N borrow'd of his hairs,
 Though all his men amount but to a Few,
 To play the best of a bad Game prepares.
 Nor, that he's unresolved what to do,
 Calls the cheif Counsellors in his Affaires ;
 But, to observe how every one inclines :
 " For among many there are many minds.

13.

There want no such, as, ev'n against that Cause
 They follow, Reasons do insinuate :
 Whose fence with a C a s t i l i a n Byas draws
 From all that's Portingal degenerate.
 Whom Fear so freezes, and so overaws,
 That natural love it doth exterminate.

Their King, and Countrey, they deny : and wou'd
 With P E T R E R too, for fear deny their G O D .

14.

Don N U N I O (to be sure) was none of Those :
 But though his Brothers (whom he dearly lov'd)
 Take t'other side, and big the danger grows,
 Them whose Faith staggers sharply he reprov'd ;
 And at these People with their I 's, and No 's ;
 Laying his Hand upon his Hilt (more mov'd

Then Eloquent) these words abruptly hurl'd :
 Threatning the Earth, the Ocean, and the world.

What?

15.

What? 'Mongst the *Portingal*-Nobility
 Shall there be any less then *Sons of Mars*?
 What? in this Realm (victorious far and nigh)
 Shall there be born, That shun defensive wars?
 That will their *Hearts*, their *Hands*, their *Heads* deny
 At such a pinch, their *Fortunes*, and their *Stars*?
 Or who, for any cause that can be thought,
 Will see their *Country* in subjection brought.

16.

What? Are not *you* then of those *worthies* bred,
 Who (fierce and valiant as the *Swords* they wore)
 Under the great *H E N R I Q U E z* Standart led,
 O'rethrew this *warlike* Nation once before?
 When *Them* so many routed *Squadrons* fled,
 So many *Flaggs*, that (besides thousands more
 Of lesser Rank, amongst the opulent *Prey*)
 Sev'n potent *Earles* our *Pris'ners* were that day?

17.

With *whom*, perpetually were trodden down
These, That are now so dreadful in your view,
 By *D E N I S*, and, his *Son*, of *high Renown*,
 But with your *Sires*, and *Grandfires*? and if *you*
 Were (by the *Sins*, or *weakness*, of the *C R O W N*)
 Kept under, in *F E R N A N D O*'s days; Renew
 Your strength with the *new King*: "For 'tis not strange
 "(You see) for *People* with their *Kings* to change.

18.

Ye have one *now*, that, if your courage rose
 Equal with his *You* lifted to the *Throne*,
 Ye might o'rethrew the *World*, how much more *These*,
 Whom ye have oft already overthrown?
 And if, in short, with *Him* ye cannot lose
 Those fears, that seem t'have turn'd you into *stone*;
 Stand but like *stones* (I ask you not one stroke)
 Whilst I alone resist a *foreign* yoke.

19.

I onely, with *my* Tenants, and with *this* ——
 (And at that word he pull'd out half his *Blade*)
 Will save from *force*, and all that shameful is,
 This *Land*, which hitherto hath liv'd a Maid.
 By the *King's fire*, and *mine* (lighted at *his*):
 Our *Country's Tears*: By *Faith* (by you not vvaigh'd):
 Not onely *These* upon their knees I'll bring,
 But *All* that ever shall oppose *my King*.

20.

As when, despairing now, the *Youth of ROME*
 (All that survived *C ANN E*'s fatal Field)
 Stood ready (rallyed in *C ANNU M*)
 Themselfes unto the *Conquerour* to yield,
 But young *C ORNELIUS* doth amongst them come,
 And swears them *All* upon his sword, compel'd;
 That they the *Roman wars* shall never leave,
 Till life leave them, or *Those* their *lives* bereave:

21.

So *N UN I O* animates, whom he did force.
 Whose boyst'rous *Rhet'rick* such quick flame imparts,
 Chiefly the Tail and sting of his discourse,
 As thaws those fears that had congeal'd their hearts.
 And presently they call to *Horse*, to *Horse*,
 Tossing about their heads Lances, and Darts.
 They run: and *live* (with open mouth they cry)
The famous King that gives us Liberty!

22.

Amongst the fiercer *Commons*, some up-cry
 This war, by which their *Country* is assoyl'd:
Others scowr up their *Armours*, and supply
 What with the rust of *peace* was eate, and spoyl'd:
These, stuff old *Marrions*; *Those*, new breast-plates try:
 Each takes those *Arms*, he hath most skill to wield.
 With sevral colour'd *Garments*, others flaunt:
Others, Love-Motta's, and devices paint.

23.

With all this well-appointed Company,
 Doth valiant *J OH N* from fresh *A BRANT E S* go:
Abrantes, which injoys abundantly
 The streams, from *C UENCA*'s frozen Caves that flow.
 The well-arm'd *Vanguard* is commanded by
 One, who was fit t'have led against a Foe
Those *Oriental Forces* without Compt,
 With which *King X ER X E S* past the *HELIOSPONTE*.

24.

D ON NUNIO ALVAREZ, I mean: the true
 And fatal scourge of proud *C ASTILIANS*,
 No less, then once the valiant *HUN* was to
 The ancient *G AULLS*, and the *I TALIANS*.
 Another *Knight* (to whom much praise is due)
 Leads the right wing of *LUSITANIANS*:

As skilfull to conduct, as bold in fight,
O F VASCONCETOS M EM RODRIGUEZ, highe
The

25.

The other wing, that corresponds with this,
 ANTONIO VASQUEZ of ALMADA commands,
 Who after Conde of Abranchez is :
 And Hee comes up with the Sinestre Bands.
 In the Reer - Gard the Standart none can miss,
 Where (Circling PORTUGAL) CASTILLA Stands;
 With I O H N, accomplished in every part :
 Who makes a dunc of M A X S in his own Art.

26.

Trembling upon the Battlements, and een
 Cold (betwixt hope and feare suspended now)
 Wives, Mothers, Sisters, Mistresses, are seen.
 Prayers they preferr : Fasts, Pilgrimages, vow.
 Our Troops (advancing with undaunted meen)
 Down by the Foe they sit them, brow to brow ;
 Receiv'd with shouts, which rock the Firmament :
 Yet one, & t'other, doubted the event.

27.

The vocall Trumpets challenge, and accept :
 The Drumms, and whistling Fifes in confort joyne.
 The dusty Field the flourisht Ensigns swept,
 Where all the Colours of the Rainbow shine.
 It was the time, when, CERES's fruits being reapt,
 She lends her Lab'ers to the God of Wine :
 When (into Libra entred August's Sun)
 Plump BACCHUS put sweet Must into the Tun.

28.

Castilian Trumpets did the On-set sound,
 Loud, furious dismall, terrible, and hoarce
 Heard it ARTABOR'S Mount, and underground
 Her way did frighted GUADIANA force :
 Heard it the DVVERE, and ALVENTECHO round :
 TAGUS looks back, then hastens on his course :
 And Mothers (who that baylefull noysedid heare)
 Claspe to their Breasts their tender Babes for feare.

29.

How many Cheeks were there discolourd seen,
 Whilst to the Heart the frendlie blood repaid ?
 "In great Encounters greater is I ween
 "The feare of danger, then the danger feard :
 "But, when the first brunt's over, Rage, and Teen,
 "Desire of honour, and to Plume the Beard
 "Of a proud Foe ; These take away the fence
 "Of losing limbs, or dearest life's expence.

30.

On either side the first Battalions move :
 The doubtfull war on either side began :
 These fighting for their Country, which they love ;
 Those, to posses another's if they can.
 The great PIREYRA, first his force did prove :
 Summing an Armie's valour in one Man.
 Hee shocks, strikes down, in fine he makes, their Grave,
 And with their Corpses sows the Land they crave.

31.

Now through the darkned Ayre barbd Arrows fleet,
 Javelins, with other shott, fly whizzing round ;
 Vnder the fiery Courser's yron Feet
 The Earth doth tremble, and the Vales resound :
 Lances are crackt, and (dropping thick as Sleet)
 The Horsemen armd come thundring to the ground.
 Vpon feirce NUINO's Few, fresh Foes are pact :
 Their Art, to multiply ; his, to abstract.

32.

Loe now his Brother's swords against him bent
 (Cruell, and ougly) ! But Hee wonders not.
 For they, who 'gainst their King, and Countrey went,
 Would never stick to cut a Brother's Throat.
 Of these Revolters many did present
 Themselves in the first Ranks : And who so hot
 To kill their Friends, as They ? so kindred Hoasts
 Of yore incountred in Pharsalian Coasts.

33.

CATALINE, and Thou Sertorius bould,
 Noble CORIOLANUS, with the rest,
 Who 'gainst your Countrey drew your swords of ould
 From an Impions, though provoked, Brest !
 If in the darke Abyss of PLUTO's Hould
 Ye find your selves with FURIUS's whipps opprest,
 Tell them (to cloake the horrour of your sin)
 Some Portingalls sometimes have Traytors bin.

34.

Orewhelmed with growing Foe's impetuous flood,
 Now were the formost of our Squadrons burst,
 There NUINO, like a rampant Lyon, stood,
 Whom in her neighb ring Mountains CORTA nurst ;
 But now he is invirond with a wood
 Of HUNTERS speares, ore Tetuan plains that courst ;
 Those All are bent at Him, His Brows Hee draws,
 Nor is it Feare, but Anger makes him pause.

35.
 Musty he looks, nought pleased with the sight,
 Yet (his wild Nature, and undaunted he art
 Incompetible with ignoble flight)
 Himself amongst the thickest he doth dart :
 So with the blood of Aliens dyes our Knight
 The Lusitanian Gras. Some fall, some start
 Ev'n of his own. For, where there is such odds,
 Strength often fails, and firmest Vertue nods.

36.
 JOHN saw how hard brave NUNIO was put to't :
 (For, as a wise and careful General,
 His Eye was in all parts, in all his Foot,
 His Presence, and his words, gave life to All)
 As a She-Lyon, and a Nurse to boot,
 That finds, whilst Hunger, Her from home did call,
 (Leaving her whelps unto themselves) a bold
 Massilian Shepherd lurcht them from her Hold;

37.
 Raving she runs, and grinds her Teeth, and rends
 The SEAVEN BROTHER MOUNTAINS with her Voice :
 So JOHN, so runs he (to assist his Frends)
 To the Head Squadrons with some soldiers choice.
 O brave Camrades, noble as are your Ends,
 (How in your matchless Valour I rejoice) !
 Defnd your Countrey, and defend your Lands :
 The Hope of Freedom in your Lances stands.

38.
 See me, your King, your Fellow, and your Head,
 'Mongst Darts, 'mongst Arrows, and thick Pikes among,
 Rush on the Foe ! Nor are you sent, but led.
 Shew, fighting, to what Countrey ye belong.
 The irrefragable Warriour sed ;
 Who, four times poysing a sharp Lance, and strong ;
 Throws it with force : and through this Throw alone
 Many a Soule out of her House is throwne.

39.
 For (loe !) his men with honorable shame
 Are kindled new and with a noble Ire.
 Who shall bet most at MARS his bloody Game,
 Is th'onely Thing to which they All aspire.
 They Vye, revye, and dip their steel in flame :
 Break stubborn Mayles, nor leave thick Plates intire.
 Thus wounds they give, and wounds they take again,
 Nor doth it grieve them, slaying, to be slain.

Many

40.
 Many are posted to the Stygian Wave,
 Into whose Bodies entred Steel, and death.
 Of St. IAGO there the MASTER brave
 Dyes fighting stoutly to his last of breath.
 Another MASTER dire of CALATRAVE
 Pulls Troops down with him to the shades beneath.
 The Renegade PEREYRAS likewise dye
 Reneaguing HEAVEN and their Destiny.

41.
 Went thousands of the Vulgar without noat,
 And nobles too, unenter'd in FAME's rolls,
 Where that lean dog still gapes with triple throat,
 Which never can be fill'd with humane souls.
 And (more to humble them, who, when on float,
 Thought the whole World must stoop to their controlls)
 The high Castilian Standart now doth fall,
 And kis the foot of that of PORTUGAL.

42.
 With deaths, with groans, with blood, with gashes dire,
 The battail cruel above measure grows.
 The multitude of men, that here expire,
 Makes all the Flow'rs in colour like the Rose.
 All fly, or dye : Now out of breath was Ire :
 Now Valour lost an Arm for want of Foes :
 Now routed sees himself CASTILLA's King,
 And quits the purpose he from home did bring.

43.
 The Field he leaves unto the Conqueror,
 Glad that he did leave him his life too.
 The poor remainder follow : To whom Feare
 Gave wings, not Feet : nor did they run, but flew.
 The los of so much men, and Treasure there,
 Profoundly in their silent hearts they rue :
 Hiding the smart, the sorrow, and the foyle,
 To have Another triumph in their spoyle.

44.
 Some HIM with open mouth blasphem'd, and curst,
 Who first invented War mankind to quell ;
 In whose obdurate Breast Ambition first,
 And Covetise of others goods did dwell ;
 Nor car'd for feeding his hydropick Thirst
 How many silly soules were pack't to Hell ;
 Who taught the way to shorten humane lives,
 To orphan Children, and to widow Wives.

45.

Victorious J O H N upon the place stays out
 In martial glory the accustom'd days :
 With Offerings then, and Pilgrimage devout,
 To Him, That gave the Conquest, gives the Praise.
 But NUNIO (minding what he was about,
 As He That knows, a lasting Fame to raze,
 No way like Arms, which all the world command)
 Passes his Troops to the Trans-Tagan Land.

46.

To Him his stars so favourable were,
 That the succels applauded the designe :
 For he both conquers, and the spoyls doth weare
 Of Andalusian Countreys That confine.
 The Betick Standard of SEVILLA there,
 Under which divers neighb'ring great ones joyn,
 With small resistance at his feet soon falls,
 Quell'd by the force, and name, of PORTUGALS.

47.

With these, and other Victories opprest
 A tedious while were the CASTILIANS brave,
 When Peace, and now by both desired Rest,
 The vanquish't People from the Victors have :
 After the KING OF HEAV'N, for ever blest,
 To the Foe-Kings in holy marriage gave
 Of ENGLISH SISTERS the unequall'd pair,
 Illustrious, lovely, beautiful, and Fair.

48.

But long that Breast, inur'd to bloody Broile,
 To live without a Foe, could not sustain ;
 So (having none upon the Land to toyle)
 Goes to extend his Conquests o're the Maine.
 This is our first of Kings, who doth exile
 Himself from SPAIN, to make the AFFRICANE
 By force of Arms perceive the diff'rence great
 Betwixt CHRIST'S Law, and that of MAHOMET.

49.

Behold on curled THESTY's silver flood
 Their wings a thousand swimming Eagles beat,
 To catch the swelling wind (a moving wood)
 Where the World's utmost bounds ALCIDES set,
 MOUNT AVILA he takes, and the Walls good
 Of noble CEUTA, outing MAHOMET
 With his blind Worship: and secures all SPAIN
 From Treason of another JULIANE.

Death

50.

Death envies so great Bliss to PORTUGAL
 As to injoy the Ages it desires
 This worthy Prince; and takes him from Earth's Ball,
 To add a new Voice to the Angells Quires.
 But that GOOD POW'R, which Him to Heav'n did call,
 Left his large off-spring to supply their Sire's
 Lamented want: PRINCES, who shall command,
 Augment, and with new Virtues deck the Land.

51.

KING EDWARD was not of the happiest, though,
 The while that He the Regal Throne did fill :
 " For moody TIME goes blending joy with woe :
 " And with alternate Hand gives good for ill.
 " Who ever Happiness did constant know ?
 " Or FORTUNE with one face continue still ?
 Yet to this KINGDOM she, and ev'n this KING,
 More of her honey gave, than of her sting.

52.

He saw his Brother Captive (good FERNAND)
 Who had a Soul so publike, and so brave,
 That, for his Troops, distrest in AFFRICK-LAND,
 Himself a pawn unto the MOORS he gave.
 Where, when his ransome was in his own Hand,
 He (born a Prince) would rather dye a slave :
 Then that for Him we CEUTA should restore:
 Freedom he lov'd, but lov'd his Country more.

53.

CODRUS, because the Foe should not o'recome,
 Deviz'd a noble Stratagem to dye :
 To save the martial discipline of ROME
 Did REGULUS to Death with Torments flye :
 Ours, distant fear to keep his Country from,
 Invites himself to endles's slavery.
 CODRUS, nor CURTIUS (so much wonder'dat)
 Nor loyal DECII, did so much as THAT.

54.

But EDWARD'S onely Son, ALPHONSO hight,
 (A lucky Name to our HESPERIA)
 Who, the proud threatnings of Barbarian night
 In bord'ring Lands, low as the dust did lay ;
 Would have been doubtless an unconquer'd Knight,
 Had he forborat' invade IBERIA.

AFFRICK will tell you, 'twas impossible
 To overcome a King so terrible.

To

55.

To pull the golden Apples was his hap,
 Which none before him, but ALCIDES bit,
 On the feirce M o o r he such a Y o a k e did clap
 From which they cannot rest their Necks out yit.
 The Palme and Lawrell green his Temples wrap,
 Of Victories, he at the Seige did git
 Of Poplous T A N C E R, Strong A L A G E R's Towers,
 And tough A R Z I L A, o're the Barb'rous Powers

56.

Infine, the ever-conqu'ring P O R T I N C A L L's
 (The succours beaten) entring These by force,
 Threw to the ground the adamantine walls,
 And All that thwarted their Victorious course.
 Wonders (deserving Pens whence liquor falls
 Immortalizing with it's Nectar source)
 Wrought private Swords in this Exploys of fame:
 Exalting more the Lusitanian name.

57.

But after taynted with Ambition,
 And Rule's sweet Thirst (though soure to Him at last)
 FERNANDO he invades of ARAGON,
 About the Kingdom of CASTILLA vast.
 Of the proud NATIONs (which depend thereon)
 A num'rous Hoast, t'oppose him, is a maist,
 From CADIZ to the lofty P E R Y N E E :
 All which the King FERNANDO did obey.

58.

The young PRINCE I O H N disdayns it should be said,
 Hee is the only idle Man in S PA I N E ;
 And therefore, his ambitious Sire to ayd
 Resolves forth with: nor is his Ayd in vaine.
 The Battayle's bloody period, undismayd,
 Hee sees; and with a brow serene and plaine.
 The warlike Father put to totall Rout,
 Yet leaves the Son the Victory in doubt.

59.

For the sublime and truly Royall son
 (Gay Knight undaunted, confident, and high)
 Having vast spoyle to the Adversary done,
 Stays one whole day the Field to justify.
 Thus was OCTAVIUS CESAR overthrown,
 And Victor his companion ANTHONY:
 When They or Those, who noble IULIUS kil'd,
 Reveng'd themselves in the Philippick Feild.

60.

A L P H O N S O mounted to high Heav'n serene;
 The Prince, That then the Scepter swayd of right,
 Was Second I O H N , who made of K I N G S fifteen
 Hee (to attain to Glory's utmost hight)
 Begun a Task, exceeding strength terrene
 (Whose weight is now by my weake shoulders born)
 To seek the Cradle of the purple M O R N .

61.

He sends fit Messengers from his owne Court
 Through S PA I N E , F R A N C E , celebrated I T A L Y :
 There to imbarque in that illustrious Port
 Where was interr'd, of old, P A R T H E N O P E .
 N A P L E S , which Fortune made her Tennis-Court,
 By severall N A T I O N S held successively,
 To place it glorious (no more change to feel)
 In sov'reign S P A N I A R D S , who can fix her wheel.

62.

Away they sayle through the C A L A R R I A N D E U P ;
 Passe by the R O D I A N I S L A N D 's sandy Bay:
 Along the Coast of A L E X A N D R I A keep,
 For P O M P E Y 's death infamous to this day.
 They travayle M E M P H I S , and those Lands which steep
 Themselves in N Y L E . To E T H I O P I A
 They mount, which E G Y P T S upper part doth lock,
 Where C H R I S T hath feeding an outlyng Flock.

63.

The E R Y T H R E A N S E A they likewise crost:
 Which, dry-foot past the seed of I S R A E L .
 The N A B A T H E A N M O U N T A Y N 's fight they lost,
 So named from the Son of I S H M A E L .
 The oderiferous S A B E A N - C O A S T
 (Inricht with Teares which from the Mother fell
 Offayre A D O N E .) and B L E S T A R A B I A trac't
 Throughout (the S T O N Y balking; and the W A s t ,)

64.

The P E R S I A N G U L P H they enter. To This neer,
 Great B A B E L 'S Ruines are yet visible.
 Swift T I G R I S mingles with E U F R A T E S sheer :
 Brothers, That with their Fountain's glory swell.
 Hence they proceed in quest of I N D U S cleer :
 From which great things Posterite shall tell,
 Of Troops, that through long Seas shall passe thereto:
 Which, even by Land nigh T R A I N durst not doe.

65.

Of INDIA, TARFE, and CARMANIAN HILLS,
The strange and uncoth Nations they beheld:
Noating the sev'rall Customs, sev'rall Skills,
Which sev'rall Regions doe produce, and yeild.
But from such Distant parts (joynd to the ILLs
Of so rough journeys) Men return but feld.
In fine, there did These dye ; they stuck fast there :
For back they come not to their Country deare.

66.

Seems, gracious HEAV'N reserv'd for Thee alone,
EMANUEL, and for thy great desart
So hard a worke : For Thee with thoughts high-flown
Inspir'd, and cut out fit to act this part.
MANUEL (succeeding IOHN, both in the Throne,
And in the haughty purpose of his Heart)
When first he took on Him the Kingdoms Charge,
The Conquest undertook oth' OCEAN large.

67.

Hee, as a person, whom the noble thought
Of th' obligation he inherited
From his Fore Fathers (who intirely sought
The Realm's advancement) hourly combated ;
When PHÆBUS, quitting the supernal Vault,
Vnto the low ANTIPODES was fled,
And setting STARS (which in his place arose)
With twinkling eyes invited to repose :

68.

Extended now upon his golden Nest
(Such are the Beds where thoughts tumultuous brood)
And there revolving in his silent Brest
The obligation of his place, and blood :
Slumber possest his Eyes, nor dispossess
His Heart of Cares, which made that station good :
For his tyrd LIDS whilst sleep (resisted) shutts,
MORPHUS a thousand shapes before him puttis.

69.

So high above ground seems he lifted heer,
That his proud Crown the Firmament doth peirce :
From whence new worlds before his eyes appeer,
Nations of num'rous people strange and fierce :
And yonder (to the springing MORNING neer)
As through the Ayre his visual Raies disperse,
Hee sees, farr off, from high and antient Mountains,
Melt down a payre of deep and crystall Fountains

With

70.

With Birds of monstrous Forms, wild-beasts and Flocks,
One of those Mountains was inhabited ;
Where thousand savage Trees with leavie Locks
The intercourse of people hindered
The shaggie Forrest, and the craggy Rocks's
Inextricable Knots, demonstrated,
That to those days of ours from A.D.A.M.'s sin,
No humane Foot had ever trod therein.

71.

Out of these Waters (as to Him appears)
Addressing towards him their hasty pace,
Two Fathers rise, both wondrous struck in yeares,
With Rustick both, yet venerable, Face.
Their Snowy Curles distill in silver Teares
Which bathe their Bodys down in every place.
Taun'd were their Skins, and rusty : Their Beards kept
Rough and unshorn, with which the ground they sweep.

72.

The Temples of their heads, were trimly bound
With health-restoring Druggs, and Fruits unknown.
The one lookt weather-beaten and halfe-drownd,
As if a longer voyage Hee had gone ;
And (fierce, ev'n at his Fountain) underground
Seem'd to have stoln from a remoter one :
As from Arcadian plains ALPHEO fly
To ARETHUSA's bed in SICILY.

73.

This (as the more authoriz'd of the Twain)
Spake thus (farr off) unto the King. O THOU
For whose high Crown, and Empire sovereign,
Much World is kept, that's hid from the world, now.
Wee (through the Earth so fam'd, whose Necks in vain,
Strave others wholly to their yocks to bow)
Are come to wish thee send some Men. That may
Receive large tributes, we to Thee must pay.

74.

I am illustrious GANOBIS : born and nurst
In PARADISE : where is my mother-spring.
My Mate (That from the Clifffes thou seeft, doth burst,
Nor other Cradle knows) is INDUS KING.
Yet a severe Warr shall we cost thee first :
But Thou (persisting) in the end shalt bring,
By Victories prodigious, to the Bitt,
All these viewd Nations humbly to submit.

The

N

35.

The *Holy* and *illustrious River*, sed
No more : But in a moment vanisht *Both*.
E M A N U E L wakes surpriz'd with a strange dread,
And earthquake in his Bosome. *P H E B U S* goeth
In the meane time his glittering Cloke to spred
Over the *W O R L D*, buried in *downe*, and *sloath*.
A U R O R A came : who, when *she* forth doth rush,
Strikes *Lilies* pale, and makes the *Roses* blush.

36.

The *K I N G* in hast to councell calls his *Lords*,
To *them* the figures of the *Vision* shows ;
To *them* repeates the *Holy Elder's* Words :
Whence in *them* all great admiration grow's.
A N A V Y is resolv'd on by the *B O A R D*'s
Vnanimous *Voate* : In which (magnanymous) *Those*,
Whom *hee* shall find to plough the *O C E A N* blew,
Must seek new *Nations* out, and *Clymates* new.

37.

I, who despayr'd to see put in effect
What had so long been tumbling in my mind :
(For my presaging *Soule* could nere be checkt
From prompting great things to mee of this kind)
Comprise not for what *cause*, for what *respect*,
Or for what *merit*, he in *mee* could find ;
But the good *King* was pleasd to pick out *mee*
To be this weightie *enterprize's* Key.

38.

And with *Intreaties*, and with *sugard phraise*
(Which are the pow'rfullest *commands* of *K I N G*'s)
He sayd to me. " Through deep, and rugged ways,
" *V E R T U E* attains the *best* and *noblest* things.
" A *Life* well *lost*, or *bazarded*, to *Bays*
" Of everlasting *Honour* persons brings :
" For (if to sordid *Fear* it never bends)
" The *shorter*'tis, the *Farther* it extends.

39:

You have I chose (and all the rest set by)
To a *Taske* fit for *you* to undergoe :
A *Taske* Heroick, difficult and high,
Which (for my sake) you will think light, I know.
I could not suffer more : but *thus* reply,
O my dread *L E I G E* ! through *swords*, through *fire*, through *snow*,
For *Thee* to venture, only is *Annoy*
When I consider *life* is such a *Toy*.

90.

One, following, Cryes : O *Son* ! (the only gage,
The prop, the stay, the comfort and the joy,
Of this my weake unprofitable *Age*,
Which *Floods* of bitter *Tears* drown in *Annoy*)
Why leav'st thou mee in this sad equipage ?
Why wilt thou goe, and leave mee (my deare Boy !)

To make the greedy *Seas* thy *Sepulchre*,
And *Fishes* feed That take their pastime there ?

91.

Another (with loose *Hayr*) O my deer *Mate*,
Without whom *Love* tells mee my roote must pine !
Why wilt thou goe, and venture at this rate
That *life* to *G U L P H*'s, which is not thine but *mine* ?
How canst thou change, for so uncertain *Fate*,
The chaste embraces of thy constant *Vine* ?
Our *loves*, our *joyes* (in vain how sweet !) must *they*
To *Sea* : and with this *wind* be blown away :

92.

In *these* and other speches of this kind
(Which from deer *love*, and soft *compassion* rose)
Old men and *children* (to like *Ruth* inclin'd
By diff'rent *Agess*) imitated *Those*
The neigbring *mountayns* in dull *comfort* joyne :
And, melting, bare the *burthen* of their *woes*.
The *golden Sands* the *Silver Tears* bedew'd :
Which seemd to strive with them in multitude.

93.

W e b (not so much as lifting once our Eyes
On *Wife*, or *Mother*: though our *Soules* it grinds)
Whereby in vain laments to *Sympathize*,
Or change the purpose of our *fixed minds*)
T'embarque our selves, conceiy'd it was most wise,
Without those *Farewells* to which custom binds :
Which (though it bee *Love's* most indeering way)
Galls more, both *Those* That *goe*: and *Those* that *stay*.

94.

But an *Ould man* of *Venerable* look
(Standing upon the shore amongst the *Growds*)
His *Eyes* fixt upon us (on ship-board) shook,
His head three times ore cast with sorrows clowds :
And (streining his *Voyce* more, then well could brook
His aged *lungs* : It rattled in our shrowds)

Out of a *science practise* did *Atteft*,
Let fly these words from an *oraculou's* *Brest*.

35.

The *Holy and illustrious River*, sed
No more : But in a moment vanisht *Borh*.
E M A N U E L wakes surpriz'd with a strange dread,
And earthquake in his Bosome. *P H E B U S* goeth
In the meane time his glittering Cloke to spred
Over the *W O R L D*, buried in downe, and floath.
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Vnanimous *Voate* : In which (magnanimous) *Those*,
Whom bee shall find to plough the *O C E A N* blew,
Must seek new *Nations* out, and *Glymates* new.

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What had so long been tumbling in my mind :
(For my presaging Soule could nere be checkt
From prompting great things to mee of this kind)
Comprize not for what *caufe*, for what *respect*,
Or for what *merit*, he in mee could find ;
But the good *King* was pleasd to pick out mee
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O my dread *L E I G H* ! through *swords*, through *fire*, through *snow*,
For *Thee* to venture, only is *Annoy*
When I consider life is such a *Toy*.

Put

80.

Put me on *Tasks* as great as those of yore
Suborn'd *EURISTEUS* to *ALCIDES* gave ;
The fruitful *HYDRA*, *ERIMANTHIAN BORE*,
The *HARPIES* dire, *NEMEAN LYON* brave.
In short, to visit the *infernal shore*
Where *Styx* moats *PLUTO*'s Houle with its black *Wave* :
For *Thee* (O *KING*) worse *dangers*, and worse *Toys*,
My *Spirit* leaps at, nor my *Flesh* recoyles.

81.

With sumptuous *Boons*, and *words*, that those exceed ;
My good will *He* doth praise, and gratifie :
" For *Verine*, spurr'd with praise, doubles her speed ;
" And is inflam'd to *Enterprises* high.
To second me in this *Exployt*, agreed
(Oblig'd by *Nature's*, and by *Friendship's* Tye,
Thirsty alike of *Honour*, and of *Fame*)
My dear and loving Brother *PAUL DE GAME*.

82.

NICH'LAS COELLI makes a *Third* : for pains
Most indefatigable. And *These* are
My two *Supporters* strong of *Hand*, and *Brains* :
Experienc't both, both no less bold in warr.
I get me a young *Crew* of sturdy *Swains*,
Whose budding *Valour* itcht for *martial jarr* :
All metted *Lads* ; And so, it well appears,
That came to such a busines *Volunteers*.

83.

These too have *gifts* from *M A N U E L*'s hand, to equip
Themselves, and make the love they bear him more :
And with the *praising* bounty of his *Lip*,
Are arm'd 'gainst *All*, hard *Fates* can have in store.
Thus man'd *K I N G PELIAS* that prophetick shipp'd
In which (through *Euxine Seas*, unsayl'd before)
With *Æ son's* Heyre the vent'rous youth of *G R E E C E*
He sent to *COLCO*s for the *Golden Fleece*.

84.

Now in the famous *Port of LISBON-TOWN*
(Where golden *T A O U S* mingles his sweet *Flood*
With the *Salt O C E A N*, and his *Sands* doth drown)
With noble *longings*, and *transported mood*,
The *SHIPS* lye ready. There no sullen *frown*,
No frosty *Feare*, benmins the *youthful blood* :
For both the *Sea-men*, and the *Land-men there*,
Will go with *me* about the *WORLD*, they sweare.

N 2

Upon

85.

Upon the shore the strutting soldiers sayle
 In cloathes of sev'ral colour, sev'ral cutt,
 Their minds, more brave: bent to extend our pale,
 And plant in lands unknown their daring foot.
 The gentle wind breathing a tempting Gale,
 On the tall Shippes the Standars ope and shutt.
 The Shippes expect, for this new Navigation,
 To bee (like A & G O) made a Constellation.

86.

Wee (fitted and provided thus, with All
 That such a Voyage doth require and crave)
 To fit our soules for death devoutly fall:
 Which Saylers see in ev'ry rounding Wave.
 From Him, whose presence Beatisficall
 Is all the Food that Saints and Angels have,
 Favour we beg, for to prepare our way,
 And to conduct us with his heavenly Ray.

87.

Thus of that Temple took we a long leave,
 Which (on the Margent of our Ocean plac't)
 From the blest City did it's name receive
 Where G o d was born (a Gem in Clay enciac't)
 I promise thee (O K I N G) how wee did heave
 Our Anchors from that shore, when I recast,
 With doubt of ever seeing it again,
 Scarce can my bridled eyes from Tears refrain.

88.

Th'Inhabitants of L I S B O N, that sad day
 (For Frendship some, and some for Kindreds Tyes)
 Others, as meer spectators, flockt: dismay,
 And solitariness, writt in their Eyes.
 And wee (whom thousand Priests upon our way
 Did bring with Psalms, and all solemnities
 Of grave procession) praying to our G o d,
 Went to take shipping in the Noble Road.

89.

In so long Voyage, and so doubtfull ways,
 The gazing people give us All for lost,
 This, by their cares the softer sex bewrays:
 The Men by Sighs, as they would yeild the Ghost,
 Sisters, and Mothers; And poor Wives (always
 Where there is most of love, there feare reigns most.)
 Increase the doubt upon the generall score,
 That she shall never see our Faces more.

90.

one, following, Cryes: O Son! (the only gage,
 The prop, the stay, the comfort and the joy,
 Of this my weake unprofitable Age,
 Which Floods of bitter Tears drown in Annoy)
 Why leav'st thou mee in this sad equipage?
 Wherewilt thou goe, and leave mee (my deare Boy!)
 To make the greedy Seas thy Sepulchre,
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 That life to G U L P H S, which is not thine but mine?
 How canst thou change, for so uncertain Fate,
 The chaste embraces of thy constant Vine?
 Our loves, our jayes (in vain how sweet!) must they
 To Sea? and with this wind be blownn away:

92.

In these and other speches of this kind
 (Which from dear love, and soft compassion rose)
 Old men and children (to like Ruth inclin'd
 By diff'rent Ages) imitated Those:
 The neibring mountayns in dull confort joyne:
 And, melting, bare the burthen of their woes.
 The golden Sands the Silver Tears bedew'd:
 Which seemd to strive with them in multitude.

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 On VVife, or Mother: though our Soules it grinds)
 Whereby in vain lamentes to Sympathize,
 Or change the purpose of our fixed minds)
 T'embarque our selves, conceiv'd it was most wise,
 Without those Farewells to which custom binds:
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 Galls more, both Those That goe, and Those that stay.

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 (Standing upon the shore amongst the Crowds)
 His Eyes fixt upon us (on ship-board) shook,
 His head three times ore-cast with sorrows clowds:
 And (streining his V oyce more, then well could brook
 His aged lungs: It rattled in our shrowds)
 Out of a science, practise did Arteft,
 Let fly these words from an oraculous Breast.

95.

O Glory of commanding ! O wain Thirst
 Of that same empty nothing, we call *Fame* !
 O *Ignis fatuus*, kindled and nurt
 With *vulgar breath* (and this we Honour name) !
 What *Plagues*, what *stings*, what *secret scourges* curst,
 Torment those *Bosomes* which thou doest inflame !
 What *deaths* ! what *dangers* ! what *impetuous storms* !
 What *cruelties* on them thy Hand performs !

96.

Fell Tyrant of the soules ! life's swallowing *VVave* !
 Mother of *Plunders*, and black *Rapes* unchast !
 The *secret miner*, and the *open Grave*,
 Of *Patrimonies*, *Kingdoms*, *Empires* vast !
 They call thee *noble*, and they call thee *Brave* :
 (Worthy t'have other names upon thee cast !)
 They call thee *Fame*, and *Glory* sovereign :
 Titles, with which the foolish Rout is tane.

97.

What new *disaster* dire intendest Thou
 To lead these *Kingdoms*, and these *Folk* into ?
 What *deaths*, what *Horrours* must they swallow now,
 Vnder pretence to spread *Religion* true ?
 What *holdings* forth of *golden Mines*, and how
 Great *Kingdoms* shall be conquer'd by a Few ?
 What *Fames* do st thou advance ? what *Histories* ?
 What *Palms* ? what *Triumphs* ? and what *Victories*.

98.

But *Thos* (the *lignage* of that *Foole*, who twice
 Undid thee by his *disobedience* :
 Not only when he lost thee *PARADICE*,
 Into this *Vale of Teares* exild from thence ;
 But when by growth of his *infections Vice*
 He forfeited thy *second Innocence*,
 And *Thee*, out of a *golden exile* hurld
 Into an *Iron and contentious world*.)

99.

Since with this sweet and pleasing vanity
 Thy giddie *Brain* is so bewitcht, and drownd ;
 Since bloody *Rage* and *Inhumanity*,
Valour, and *Braw'rie*, in thy language sound ;
 Since thou doest valew, and esteem so high,
 The *disesteem* of *life*, which we are bound
 To cherish, and in great accompt to have it :
 (Since so much feard to loose it, *Hee* who gave it.)

100.

Hast thou not, close at hand, the *I S H M A B L I T E*
 To cut thee work out, more then thou canst doe ?
 If for the *sacred Law* of *C H R I S T* thou fight,
 Th' *A R A B I A N*'s *false one* does not *He* pursue ?
 Hath *Hee* not thousand *Citties*, *Infinite*
 Of *Land*, if *Power*'s availe, if *Wealth*'s one too ?
 Hath not *Hee* got in *Arms* a mighty *Name*,
 If *Honour*, and not *Bootie* be thy *Ayme* ?

101.

Leav'ft thou a growing *Foe* just at thy *dore*,
 To goe and seek another *Foe* so farr,
 Dispeopling an *old Realm*, wasting her *shore*,
 Quitting thy *Country*, and thy private *L A R*?
 That flatt'ring *Fame* to *Heav'n* may make thee soare,
 Through *waves uncertain* seekst thou *certain warr* ?
 In thy swoln *Style* in words at length to find,
A R A B I A, *P E R S I A*, *E T H I O P I A*, *Y N D*?

102.

Accurst be *Hee*, who first forsook the *Ground*,
 And fastned *canvas wings* to a *dry Tree* !
 Worthy, in endleſſe darknes to be bound,
 If that, which I was taught, *R E L I G I O N* bee,
 May never *Judgment*, solid and profound,
 May never *Happy Veyn* in *Poetrie*,
 Retriue his *memory*, adorn his *Fame* :
 But dye, with *Him*, his *Glory*, and his *Name*.

103.

The son of *I A P E T* stole from *P H B U S*'s *Carr*
Fire, which in *humane Breast* he did infuse,
Fire, which the *world* did kindle into *Warr*,
Plagues, and *debaucheries* (a great abuse !)
P R O M E T H E U S, had it not been better farr
 For *Us*, and for the *world* (which *wee misuse*)
 Thy noble *Statute* had excus'd that *fire*,
 Which made it with *Ambition's wings* aspire ?

104.

Then had not the much pittied *youth* been driving
 His *Sire's* gilt *charret* ; nor that great *contriver*
 Through th'empty *Ayre* sayld with his *Son* (*This giving*
 The *sea* a *name*, *Hee Fame* unto a *River*)
 Nothing so *high*, nothing so *barrd* the *living*,
 Through *Fire*, *Sword*, *Water*, *Calm* and *Cold* : what ever :
 Which *M A N* projecteth, and attempteth not,
 A strange *Condition* ! an unquiet *Lot* !

End of the fourth Canto.

Fifth Canto.

STANZA I.

The rev'rend Father stood inculcating
These Sentences ; when Wee to a serene
And gentle Gale expand our Canvass wing :
When from the loved Port our selves we reane :
And sayles unfurling make the Welkin ring
(After the manner of Sea-faring Men)
With BOON VOYAGE. Immediately the Wind
Does on the Trunks his Office and his kind.

2.

The ever burning Lamp, that rules the day,
In the Nemean Brute began to rage ;
And the great world (which doth with time decay)
Limpt in his Sixt infirm, and crooked Age :
Thereof (accompting in the CHURCH 's way)
Of Sol's incessant Race the THOUSAND stage
Four hundred, Ninetie Seav'nth, was running whan,
In all their trim the Shippes to saile began.

3.

Now by degrees out of our sight did glide
Parts of our Countrey, which abode behind.
Abode deer T A G U S : and we then did hide
Fresh SYNTRA (About this our eyes did wind)
In the lov'd Kingdom likewise did abide
Our Hearts, whose stings could not be thence untwind,
And, when as all the Land did now withdraw,
The sea and Firmament was all wee saw.

4

Thus went we opening those seas, which (save
Our own) no Nation open'd ere before :
See those new Isles, and clymates near ; which brave
PRINCE HENRY shewd unto the world before
The Mauritanian Hills, and Strand, which gave,
ANTEUS birth, who there was King of yore,
Upon the left hand left (for there is none
Upon the right, though now suspected, known)

Wee

5.
We the great Island of MADERA pass,
Which from its Wood's abundance took the name ;
The first, which planted by our Nation was,
Of which the worth is more then the great fame :
Nor (though the last place in the world it has)
Doth any, VENUS' loves, excel the same :
Who (rather) were it Hers, would lay aside
For This, CYTHERA, CYPRUS, PAPHOS, GNIDE.

6.

We leave adust MESSILIAS barren Coast,
Where AZENGUE's lean Heards take their repast :
A People, That want water to their Roast ;
Nor Herbs it self in any plenty tast :
A LAND in fine, to bear no Fruit dispos'd :
Where Birds in their hot stomachs Iron waste :
Suffring of all things great Necesitie :
Which ETHIOPIA parts from BARBARIE.

7:

We pass the Bound that hedges out the sun :
When to the frozen North he bends his way :
Where people dwell, whom CLYMBENE's rash Son
Deny'de the sweet Complexion of the day.
Here NATIONs strange are water'd one by one
With the fresh Currents of black SENEGA.
Here ARISTARIUS Aloof is seen,
That lost his name : confirm'd by Us CAPE GREEN.

8.

CANARIAN ISLES (the same men call'd of old
THE FORTUNATE) declined : After These
Among the Daughter-Islands we did fall
Of aged HESPER, term'd HESPERIDES.
Locks, in the which the Fleets of PORTUGAL
To wonders new before had turn'd the Keys.
There did we touch with favourable wind,
Some fresh provisions for our Ships to find.

9.

It's Name the Isle on which we Anchor cast
Did from the warlike St. IAGO take.
The Saint That holp the SPANIARD in times past
Such cruel havock of the MOORS to make.
Thence, when the North renew'd his kinder blast,
We cut again the circumfused Lake
Of the salt Ocean ; And that Store-House leave,
From which Refreshment sweet we did receive.

Winding

O

10.

Winding withal about your *Affrick shore*,
 Where to the E A S T (like a *half-moon*) it bends ;
 About J A L O F O 's Province (which doth store
 The world with B L A C K S, whom, forc't Aboard, it sends.)
 The large M A N D I N G A that affords the Ore
 The which doth make Friends Foes , and of Foes Frends;
 (Which suckt G A B M E A 's crooked water laves
 That disimbogues in the *Atlanick Waves*)

11.

We pass the G O R G A D S, peopled by faire
 Sisters, in ancient time residing there :
 Who (rob'd of seeing) did amongst them share
 One onely Eye, which they by turns did weare.
 Thou onely, Thou (the Net of whose curl'd Haire
 Caught N E P T U N E , like a Fish, in his own Were)
 Turn'd of them all at last the ugliest Lout,
 With Rippers sow'dst the burning sands about.

12.

Ploughing in fine before a Northern Wind
 In that vast G U L P H the Navy went embayd ;
 L E O N A 's craggy mounitains left behind,
 The C A P E O F P A L M S (so call'd from Palmie shade)
 And that great R I V E R , where the S e a (confin'd)
 Against the shores, which we had planted, bray'd :
 With th' Isle that boasts h u s name, who would not trust
 Till in the side of G o d his Hand he thrust.

13.

There lies of C O N G O the wide-spreading R e a m ,
 By Y s (before) converted to C H R I S T ' S Law ;
 Through which long Z A Y R E glides with crystal stream :
 A River, this, the Ancients never saw.
 In fine through this vast ocean from the Team
 Of known B O O T E S I apace withdraw :
 Having already past upon the M a i n e
 The B U R N I N G L I N E that parts the World in twain.

14.

There we before us saw by it's own light
 In this new E P I C I C L E a Star new :
 Of which the other N a t i o n s ne're had sight,
 And (long in darknes) no such matter knew,
 The world's A n t a r t i c k H e n g e (les gilt, les bright,
 For want of Stars, then th' Artick) we did view :
 Beneath the which, a question yet depends,
 Whether more Land begins, and the S e a ends.

Past

15.

Past in this sort those equinoxiall clymes
 By which his steeds twice yearly drives the sun ;
 Making two Summers, W Winters, Autumns, Trimes,
 Whilste he from one to to'her Pole doth run :
 Now soft, now calm'd (A sufferer in all Times :
 By want, and plenty, equally undone.)
 I saw both B E A R E S (the little and the Great)
 Despight of I U N O in the Ocean set.

16.

To tell thee all the dangers of the D E E P
 (Which humane Judgment cannot comprehend)
 Suddain and fearfull storms, the Ayre that sweep ;
 Lightnings, that with the Ayre the Fire doe blend ;
 Black H U R R A C A N S ; thick Nights ; T H U N D E R S, that keep
 The W W o r l d alarm'd, and threaten the last End :
 Would be too tedious : indeed vain and mad,
 Though a braffe Tongue, and Iron lungs I had.

17.

I saw those things, which the rude Mariner
 (Who hath no Mistresse, but Experience)
 Doth for unquestionable Truths aver,
 Guided belike by his exterrall fence :
 But A C A D E M I C K S (who can never err,
 Who by pure Wit, and L E A R N I N G 's quintessence,
 Into all N A T U R E S secrets dive and pry)
 Count either Eyes, or coznings of the Eye.

18.

I saw (as plain as the sun's midday light)
 That fire the Sea-man saints (shining out faire
 In time of Tempest, of teirce winds despight,
 Of over-clowded Heaven's, and black despayre :)
 Nor did wee all lesse wonder (and well might,
 For twas a sight to bristle up the Hayre)
 To see a sea-born Clowd with a long Cane
 Suck in the sea, and spout it out againe.

19.

I saw with these two eyes) nor can presume
 That these deceiv'd mee) from the Ocean breathed
 A little Vapour, or a eriall Fume,
 With the curl'd wind (as by a Turner) wreathed.
 I saw it reach to Heaven from the salt sprme,
 In such thin Pipe, as those where springs are sheathed ;
 That by the Eye it hardly could be deemed :
 Of the same substance which the Clowds it seemed.

O z

By

20.

By little this and little did augment,
And swell'd beyond the Bulk of a thick Mast.
Straightning and widening (like a Throat) it went,
To gulp into it self the water fast.
It wav'd upon the wavy Element.
The top thereof (impregnated at last
 Into a Cloud) expanded more, and more,
With the great load of Water which it bore.

21.

As a black Horse-leech (mark it in some Pool!)
Got to the Lip of an unwary Beast,
Which (drinking) suckt it from the water cool,
Upon another's blood it self to feast;
It swells and swells, and feeds beyond all Rule,
And stuffs the paunch; a rude, unsopher, Guest:
 So swell'd the Pillar (vvith a hideous Crop)
 It self, and the black Clovvd vwhich it did prop.

22.

But, vwhen that novv'tis full, the Pedestal
Dravvs to it self, vvhich in the Sea vvvas set,
And (flutt'ring through the Ayre) in shovvirs doth fall:
The couchant Water vvith new vvater vvet.
It pays the vvaves the borrow'd Waves, but all
The Salt thereout did first extract and get.
 Novv tell me, S C H O L A R S , by your Books; vvhat skill,
 Dame N A T U R E us'd these waters to distil?

23.

If old P H I L O S O P H E R S (vvhich travayld through
So many Lands, her secrets out to spye)
Had viewd the Miracles vvhich I did vievv,
Had sayled vvith so many winds as I,
What writings had they left behind! vvhat nevv,
Both Starres, and Signs, bequeath'd to Us! What high
 And strong Influxes! What hid Qualities!
 And all pure Truths, vvithout alloy of Lyes!

24.

But vwhen that Planet (vvhich her Court doth keep
In the firſt ſphere) five times vvith speedy Race
Had, ſincē our Fleet vvvas vvand'ring on the D E E P ,
Shevy'd ſometimes half, and ſometimes all her Face:
A quick-eyd Lynx cryes, from the Scuttle ſteep,
L A N D ! L A N D ! vvith that, upon the decks apace
Leaps the transported Crew: their Eyes, intent
On the Horiſon of the O R I E N T .

At

25.

At firſt the dusky Mountains (of the Land
Wee made) like congregated Clouds did look:
Seen plain, the heavie Anchors out of hand
Wee ready make: approach'd, our ſailes we strook,
And (that we might more clearly understand
The parts remote in which we were I took
 The ASTR O L A B E , a modern Instrument:
 Which with sharpe Judgment S A G E S did invent:

26.

We diſembarke in the moſt open ſpace:
From whence, themſelves the rafter Land-men ſpread
(Greedy of Novelties!) through the wyld Place:
Which never Stranger's Foot before did tread.
But o (not paſſing the Land's ſandie Face)
To find out where we are, with ſea-men bred
 Stay taking the Sun's height by th'O C E A N curld,
 And with my Compaffe trace the painted World.

27.

We found, we had already wholly paſt
Of the halfe-Goate, halfe Fish, the noted Cole:
Between the ſame, and that cold Country plac't
(If ſuch there be beneath the S O U T H E R N Pole.
When, loe! (lockt in with my Companions fast)
I ſee a NATIV E come, black as the Cole:
 Whom they had took perforce, as in the Wood
 Getting out Honey from the Combe he stood.

28.

He comes with borrour in his looks: as Hee
Who of a ſnare, like this, could never dreame.
H ee understood not Us, neither H im VVee:
More Savage then the brutiſh P O L Y P H E M I S .
Of C O L C O S 's gliſtring Fleece I let him ſee
The merle which of melleſ is ſupreme:
 Pure Silver, ſparckling ſtones (continuing ſuite;)
 But in all theſe was unconcern'd the Brnate.

29.

I bid them ſhew him lower priz'd Things
Beades of transformed crystall, a fine noyſe
Of little Bells, thridde on tawdry ſtrings,
A red Cap, Colour which Contents, and joys.
Straight ſaw I by his looks and beckonings,
That he was wondrouſ taken with theſe Toys.
 Therewith I bid them they ſhould ſet him free:
 So to the Village nigh away went H ee.

But

30.

But the next morn (whilst yet the skyes were dim)
 All naked, and in colour like the shades,
 To seek such Knacks as had been given to Him,
 Loe, by the Craggs descending his Camerades!
 Where now their carriage to us is so trim,
 So tractable, and plyant; as persuades
 V E L O S O with them to venture through the Cover,
 The Fashions of the Countrey to discover.

31.

V E L O S O says, his pledge shall be his Blade,
 And walks secure in his own Arrogance,
 But, having now away a good while stayd
 And, I out-prolling with my countenance.
 To see what signs for our Advent'rer made,
 Behold him comming with a vengeance
 Down from the Mountain-top towards the shippes!
 And faster homeward, then he went, he skips.

32.

The long-boate of C O B L I O made hast
 To take him in: but, ere arrive that could,
 An E T H I C I A N bold his weapon past
 Full at his bosome, least escape he should.
 Another, and Another too: Thus chac't
 V E L O S O, and those farr off That helphim would,
 I run, when (just as I an. Oare lift up)
 A Troop of Negroe's hides the mountain-top.

33.

A Clowd of Arrows, and sharpe Stones they rain,
 And hayle upon us without any stint:
 Nor were These uttered to the Ayre in vain,
 For in this leg I there receiv'd a dint.
 But wee (as prickt with smart, and with disdayne)
 Made them a ready answere, so in print,
 That (I believe in earnest) with our Rapps
 Wee made their Heads as crimson as their cappes.

34.

And now (V E L O S O, off, with safety brought)
 Forthwith repaire we to the Fleet agin,
 Seeing the ougly Malice, the base Thought,
 This false and brutish people hid within:
 From whom of I N D I A (so desired) nought
 Of Information could we pick, or win,
 But that it is remote, So once more I
 Vnto the Wind let all the Canvas fly.

Then

35.

Then to V E L O S O said a Jybing lad
 (The rest all laughing in their sleeves) Ho! Frend
 V E L O S O: the Hill (it seems) was not so bad
 And hard to be come down, as 'twas t'ascend.
 True (quoth th' Advent'rer bold) Howe're, I had
 Not made such haste, but that the D o g g e s did bend
 Against the Fleet: And I began to doubt me
 It might go ill, that you were here without me.

36.

He tells us then, he past no sooner was
 The Mountain's top, but that the people black
 Forbid him any farther on to pass
 And threat to kill him if he turn not back;
 And (turn'd) they lay them down upon the grafts
 In Ambuscade, whereby they us might pack
 To the dark Realm, whea we in haste should fally
 To rescue Him, before we well could rally.

37.

The Sun five times the Earth had compassed
 Since we (from thence departed) seas did plough
 Where never Canvas wing before was spred,
 A prosp'rous Gale making the top-yards bow:
 When on a night (without suspect, or dread,
 Chatting together in the cutting Prow)
 Over our Heads appear'd a table Clowd,
 Which in thick darkness did the Welkin shrowd.

38.

So big it lookt', such stern Grimaces made,
 As fill'd our Hearts with horror, and appal,
 Black was the Sea, and at long distance brayd
 As if it roar'd through Rocks, down Rocks did fall.
 O Pow'r inhabiting the Heav'ns, I said!
 What divine threat is? What mystical
 Imparting of thy will in so new form,
 For this is a Thing greater then a Storm?

39.

I had not ended, when a humane Feature
 Appear'd to us ith' Ayre, Robustious, rillid
 Of Heterogeneous parts, of boundless Statute,
 A Clowd in's Face, a Beard prolix and squallid:
 Cave-Eyes, a gesture that betray'd ill nature,
 And a worse mood, a clay complexion pallid:
 His crispt Hayre fill'd with earth, and hard as W'ye,
 A mouth cole-black, of teeth two yellow Tyre.

of

40.

Of such portentous Bulk was this **COLOSSUS**,
That I may tell thee (and not tell amiss)
Of that of R H O D E S it might supply the loss
(One of the WORLD's Seav'n Wonders) out of this
A Voyce speaks to us : so profound, and groffe,
It seems ev'n torn out of the vast A B Y S S.
The Hayre with horror stands on end, of mee
And all of us, at what we hear, and see.

41.

And this it spake. O you, the boldest Folke
That ever in the world great things assayd ;
Whom such dire Wars, and infinite, the smoke
And Toyle of G L O R Y have not weary made ;
Since these forbidden bounds by you are broke,
And my large Seas your daring keeles invade,
Which I so long injoy'd, and kept alone,
Unplough'd by forreign Vessel, or our owne.

42.

Since the hid secrets you are come to spye
Of N A T U R E and the humid Element ;
Never reveal'd to any M O R T A L 's Eye
Noble, or Heroes, that before you went :
Hear from my mouth, for your presumption high
What losses are in store, what Plagues are meant,
All the wide O C E A N over, and the L A N D,
Which with hard War shall bow to your command.

43.

This know ; As many Ships as shall persever
Boldly to make the Voyage you make now,
Shall finde this P O Y N T their enemie for ever
With winds and tempests that no bound shall know :
And the first F L E T O F W A R that shall indeaver
Through these inextricable Waves to go,
So fearfull an example will I make,
That men shall say I did more then I spake.

44.

Here I expect (unless my hopes have ly'de)
On my discov'rer full Revenge to have ;
Nor shall He (onely) all the Ills abide,
Your pertinacious confidences crave :
But to your Vessels yearly shall betide
(Unless provok'd, I in vain do rave)
Shipwrecks, and losses of each kinde and Race,
Amongst which, death shall have the lowestt place.

And

45.

And of the first that comes this way (in whom
With heighth of Fortiane, heighth of Fame shall meet)
I'll be a new, and everlasting Tomb,
Through GOD's unfathom'd judgement. At these Feet
He shall drop all his Glories, and inhumet
The glitt'ring Trophies a Turkish Fleet.
With me conspire his Ruine, and his Fall,
Destroy QUILOA, and MOMBASSA'S Wall.

46.

Another shall come after, of good fame,
A Knight, a Lover, and a liberal Hand ;
And with him bring a fair and gentle dame,
Knit his by LOVE, and HYMEN'S sacred Bond.
In an ill hour, and to your losse and shame,
Ye come within the rurlews of my land ;
Which (kindly cruel) from the sea shall free you,
Drown'd in a sea of miseries to see you.

47.

Sterv'd shall they see to death their Children deare,
Be Got, and rear'd, in so great love. The black
Rude C A F R E S (out of Avarice) shall teare
The Cloathes from the Angellick Lady's back.
Her dainty limbs of Alabaster cleare
To Heate, to Cold, to Storm, to Eyes worse Rack
Shall be laid naked, after she hath trod
(Long time) with her soft Feet the burning Clod.

48.

Besides all this, Their Eyes (whose happier lot
Will be to scape from so much miserie)
This Toake of L O V E R S, out into the hot
And unrelenting Thickets turn'd shall see.
Ev'n there (when Teares they shall have squeez'd and got
From Rocks and Deserts, vvhene no waters be)
Embracing (kind) their souls they shall exhale
Out of the faire, but miserable, Tayle.

49.

The ugly Monster vvent to rake into
More, of our Fate, vvhen, starting on my feet,
I ask him, Who art thou ? (for to say true
By hideous Bulk amazes me to see't)
He is a (vvreathing his black mouth) about him threwe
His favver-Eyes : And (as his soul vvould fleet)
Fetching a dismal groan, replide (as sory,
Or vext, or Both, at the Interrogatory.)

50.

I am that great and secret Head of Land,
Which you the Cape of Tempest's well did call;
From Strabo, Ptolomee, Pomponius, And
Grave Pliny hid, and from the Antient's all.
I the but-end, that knits wide Africk's strand;
My Premonitory is her Moun'd and Wall.
To the Antarctic Pole (neverthelesse)
You, only, have the boldnes to transgresse.

51.

Of the rough sons oth' Earth, was I : and Twin,
Brother to Him, that had an hundred Hands,
I was call'd Adamastor, and was in
The Warr 'gainst Him, That hurls hot Vulcan's Brands.
Yet Hills on Hills I heapt not : but (to win
That Empire, which the Second Jov' commands)
Was Generall at See ; on which did sayle
The Fleet of Neptune, which I was to quayle.

52.

The love I bare to Perus's spouse divine
Imbarqu'd mee in so wild an Enterprize.
The fairest Goddess is that the Heav'ns inhinge
I, for the Princeffe of the Waves despise.
Vpon a day when out the Sun did shine,
With Neptunes daughters (on the Beach) these eyes
Beheld her naked: straight I felt a dart,
Which Time, nor scoras, can pull out of my Heart.

53.

I knewt impossible to gain her Love
By reason of my great deformitie
What force can doe I purpose then to prove:
And, Doris call'd, let Her my purpose see.
The Goddess (out of feare) did Thetys move
On my behalfe: but with a chaste smile free
(As vertuous full, as she is faire) replide,
What Nymph can such a heavy love abide?

54.

How ever Wee (to save the sea a part
In so dire War) will take it into thought
How with our honour we may cure his smart,
My Messenger to mee thus answer brought.
I, That suspect no stratagem, no art,
(How easily are purblind Lovers caught)
Feel my selfe wondrous light with this Return,
And fann'd with Hopes, with fresh desire doe burn.

Thus

55.

Thus fool'd, thus cheated from the warre begun,
On a time (Doris pointing where to meet)
I spy the glitt'ring forme, ith'evening dun,
Of snowy Thetys with the silver feet.
With open Armes (farr off) like mad I run
To clip therein my Joy, my Life, my Sweet:
And (clipt) begin those orient Eyes to kis,
That Face, that Hayre, that Neck, that All that is.

56.

O, how I choake in ut'r'ing my disgrace !
Thinking I Her embrac'd whom I did seek,
A Mountain hard I found I did embrace
O'regrown with Trees and Bushes nothing sleek.
Thus (grapping with a Mountain face to face,
Which I stood pressing for her Angel's cheek)
I was no Man : No but a stupid Block
And grew unto a Rock another Rock.

57.

O Nymph (the fairest of the Ocean's Brood) !
Since with my Features thou could'st not be caught,
What had it cost to spare me that false good,
Were it a Hill, a Cloud, a Dreame, or Thought ?
Away fling I (with Anger almost wood,
Nor lesse with shame of the Affront distraught)
To seek another World: That I might live,
Where none might laugh, to see me weep, and grieve.

58.

By this my Brethren on their Backs were cast,
Reduc'd unto the depth of misery :
And the vain Gods (all hopes to put them past)
On Those, That Mountayns pyl'd, pyl'd Mountains high.
Nor I, that mourn'd farr off my deep distast,
"(HEAU'N, HANDS in vain resist, in vain F E R T fly.
For my design'd Rebellion, and Rape,
The vengeance of pursuing Fate could scape:

59.

My solid flesh converteth to tough Clay :
My Bones to Rocks are metamorphosed :
These leggs, these thighs (behold how large are they !)
O're the long sea extended were and spred.
In fine into this CAPE out of the way
My monstrous Trunk, and high-erected Head,
The GODS did turn: where (for my greater payn)
Thetys doth tantalize me with the M A Y N.

Heer

60.

Here ends. And (gushing out into a Well
Of Tears) forthwith he vanish from our sight.
The black Cloud melting, with a hideous yell
The OCEAN sounded a long way forthright.
I (in their presence, who by miracle
Had thus far brought us, ev'n the ANGELS bright)
Besought the LORD to shield his Heritage
From all that ADAMASTOR did presage.

61.

Now PHLEGON and PYROUS pulling come
(With other Two) the Chariet of the DAY:
When that high LAND (to which this Gyant grum
Was turn'd) doth to our Eyes it self display.
Doubling the point, we take another Rumb;
And (coasting) plough the Oriental Sea.
Nor had we plough'd it long, when underneath
A little) in a Second Port we breath.

62.

The People That this Countrey did possess
(Though they were likewise ETHIOPIANS All)
Did more of humane in their meens express,
Then Those, into whose hands we late did fall.
Upon the sandy Beach, with cheerfulness
They meet us, and with Dances Festival,
With them, their Wives: and their mild Flocks of Sheep
Which fat and faire, and frisking they did keep.

63.

Their Wives upon straw-Pillions (black as Jet)
Slow-paced oxen (like EUROPA) ride:
Beasts, upon which a higher price they set
Then all the Cattle of the Field beside.
Sweet madrigalls (in Ryme, or Prose compleat,
In their own Tongue) tornstick-Reed apply'de,
They sing in Parts, as gentle Shepherds use,
That imitate of TITYRUS the Muse.

64.

These (and no less was written in their Faces)
Love and Humanity to Us afford:
Bringing us Hens, and Muttons, in the places
Of Merchandizes which we had Aboard.
But, for (in fine) our men could spyne no traces
(By any Sign they made, or any word
From their dark Tongue) of what we wiste to know:
Our Anchors weigh'd, to Sea again we go.

Now

65.

Now had we giv'n the to'her demi wheel
About black AFRICK, And (the burning Hooke,
That girts the World, inquiring with my Keel)
To the ANTARICK POLE I turn'd my Peope,
By that small Isle (such emulous Thoughts we feel)
Discover'd by a former Fleet, we Soope;
Which sought the GAP OF TEMPEST, and (but found)
Pitcht here a Cross; our then DISCOVRIES Bound.

66.

Thence, many nights, and many sadder days,
Betwixt rough Storms, and languid Calmes, we grape
Through the great Ocean, and explore, new ways:
No Lanthern to pursue, but our high Hope.
One time above the rest (as danger Plays
At Sea the PROTHRUS) with strange Waves we cope.
So strong a Current in those parts we meet,
As evn obstructs the passage of our Fleet.

67.

More violent without comparison
(As our reculing Vessels plain did shew)
The Sea was, That did there against us run,
Then the fresh Gale, that in our favour blew.
NOTUS (disdaining much to be out-done
By THAT; and, as he thought, on purpose too
To affront HIM) puffs, blusters, reinforces
His angry Blasts: and so we pass THE COURSES.

68.

The Sun, reduc'd the solemnized Feast,
On which, a KING laid in a Cratch to find,
Three Kings did come conducted from the EAST,
In which ONE KING, three KINGS at once are joyn'd.
That day took we another Port (posset
By People, like to Those we left behind)
In a great River: Giving it the Name
Of that great-day when thereto we came.

69.

Here fresh Provisions of the Folks we take:
Fresh-water from the River. But, in summ,
No gues concerning INDE could we make,
By People, unto US as good as dumb.
See (King) how many Countries we did take
Without a door found out from that rude scum,
Without descryng the least Track, or scent,
Of the so much desired ORIENT!

Imagine,

70.

Imagine, Sir, in what distress of mind,
How left we went, how much perplext with Cares,
Broken with Storms, and All with Hunger pin'd,
Through Seas unknown, through disagreeing Ayres,
(So far from hope, the wished Land to find,
As, ev'n with hoping, plung'd into despaires)
Through Climates rul'd by other heav'ly Signs;
And where no Star, of our acquaintance, shines.

71.

The food we have too, spoyl'd; and what we crave
As nutriment, ev'n turn'd into our Bane:
No Entregens, no news, to make us wave
Our Griefs, or feed us with a hope, though vain.
Think'st Thou, if this choyce band of soldiers brave
Were other then of Lusitanian straine,
They had obedient held to this degree
Unto their King, and his Authoritie?

72:

Think'st Thou, they had not risen long ago
Against their GEN'RAL (cross to their desire)
Turning Free-booters, forced to be so
By black despair, by Hunger, and by Ire?
If ever Men were try'de, These are: since no
Fatigue, no suff'rings, were of force, to tyre
Their great and Lusitanian excellence
Of loyalty, and firm Obedience.

73.

Leaving, in fine, the sweet fresh-water Flood,
And the salt Waves returning to divide;
Off from the Land a pretty space we stood,
Our whole Fleet bent into the Ocean wide:
Lest the cold Southern wind (increasing) shou'd
Impound us in the Bay and furious Tyde
Made in that Quarter by the crooking shore,
Which to SOFALA sends the golden Ore.

74.

This part (and the swift Rudder streight up resign'd
To good St. NICHLAS, as in case deplor'd)
Towards that Part we steered, where the Wind
Possess'd Waves against the Beaches roar'd:
When the twixt hope and fear suspended mind,
And which confidest in a painted Board,
(Falln from small hope to absolute dispaire)
Lookt up by an Adventure rare.

75.

'Twas thus. When to the Coast so nigh we drew
As to see plain the Country round about:
A River broacht into the Sea we view,
Where Bark, with Sails went passing in and out.
To meet with Men, That Navigation knew
Surpriz'd us with great joy, thou canst not doubt:
For amongst them, of things from Vs so hid,
We hop't to hear some News: and so we did.

76.

These too are ETHIOPS: yet it should appear
They had in better company been bred.
Arabick words we pickt out here and there,
By which was reacht the scope of what they sed.
A kind of Terbant each of them did weare,
Of Cotton fine, pres't close unto his head:
Another Cotton-cloth (and this was blew)
About those-parts that should be kept from view.

77.

In the Arabick-Tongue (which They speak ill,
But FERNAND MARTYN understandeth though)
They say, in Ships as great as these we fill,
That Sea of theirs is travers't to and fro;
Even from the rising of the Sun, untill
The Land makes southward a FULL POINT, and so
Back, from the South, to East: conveying, thus,
Folks, of the colour of the Day, like Vs.

78.

If with the sight of These so joy'd we were,
The newsthey give us makes us much more glad.
This (for the signes by us collected there)
We call THE RIVER OF GOOD SIGNES. We add,
The Land-mark of A CROSS, the which we rare,
Whereof some number in our Ships we had to say.
For such Intents: This bar the fair Guide's names,
Who, with TOBIAH unto GABEEL came.

79.

Of Slyme, scales, shell-fish, and such filthy stuff,
(The noysome Generation of the D E E V)
The Ships (that come therewith sordid, and rough,
Through so long Seas) there do vve cleanse, and sweep
From our kind Hosts vve, had supply'de, enough
Of the Provisions usual (as sheep,
And other things) vvith smooth, and jocund meat,
And as clear hearts: vvich through their ey's were seen.

But

80.

But the high pregnant Hopes, we there embraced,
Bred not a joy unmixt with some Allay.
To be lance it, in t'other scale was placed
A new disaster by R M A M N U S I A.
" Thus gracious H E A V 'N S their Boons have interlaced :
" These are the interfearings, This the way,
" Of humane Things. Black sorrow holds the Dye :
" Light joy fades in the twinkling of an Eye.

81.

And this it was. The loathsom'ſt, the most fell
Disease, that ever these sad eyes beheld,
Reft many a life, and left the Bones to dwell
For everlasting in a foreign Field.
Who will believe (unseen) what I shall tell ?
In such dire manner would the gumms be swell'd
In our mens Mouths ; that the black flesh thereby
At once did grow, at once did putrifie.

82.

With such a horrid ſench it putrifie,
That it the neig'ring Ayre infected round.
We had no circumſpect P H Y S I T I A N try'de :
No Lady-handed S U R G E O N was there found.
But by a C A R V E R might have been ſupply'de
The last. 'Twas handling of a dead-man's wound.
The raweft N o v i c e ; with his Inſtrument
Might cut, and never hurt the P A T I E N T.

83.

In fine, in this wild L A N D , adieu we bad
To our brave Friends (never to see them more)
Who in ſuch Ways, in ſuch Adventures fid,
With us an equal burthen ever bore.
" How eaſily a burying place is had !
" The leaſt wave of the Sea, any ſtrange ſhore,
" Serve, as to put our Fellow's Reliques in,
" So of the bravest Men that e're have bin.

84.

Thus, from this fatal H a v e n we diſjoine
With more of joy then what we brought ; and less : and oft
And (coaſting upward) ſeek ſome farther ſigne
Of I A D I A , to make out our preſent queſt.
At M o z A M B I Q U I we arriv'd in fine ;
Of whose falſe dealing, and hard heartedneſs,
Thou muſt have heard : as alſo of the vile
And barb'rous dealing of M C M B A S S A 'S Iſle.

Then

85

Then to the S a n t u a r y of thy Port.
(Whose ſoft and Royall Treatment may ſuffice
To heale the ſick, to cheer the Alamort,) We were conducted by propitious Skyes.
Heer ſweet Repole, Heer ſovereign ſupport,
Heer Quiet to our Breasts, Reſt to our Eyes,
Thou doeft impart. Thus (if thou haſt attended)
Thou haſt thy wiſh; my N A R R A T I V E is ended.

86.

Judge now (O King) if ever Mortalls went
Upon ſo long, upon ſo desp'rate ways.
I think'ſt Thou E N E A S , and the eloquent
V L Y S S E S travayl'd ſo much World, as These ?
Durſt either (of the watry tlement,
For all the Verſes written in their prayſe.)
See ſo much through his Proveſe, through his Art,
As I haue ſeen, and ſhall, or the eighth part ?

87.

T h o u , who diidſt drink ſo deep of H E L I C O N ,
For whom ſev'n Cities did contend in fine,
Amongſt themſelves, R H O D E S , S M Y R N A , C O L O P H O N E ,
Wife A T H E N S , Chyos, Argos, S A L A M I N E ,
And T h o u , whom I T A L Y is proud to owne,
Whose V o i c e , firſt low, then high (always divine,
And ſweet) thy native M I N C I U S (hearing) fell
Aſleep, but T I B E R did with glory ſwell :

88.

Sing, and advance with praifes to the ſkye
Your D E M I - G O D S , ſtreching your twanging lungs
With W I T C H E S ; C I R C E S ; G Y A N T S O F O N E E Y E S ,
S I R E N S , to rock and charm them with their ſongs :
More, give them (both with Sayls, and oars) to fly
C I C O N I A N S ; and that Land, where there mates Tongues
With L O T O toucht, makes them forget they're ſlaves ;
Give them, to drop their pilot in the waves :

89.

Project them winds (carried in haggs) to take
Out, when they liſt, Am'rous C A L Y P S O E s bold ;
H A R P I E S , their meat to force them to forſake ;
Hand them to the Elysian shadowes cold :
As fine, and as re-fin'd, as ye doe make
Your ales (ſo ſweetly dreamp't, and ſo well told)

The pure and naked Truth, I tell, will git.
The hand, of all the Fabricks of your Wit.

Q

Upon

90.

Upon the Captain's honeyed lips depends
Each gaping Hearer with fresh Appetite ;
When his long Story he concludes and ends,
Fraught with high deeds, with Horror, and delight.
The vast Thoughts of our K I N G S , the King commands,
And their Warrs, known where'te the Sun gives light :
The NATION's ancient Valour he extols :
The loyalty, and Bravery, of their Souls.

91.

The P E O P L E tell (with admiration strook)
To one another, what they noted most.
Not one of them can off those People look,
That came so far, That such dire Seas have crost.
But now the Youth of D E L O S , who re-took
The reins, which L A M P E T U S A 's Brother lost,
Turns them, to sleep with T H E T Y S in the Deep :
The KING leaves that, in his own House to sleep.

92.

" How sweet is P R A Y S E , and justly purchas't G L O R Y
" By one's own Actions, when to Heav'n they soare !
" Each nobler Soul will strain, to have his story
" Match, if not darken, All That went before.
" Envy of other's Fame, not transitory,
" Screws up illustrious Actions more, and more.
" Such, as contend in honorable deeds,
" The Spur of high Applause incites their speeds.

93.

Those glorious Things A C H Y L L E S did in War
With ALEXANDER sank not half so deep,
As the G R E A T T R U M P E T That proclaim'd them, far
And neer ; He envies this, This makes him weep.
The Maratbonian Trophies Larams are,
Which suffer'd not T H E M I S T O C L E S to sleep :
He said, no Musick pleas'd his ear so well,
As a good Voyce, that did his prayses tell.

94.

V A S C O D E G A M A takes great payns, to show
Those N AV I G A T I O N S which the World up-cries
Deserve not in such gorgeous Robes to go,
As his, which doth astonish Earth, and Skyes.
True : But that W O R T H Y (who did foster so
With Favours, Gifts Rewards, and Dignities
The M A N T U A N Muse) made that ENEAS sing,
And set the R O M A N G L O R Y on her wing.

SCIPIOS

95.

S C I P I O S , and C E S A R S , Portugal doth yeild,
Yeilds A L E X A N D R S , and A U G U S T U S S ;
But with those lib'ral Arts it doth not guil'd
Them though, which would file off their roughnesses.
O C T A V I U S made compt Verses in the Feild,
Füllng up so the blanks of Busines,
Forsaken F U L V I A will not let me lye
Through C L E O P A T R A 's charms on A N T H O N Y .

96.

Brave C E S A R marches conquering all F R A N C E ;
Nor was his Learning silenc't by his drumme:
But (in this hand a Pen, in that a Lance)
To th' eloquence of T U L L Y he did come.
S C I P I O (whose Wit in other's Socks did dance)
Wrote plays, ev'n with that Hand, which had sav'd Rome.
Our H O M E R doted A L E X A N D E R so,
That th' I L I A D was his constant Bedfellow.

97.

All, That have ere been famous for C O M M A N D ,
Were learned too ; or lov'd the Learned All :
In L A T I U M , G R E E C E , or the most barb'rous Land,
But only in unhappy P O R T U G A L L .
I speak it to our shame ; the cause no grand
P O B T S adorn our Country, is the small
Incouragement to such : For how can H E
Esteem, That understands not P O E T R I E ?

98.

For T H I S , and not for want of Ingemie,
V I R G I L and H O M E R , are not born with us :
Nor will E N E A S , and A C H Y L L E S , bee,
(This feirce, Hee pious) if the World hould thus,
But (which is worst of all) for ought I see,
F O R T U N E hath shapt our Lords, so boisterous,
So rude, so carelesse to be known, or know,
That they like well enough it should be so.

99.

Thankt let the Muses be, by our D E G A M E ,
To my dear Country that my zeale was such,
As to command her noble Toyles to F A M E ,
And her great deeds with a bould hand to touch :
For Hee, That's like him (only in his name)
Deserves not of C A L I O P E so much,
Or T A G U S 's Nymphs ; That They their golden Loom
Should leave, to carve his A N C E S T O R S & Tomb.

Q 2

Love

80.

But the high pregnant Hopes, we there embraced,
Bred not a joy unmixed with some alloy.
To ballance it, in t'other scale was placed
A new disaster by R M A N N U S I A.
“ Thus gracious H E A V'N S their Boons have interlaced :
“ These are the interfearings ; This the way,
“ Of humane Things. Black sorrow holds the Eye :
“ Light joy fades in the twinkling of an Eye.

81.

And this it was. The loathsom'ſt, the most fell
Disease, that ever these sad eyes beheld,
Reft many a life, and left the Bones to dwell
For everlasting in a forreign Field.
Who will believe (unseen) what I shall tell ?
In such dire manner would the gumms be swell'd
In our mens Mouths ; that the black flesh thereby
At once did grow, at once did putrefie.

82.

With such a horrid ſtench it putrefide,
That it the neighb'ring Ayre infected round.
We had no circumſpect P H Y S I T I A N try'de :
No Lady-handed S U R G E O N was there found.
But by a C A R V E R might have been supply'de
The laſt. 'Twas handling of a dead-man's wound.
The raweft N o v i c e , with his I nſtrument
Might cut, and never hurt the P A T I E N T .

83.

In fine, in this wild L A N D , adieu we bad
To our brave Friends (never to fee them more)
Who in ſuch W a y s , in ſuch Adventures ſad,
With Us an equal burthen ever bore.
“ How easily a burying place is had !
“ The leaſt wave of the Sea, any ſtrange ſhore,
“ Serve, as to put our Fellows's Reliques in,
“ So of the bravest Men that e're have bin.

84.

Thus, from this fatal H a v e n we diſjoine
With more of joy then what we brought, and less :
And (coaſting upward) ſeek ſome farther ſigne
Of I N D I A , to make out our preſent queſt.
At M O Z A M B I Q U E we arriv'd in fine ;
Of whose falſe dealing, and hard-heartedneſs,
Thou muſt have heard : as alſo of the vile
And barb'rous dealing of M O M B A S A 'S Iſle.

Then

85.

Then to the ſanctuary of thy Port
(Whose ſoft and Royall Treatment may ſuffice
To heale the ſick, to cheer the Alaromt,)
We were conducted by propitious Skyes.
Heer ſweet Repole, Heer ſovereign ſupport,
Heer Quiet to our Breasts, Reſt to our Eyes,
Thou doeft impart. Thus (if thou haſt attended)
Thou haſt thy wiſh; my NARRATIVE is ended.

86.

Judge now (O King) if ever Mortalls went
Upon ſo long, upon ſo desp'rate ways.
Thinkſt Thou E N E A S , and the eloquent
V L Y S S E S travayld ſo much World, as These ?
Durſt either (of the watty Element,
For all the Verſes written in their prayſe)
See ſo much through his Proweſe, through his Art,
As I haue ſeen, and ſhall, or the eighiſh part ?

87.

T H O U , who diſt drink ſo deep of H E L I C O N E ,
For whom ſev'n Cities did contend in fine,
Amongſt themſelves, R H O D E S , S M Y R N A , C O L O P H O N E ,
Wife A T H E N S , Chyos, Argos, S A L A M I N E ,
And T H O U , whom I T A L Y is proud to owne,
Whose Voyce, firſt low, then high (always divine,
And ſweet) thy native M I N C I U S (hearing) fell
Asleep, but T I B E R did with glory ſwell :

88.

Sing, and advance with praifes to the ſkye
Your D E M I - G O D S , ſtretching your twanging lungs
With W I T C H E S ; C I R C E S ; G R A N T S O F O N E E Y E ;
S I R E N S , to rock and charm them with their ſongs :
More, give them (both with Sayls, and oars) to fly
C I C O N I A N S ; and that Land, where there mates Tongues
With L O T o toucht, makes them forget they're ſlaves;
Give them, to drop their pilot in the waves :

89.

Project them winds (carried in baggs) to take
Out, when they liſt, Am'rous C A L Y P S O E s bold ;
H A R P I E S , their meat to force them to forſake ;
Hand them to the Elysian shadowes cold :
As fine, and as re-fin'd, as ye doe make
Your aleſ (ſo ſweeley dreamp't, and ſo well told)
The pure and naked Truth, I tell, will git.
The hand, of all the Fabricks of your Wit.

Q

Upon

90.

Upon the Captain's honeyed lips depends
Each gaping Hearer with fresh Appetite;
When his long Story he concludes and ends,
Fraught with high deeds, with Horror, and delight.
The vast Thoughts of our KINGS, the King commands:
And their Warrs, known where're the Sun gives light:
The NATION's ancient Valour he extols
The loyalty, and Brav'ry, of their Souls.

91.

The PEOPLE tell (with admiration strook)
To one another, what they noted most.
Not one of them can off those People look,
That came so far, That such dire Seas have crost.
But now the Youth of DELOS, who re-took
The reins, which LAMPETUSA's Brother lost,
Turns them, to sleep with THEYTYS in the D E E P :
The KING leaves that, in his own House to sleep.

92.

"How sweet is PRAYSE, and justly purchas't GLORY
"By one's own Actions, when to Heav'n they soare!
"Each nobler Soul will strain, to have his story
"Match, if not darken, All That went before.
"Envy of other's Fame, not transitory,
"Screws up illustrious Actions more, and mire.
"Such, as contend in honorable deeds,
"The Spur of high Applause incites their speeds.

93.

Those glorious Things ACHYLLES did in War
With ALEXANDER sank not half so deep,
As the GREAT TRUMPET That proclaim'd them, far
And neer; He envies this, This makes him weep.
The Marathonian Trophies Larums are,
Which suffer'd not THEMISTOCLES to sleep:
He said, no Musick pleas'd his ear so well,
As a good Voyce, that did his prayles tell.

94.

VASCO DE GAMA takes great payns, to show
Those NAVIGATIONS which the World up-cries
Deserve not in such gorgeous Robes to go,
As his, which doth astonish Earth, and Skyes.
True: But that WORTHY (who did foster so
With Favours, Gifts Rewards, and Dignities
The MANTUAN Muse) made that ENEAS sing,
And set the ROMAN GLORY on her wing.

SCIPIOS

95.

SCIPIOS, and CÆSARS, Portugal doth yeild;
Yeilds ALEXANDERS, and AUGUSTUSES:
But with those lib'ral Arts it doth not guil'd
Them though, which would file off their roughnesses.
OCTAVIUS made compt Verses in the Feild,
Fiiling up so the blanks of Busines,
Forlaken FULVIA will not let me ly
Through CLEOPATRA's charms on ANTHONY.

96.

Brave CÆSAR marches conquering all FRANCE;
Nor was his Learning silenc't by his drumme:
But (in this hand a Pen, in that a Lance)
To th' eloquence of TULLY he did come.
SCIPIO (whose Wit in other's Socks did dance)
Wrote plays, ev'n writh that Hand, which had sav'd Roine.
Our HOMER doted ALEXANDER so,
That th' ILIAD was his constant Bedfellow.

97.

All, That have ere been famous for COMMAND,
Were learned too; or lov'd the Learned All:
In LATIUM, GREECE, or the most barb'rous Land,
But only in unhappy PORTUGALL.
I speak it to our shame; the cause no grand
POETS adorn our Countrey, is the small
Incouragement to such: For how can HE
Esteem, That understands not POETRIE?

98.

For THIS, and not for want of Ingénie,
VIRGIL and HOMER, are not born with us:
Nor will ENEAS, and ACHYLLES, bee,
(Thisfeirce, Hee pions) if the World hould thus,
But (which is worst of all) for ought I see,
FORTUNE hath shapt our LORDS, so boysterous,
So rude, so carelesse to be known, or know,
That they like well enough it should be so.

99.

Thankt let the Muses be, by our DE GAME,
To my deer Countrey that my zeale was such,
As to command her noble Toyles to FAME,
And her great deeds with a bould hand to touch:
For HE, That's like him (only in his name)
Deserves not of CALIOPE so much,
Or T A G U S's Nymphs; That They their golden Loom
Should leave, to carve his ANCESTORS a Tomb.

Q 2

Love

100.

Love to my Brethren, and to do things just,
 Giving all Portingal-Exploits their dues,
 To serve the Ladies, to procure their gusts,
 Are th'only spurr, and int'rest of the Mus. .
 Therefore, for fear of black Oblivion's Rult,
 Heroick Actions let no man refuse :
 For by my hand, or some more lofty strain,
 VERTUE will lead him into HONOUR'S Fane.

End of the fifth Canto.

Sixth Canto.

STANZA. I.

The Pagan King could never entertain
 The NAVIGATORS well enough he thought,
 The friendship of the Christian King to gain
 Of men, whose courage had such wonders wrought.
 It troubled him, his lot should be, to reign
 So far from EUROPE, with all good things fraught :
 And that his happy Station had not bin
 Where HERCULES the Mid-Land-Sea let in.

2.

With Games, Marks, Revels, Gambals on the Green ;
 With Moorish-Dances (their sport natural) ;
 With jovial Fishings (such as EGYPT'S Queen
 Pleas'd the out-witted ANTENNY withal,
 When Carbonadoed Fish were hang'd unseen
 On her dropt Hooks, he treats the PORTINGAL
 Each day, with Banquets, of unusual Fare ;
 With Fests, with Foules, with Flesh, with Fishes rare.

3.

But now the Captain (seeing time spend fast,
 And that the fresh Wind woos him to be gon)
 From the indulgent Land taking in hast
 Th'appointed Pilots, and Provision,
 Resolves to quit it : of the Ocean vast
 Having no little Portion yet to run.
 His leave now takes he of the PAGAN free,
 Who prays from All a lasting Amitie.

He

4.

He prays them more, that Port (such as it is)
 That all their Fleets would visit, when they pass :
 For, greater good he doth not wish, then this,
 To give such men his Realm, and all he has.
 And whilst he breathes, whilst what he has, is his ;
 Whilst the least sand is running in his Glass ;
 He will be always ready to lay down
 For such a King, and People, Life, and Crown.

5.

GAMA went not behind, in Complement ;
 And, weighing Anchor without more delay,
 To the rich Kingdoms of the ORIENT
 (Which he so long had sought) pursues his way.
 Now a direct and certain Course he went :
 The Fleet, this Pilot means not, to betray.
 Which (therefore) from the hospitable shore
 Goes now securer, then it came before.

6.

The Oriental Billows they divide
 Now in the Indian Seas : and (spying than
 Th'Alcove, whence PHOBUS rose as from a Bride)
 See their desires fulfill'd within a span.
 But spightful TYPONEUS (grudging the Tyde
 Of Happiness, which then to smile began
 On PORTINGALS, who well had earn'd the same)
 Repines, fumes, curses, and with Rage doth flame.

7.

He saw the Stars unanimous, to make
 Of LISBON, a new ROMA ; and that in vain
 It was for Him to hope (alone) to shake
 That, which the SUPREME POWER did ordain.
 Desperate, in fine, OLYMPUS doth forsake,
 To seek below what There he could not gain.
 Enters the humid Realm, and to the Court
 Of Him, that bears the Trident, doth resort.

8.

In the abstrusest Grottoes of the DEEP,
 Where th'OCEAN hides his head far under ground ;
 There, whence to play their pranks the Billows creep,
 When (mocking the lowd Tempests) they resound,
 NEPTUNE resides. There, wanton Sea-Nymphs keep ;
 And other Gods That haunt the Seas profound :
 Where arched Waves leave many Cities dry,
 In which abides each watry Deity.

The

9.
The never fadom'd Bottom doth expand
A Levell, gravell'dore with Silver fine,
Where lofty Turrets rise from dryned Land,
Of Massive stuff, Transparent, crystalline:
To which, the neerer you shall hap to stand,
The less will you be able to define
If it be crystal which your Eye surveys,
Or diamond, which cast such glorious Rays.

10.
The Gates are Massive Gold, richly imbold
With ragged Pearles in their Mother-shell,
In goodly Sculpture wrought, of wondrous cost,
On which vext LIBER's eyes did feed and dwell.
Where first old CHAOS (in it own selfe lost)
Varied with proper shadowes, doth excell.
Then the FOVR ELEMENTS (transcribed faire
From that foule) Copy in their Colours are.

11.
There active FIRE got highest on the wing,
Which without matter did it selfe sustayn,
Till (to give Soule to evry living Thing)
By bold PROMETHEUS from the Sun twas tane.
Next subtle AYRE with the invisible Ring,
Gaping for places (importuning, vain)
Now vacant in the world, which that doth not
Step streight into, though nere so cold, or hot.

12.
Warted with Mountains (then) was the low EARTH
In her green gown shadow'd with fruitfull Trees:
Giving those Creatures, to which she gave birth,
Such sustenance as best with each agrees.
The carved WATER serves her for a Gyre,
And brancht (like Veins) ore all her Body is:
Innumerable sorts of Fishes breeding,
Men with her Fish, Earth with her moysture feeding.

13.
Another door upon it carved has.
The War, between the Gods, and Gyants bold,
Beneath great ETNA crusht TIPHOIUS was,
Whence crackling flames in sulphur Basins are roll'd.
NEPTUNE himself stood beer, of breathing Brass,
Striking the ground, in that contention old,
When the first Horse, to the rude world, gave HEE;
And PALLAS the first peacefull olive-Tree.

LYEUS'S

14.
LYEUS's Choler would not let him stay
To view the rest; and, passing through this GATE,
The GOD, who (told of his Approach) did stay
At th'inner Court, receiv'd him there in state:
Accompanied with Nymphs in bright Array;
Of whom, each seems to wonder, with her MATE,
To see the Water's King; paid one in fine,
Of many Visits made the King of Wine.

15.
NEPTUNE (quoth he) O! never think it strange,
That BACCHUS comes thy succour to implore:
"For highest pow'rs, and most secure of change,
"Tis envious FORTUNE's pride, to triumph o're.
Call all thy Peers that in the Ocean range,
Ere more I speak (if thou wilt hear me more)
Down-weight of misery they shall discern,
Let them all hear the wrongs which all concern.

16.
NEPTUNE (presuming it some hideous thing
He would impart) doth TRITON streight command
To call the DEITIES inhabiting
The frigid Waves, on one; and the other hand.
TRITON, who vaunts himself son of the King
By SALACEE (ador'd in LUSUS's Land)
Was a great nasty Clown with all that boast:
His Father's Trumpet, and his Father's Pouft.

17.
His thick bush-beard, and his long hair (which hung
Dangling upon his shoulders from his head)
Were spungy Weeds; so wet; they might be wrung:
Which never Comb seem'd to have harrowed.
The nitty points thereof, were tag'd, were strung
With dark blew Mussels, of their own filth bred.
He had (for a Montra) on his Crown
The shell of a red Lobster overgrown.

18.
His Body naked, and his genitalls,
That he might swim with greater speed, and ease:
But with Maritine little Animals
By Hundreds, cover'd, and all hid, were these;
As Crayfish, Shrimps, and other Fish that cravvles,
(Receiving theirs from the pale Moon's increase)
Oysters, and Periwinkles with their slime;
Snayles, with their Houses on their backs that climbe.

His

19.

His great wreath'd *shell*, to his black mouth apply'de,
 With all the *might* he had, he now did sound ;
 Whose shrill and piercing noyse (heard far and wide)
 O're all the *Sea*) from *wave* to *wave* did bound.
 Now all those *Gods* (without excuses) high d
 To the bright *Palace*, from their Quarters round,
 Of that moist *God*, who built the Walls of *Troy*,
 Which angry *Greeks* did afterwards destroy.

20.

Old *Father Ocean* first (with all the *sons*
 And *Daughters*, he begat, inviron'd) went :
Nereus (That married was to *Doris*) runs,
 Who peopled all the *Cryſtal Element* :
 The Prophet *Porthus* (his *Flocks* left for once
 To range the bitter *Meade* at full content)
 He likewise came ; but He already knew
 What, *Father Bacchus* to the *Ocean* drew.

21.

Another way came *Nepturne's* snowy *Wife*
 (*Uran* and *Vesta's* daughter sovereign)
Grave in her *Gate* (yethad her Graveness *life*)
 And with a *Face*, that calmd the wand'ring *Main*.
 A *Robe* of *Lawn* (whose *Spinster* had a strife
 With *Her*, That with *Minerva* strove in vain)
 Of her bright *limbs* was the transparent *Lid* :
 For they had too much beauty to be hid.

22.

Fair *Amphitrite* (then the flow'r's in *May*
 Fresher, and sweeter) would not wanting bee :
 The *Dolphin* (who advis'd her to obey
 The love of the *Seas King*) with *Her* brought *Shee*.
 The *Sun* in all his glory, yields the *Day*
 To either's *Eyes* (more worti then all they see).
 They marched hand in hand (an equal paire)
 For *Both*, the Spouses of *one Husband*, are.

23.

That *Queen* (who, flying *Athamas* run mad,
 Came *so* to compafs an *immortal State*)
 Went ; and with *Her* her pretty *Infant* had.
 (Him too, the *Gods* did to their Ranks translate)
 Toyng before his *Mother* tript the *Lad*
 With painted *Cockles*, which salt *Seas* create :
 Whom when the looser sand molests and harms ;
 Fair *Panopha* bears him in her Arms.

Likewise

24.

Likewise that *God*, who had been once a *Man*,
 And, though a powerfull *Hearb* he chanc'd to tast,
 Was chang'd t' a *Fish* ; so from that losf began
 A glorious life, turn'd *Deitie* at last ;
 Came adding water to the *Ocean*,
 Still weeping the lewd Tricks by *Circe* past
 On his lov'd *Scula* (*Hee* belov'd by *This*):
 "Hate, where it springs from *love*, so mortall is.

25.

Seated (in short) the *Powers* that rule the *seas*
 In the great *Hall*, majestick, and divine ;
 On gorgeous *Cushions* first the *Godesses*,
 The *Gods* in carved *Chayres* of *cryſtal* fine,
 The *King* with gracious gestures *All* did please,
 His *Throne* deviding with the *King* of *Wine*.
 The *House* is filld with that rich sea-bred masse,
 Which doth *Arabian Frankincense* surpassee.

26.

When now the *whisprings* of the *Gods* were ceast
 And ceremonies done between the *Kings* :
 Burst *Ithyonius* began from hidden *Breast*
 To powre the *Cause* out of his *sufferings*.
 Knitting his brow a little (which confeſt
 His leaden *Heart* hung heavy on the strings)
Hee, that with *other's* weapons he may slay
 The men of *Lusus*, thus his cards did play..

27.

Prince, who (of right) from one to t'other pole
 The angry *sea* doſt awe, and doſt command,
Thou that all *earthly* creatures doſt comptroll,
 And bridleſt *Nations* with a *roape* of *sand* ;
 And (*Father Ocean*) *Thou* whose *Billows* roll
 About the *world*, and circumſcribe the *Land*,
 Leaſt thoſe meet *Bounds* which are for *All* decteed,
 It's proper *dwellers* ſhould preuue t' exceed.

28.

And you, *Sage Gods*, that wont not to permit
 Your *Kingdom's* high *perogatives* be broke ;
 But, whoſo dar'd to trespass upon *It*,
 Felt, what it was, your *vengeance* to provoke :
 What *tameness* this ? what dull *lethargick Fit* ?
 Who had ſuch pow'r to stay your *Anger's* stroke,
 Ready (with cause) upon *mankind* to fall,
 Frayle as the *Glaſſe*, yet venturing at *All* :

R

29.

You saw, with what unheard of Insolence
 The highest H E A V'N S they did invade of yore :
 You saw, how (against Reason, against sense)
 They did invade the S E A with Sail and Oare :
 Actions so Prowd, so daring, so immense,
 You saw ; and We see dayly more, and more :
 That in few years (I fear) of Heav'n and Sea,
 Men, will be called G O D S ; and but men, W E E .

30.

You see a little Generation now
 (Call'd by the name of one that serv'd me too)
 With haughty Bosom, with undanted Brow,
 Both you, and me, and all the World subdue.
 You see, your Sea with winged Oak they Plough.
 Farther, then R O M A N E A G L E S ever flew.
 You see, your Wealth how they propose to drayn,
 Your Statutes cancel, and your walks profane.

31.

When first the M Y N I X went about (ye know)
 To cut a way through the forbidden Flood,
 How B O R E A S , and his Fellow A Q U I L O ,
 (With all the rest) the Trespass then withstood :
 If They so stormd, if they concern'd were so,
 That, as their own, your wrong they understood,
 You (whom it touches in a neerer way)
 Why sit ye still? for what do ye delay ?

32.

Nor think (O Gods) that, for your sole concern,
 And for the great Affront which put I see
 On you, I have forsook the C O U R T S U P E R N :
 But for That likewise which is offer'd me.
 For, all those Honours which my sword did earn,
 When (as the World, and you, can witness be)
 I N D I A I quell'd, and quell'd the O R I E N T ,
 I by this People see trod down, and rent.

33.

For the H I G H R U L E R , and his Fates (who deale
 The under-world, as pleases best their mood)
 Have markt these men for Glory, Pow'r, and Weale,
 Greater then ever, in the Ocean-Flood.
 And (Gods) from you I must not now conceale,
 That they teach sorrow, ev'n to Gods. 'Tis good :
 We too, are slaves to their preposterous Will ;
 Which gives Ills to the Good, Goods to the Ill.

Now

34.

Now therefore from O L Y M P U S am I tost,
 To seek some Cure, some Balsome for my wound :
 To see, if that esteem, I there have lost,
 May happily within your Seas be found.
 More would have said : But Tears the passage crost,
 Which (trickling down his Cheek in Ropes, that bound
 His words) with sudden fury did inspire
 And set the wavy Deities on fire.

35.

So rough the billows of their Anger went,
 So swiftly and so high their rage did mount ;
 That no mature advice it did consent,
 Permit no pawse, no weighing, no discount.
 Orders from N E P T U N E are already sent
 To mighty E O L U S , that without Count
 He flift the strugling Winds from their strong Caves,
 And let no Vessel live upon the waves.

36.

P R O T H E U S rose twice to speak, and went about
 His judgement in the matter to propound :
 Nor Any who were present, made a doubt
 But that it was some Prophecy profound.
 But still a rising tumult put him out,
 And in their sence the Gods did so abound,
 That T H E T Y S stuck not to exclaime ; Will you
 Be teaching N E P T U N E what he hath to do ?

37.

Then doth the proud H I P P O T A D E S enlarge
 From their close prison the enraged Winds ;
 And them with animating words discharge
 Against the Men of never-daunted minds.
 For a thick cloud hides Heav'n (as with a Targe)
 And A R G U S 'S hundred Eyes, that guild it, blinds.
 The swelling blasts have in a trice o'rethrown
 Tow'rs, Mountains, Houses. —— But of that Anon.

38.

Whilst in the D E E P was held this Parliament,
 The wearied Fleet (yet free from sad dismay)
 Before a gentle Wind pursuing went
 Thorough the tranquil Ocean their long way.
 That Time it was, when from the O R I E N T
 Removed is the Lamp that rules the Day :
 Those of the first did lay them down to sleep,
 And others come the second Watch to keep.

39.

Conquer'd they come with sleep, and (ill awake)
 Repose their nodding heads against a saile.
 Their Cloathes (thin, thin) but weak resistance make
 To the Night's Ayre, which blows a nipping Gale.
 Yawning, they stretch their Limbs; themselves they shake;
 With their Seal'd Eyes to ope can scarce prevaile.
Cures against sleep they practise, they devise:
 Tell thousand Tales, tell thousand Histories.

40.

What better spur (said one) to post away,
 Or pastime to deceive the hours, that creep;
 Then by some pleasant Tale, wherewith we may
 Knock off the leaden shackles of dull sleep?
 Quoth LEONARDO then (who, whilst a day
 He hath to live, will faith to CUPID keep)
A pleasant Tale? then what can do so well
As one of Love? and That, my self will tell.

41.

Reply'd VELOSO; 'tis not fit, not just,
 To treat soft subjects in so hard extreams.
 For a Sea-life (replenish't with disgust)
 Permits not love, permits not melting Theames.
 Our Story be of WAR, bloody, Robust;
 For we (the Wefts, and Pilgrims of the streams)
 Are onely born to horror, and distress:
 Our future dangers whisper me no less.

42.

To This they All agreed: and pray'd VELOSE,
 What he commended, that himself would doe.
 I shall (quoth He), then listen to my Prose:
 I promise you an old Tale, and a true.
 And (to incite, with apt examples, Those
 That hear me, great Beginnings to pursue)
 Of our own Countrey-men shall treat my story:
 And let it be the Twelve of ENGLAND's glory.

43.

When JOHN the son of PEDRO rul'd our Land
 (Temp'ring his People's mouths with a soft Bit)
 After he had with a victorious Hand
 From potent neighbour's jaws deliver'd it;
 In merry ENGLAND which, from Cliffs that stand
 Like Hills of snow) once ALBION's name did git)
 ERYNNIS dire rank seeds of strife did sow,
 Whence Lusitanian Lawrels chanc't to grow.

Twixt

44.

'Twixt the fair damsels of the ENGLISH COURT,
 And Barons bold That did attend the same,
 A hot dispute, beginning but in sport,
 To end at last in down-right-earnest came.
 The Courtiers (though the Courtship is but short
 That gives reproachful terms to any Dame)
 Said: They would prove, that such, and such of Them,
 Had been too lavish of their Honor's gem.

45.

And if with Lance in Rest, or Blade in Fist,
 To take their parts they had, or Knights, or Lords;
 That They, in open Field, or closed List,
 Would do them dye, with Spears, or else with Swords.
 The weaker sex (unable to resist
 With deeds, and less to swallow such base words)
 Condemning Nature, That deny'de them force,
 Unto their Kin, and servants, had recourse.

46.

But their Accusers (mark you!) being great
 And potent in the Kingdom; neither Kin,
 Nor humble servant, durst their Cause abet,
 As their Fame's Champions, which they should have bin.
 With beauteous Tears (which, from their blissful seat,
 Might all the Gods to their assistance win)
 Distilling down each Alabaster Cheek,
 Unto the DUCHE OF LANCASTER they seek.

47.

This puissant Branch, of ENGLAND'S royal Tree,
 Had warr'd against CASTELL with PORTUGALL;
 Where his Camrades's great Hearts he try'de did see,
 And their good stars which bare them out in All;
 Like proof of their respect to Dames had He,
 When to that Land his daughter he did call;
 With whole bright Beautie's beams our Monarch strook,
 The virtuous Prince's for his Consort took.

48.

He loath to give them ayd with his own Hand,
 Left, so, he should foment a civil flame)
 Says: when I past to the IBERIAN LAND,
 To the CASTILLIAN CROWN to lay my clayme;
 Such heavenly parts in PORTUGALL I scand,
 Such Courtship, Courage, such high thirst of Fame,
 That they alone (unless I much mistake)
 With fire and sword your just defence can make.

To

49.

To them then (*injur'd Ladies*) if you please
Ambassadors from me (for you) shall go,
Who, with meet *Letters* and smooth *Sentences*,
The wrong which *you* sustain to *them* may show.
Let *Letters* likewise from *your selves*, your Seas
Of *Tears* indeare; and from your Pens let flow
Nectar of *Words*, to charm them to your *Ayd*:
For there's your *Tow'r*, There all your *hopes* are laid.

50.

Th' experienc't Duke the *Dames* this counsell gave,
And streight to them *Twelve* valiant *Knights* did name;
And, that each *Dame* may know her Champion brave,
Bids them cast *Lots*, their number being the same:
And, by this way of *Lottry* when they have
Descry'de which *Knight* belongs unto which *Dame*;
To her own *Knight*, in varied phrase, each writes;
The *King*, to *All*; the *Duke*, to *King*, and *Knights*.

51.

The messenger arrives in *Portugal*:
The *Novelty* doth ravish all that *Court*:
The gallant *King* would be the first of *All*,
Might it with *Regal Majestie* comport.
Each *Courtier* longs, it to his chance would fall
In such a brave *Adventure* to consort;
And each one's glory doth in this consist,
To hear his name from the *Lancastrian* List.

52.

In the old loyal *City* there, whence took
Was the eternal name of *P O R T U G A L L*;
He, to the *Rudder* who thereof did look,
Bad fit a *Frigat* light, with *Oare*, and *Sayle*.
Armours and *Cloathes* (delays they cannot brook)
All, of the fashion that did then prevail,
The *Twelve* provide: *Helms*, *Crefts*, *Knots*, *Motto's* neat.
Horses, and gay *Caparisons* compleat.

53.

Leave from that *King* is had, their sayles to losen
And pals out of the celebrated *D W E R E*,
By Them that had the honor to be chosen
Of famous *J O H N O F G A U N T*, who knew them there.
A better, or a worse, in all the dozen
(For skill, or force) there was not: *Peers* they were.
But one (*M A G R Y S E*) in whom new thoughts did rise,
Bespake his valiant *Fellows* in this wise.

54.

Brothers in Arms, There hath been long in me
A strong desire through *forraign Lands* to range;
More *Streams*, then *T e jo's*, and fresh *D w e r e's*, to see,
Strange Nations, *Cities*, *Laws*, and *Manners Strange*.
Since in the *World* then many *Wonders* be,
And now I find this purpose cannot change;
I'll go before by *Land* (with your good leave)
To meet in *E N G L A N D*, traversing the *S i b b u s*.

55.

And if (arrested by *his Iron Mace*
Who is the period of each mortal thing)
I hap to fail th' appointed time and place;
To *you* small damage can my failing bring.
Fight for *your selves*, and *me* to, in that case.
But in my aug'ring Eare a Bird cloth sing;
Chance, *Rivers*, *Mountains* (all their malice meeting)
In *L O N D O N - T o w n* shall not prevent our greeting.

56.

This said, about his valiant Friends he cast
(In fine) his Armes; and, licenc't, went his ways.
He past rough *L E O N*: both *C a s t e l l s* he past:
Towns, won by *Lusitanian Arms*, survays:
N a v a r r e: With *Pyrenean Mountains* (plac't
'Twixt *S P A I N*, and *F r a n c e*, as if to part their *Frays*):
Survay'd (in fine) all that is rare in *F R A N C E*,
To *B E L G I A* s great *Emporium* doth advance.

57.

Heer (whether sickness 'twere, or fresh *Adventer*,
Advancing not) He many days did stay.
But our lev'n Worthies the salt *Ocean* enter,
And to the *Northern Climate* plough their way.
Arriv'd in the first *Port*, to the great *Center*
Of populous *E N G L A N D* (*London*) travail'd They:
Lodg'd by the *Duke* upon the Bank of *T H A M E S*;
Eggd on, and complemented by the *Dames*.

58.

The day was come, and now the hour at hand,
When with the dozen *E N G L I S H* they must fight:
The *King* secur'd the *Lifts* with an arm'd *Band*:
In compleat *Steel* begins to cloath each *Knight*:
Before each *Dame* (her *Honour's Shield*) did stand
A *S P A N I S H M A R S* in dazeling *Armour* bright:
Themselves in *Colours*, and in *Gold* did shine,
With thousand *Jewels*, joyful and divine.

59

But she, to whom M A G R I S O (who was not Arrived) fell; in mourning Rayment came; Because to have it was her haples lot, No Knight, to be the Champion of her fame. Howe're: th'Elev'n (before they leave the Spot) That they will so behave themselves, proclaim; As that the Ladies shall victorious be, Though of their number wanted two or three.

60.

Upon a high Tribunal took his place T H E E N G L I S H K I N G, with all his Court about. The Combattants by Three and three did face, And fowre, and fowre, their Foes; as it fell out. The Sun, from G A N G E S, till he ends his Race, Sees not another twelve more strong, more stout, More highly daring, than those E N G L I S H were, Who the lev'n P O R T I N G A L L S confronted there.

61.

The golden Bits the foaming Palfreys champ: Upon the glitt ring Armes, the Sun curvets, As when roll'd Cakes of Ice reflect his lamp, Or (mingling Rays) on Daneers gems it beats. Now in the Ladyes's hearts some little damp (The Troops prepar'd to charge) the odds begets Of Twelve elev'n; when (Loe!) incontinent, A murmur'ring uproare round the Scaffolds went,

62.

Unto that common Center, where the Rent Began this tumult, ev'ry Face inclines. Enters a Knight on Horse-back, arm'd throughout, As one, who battail presently desigues: Salutes the King; the Dames; faceth about, And, with th'Elev'n, the great M A G R I S O joynes. His greedy Arms upon his Friends he throws (Sure Card) to lay them next upon his Foes.

63.

Then she that well perceiv'd this was the Knight Who came her honour to defend and rayle, Cloathes too with Helle's Fleece; which (more then bright Virtue) the brutifh soule loves, and obays. The signall giv'n, the Trumpets blasts, incite The warlick minds, inflam'd with rage and praise. Spurrs are clapt to, Reyns slackned in a trice, Speares coucht in Rest, Fire from the struck ground flies.

64.

The furious Genets seem, in their Career, To make an Earth-quake with their thund'ring Hooves. The shock, in All that then Spectators were, At once Fear, Pleasure, Admiracion, mooves. This, doth not fall, but flye (dismounted cleer); That, Steed, and all (He better Horseman prooves): One, his white Armour in Vermillion washes: One, with his Helmet's plumes his horfe-croop lashes.

65:

There fell asleep for ever, more then one, And a short step from life to death did make: Here, runs a Horse (the Man strook down) alone: There, stands a Man, whose Horse the Foe down stakke. The English Honor tumbles from its Throne: For two or three of them the Lists forfiske. With Shields, Arms, Maile, Those who to Arms appeale, And Hearts of Spanish mettle, have to deale.

66.

To lay out words in counting ev'ry gash, Each cruel thrust in that most bloody Fight, Is of those Prodigals of Time, and Trash, That tell you stories which they dreamt last night. Suffice it, I inform you at one dash, Through courage high, through never-equall'd might, The Victory went on the Ladies's side: Ours crop the Bays, and They are justiside.

67.

With Balls the Duke, with Feastings, and with joy, Treats the twelve Victors in his Palace faire; With Cooks, the Bевy of bright Dames employ Nets, Hounds, and Haulks, in Water, Earth, and Aire. For These, their brave Compurgators, would cloy Each day, and hour, with thousand banquets rare, Whilst they in E N G L A N D are content to roam, Without reverting to their dearest Home.

68.

But great M A G R I S O (if we trust reports) Great things abroad still greedy to behold, Clung to those parts: where at the Gallick Courts Highly he serv'd the Flandrian Countes bold. For there (as one unpractis'd in no sports, To which Thou M A R S inurst thy Schollers old) He, hand to hand a F R E N C H - M A N in the Field (Like R O M E S T O R Q U A T U S, and C O R V I N U S) kill'd. Another

69.

Another of the *Twelve* laucht out, into
H i g h G e r m a n y: where with an **A l m a n H e**
Had a fierce *Combat*, who by means undue
Thought to have shorn his thred of destinie.
V e l o s o come to a full point; the *Crew*
Pray him, he would not with such brevitie
Pass the *French Duel*, but be more exact
Therein: as likewise, in the *German Faſt*.

70.

Just here (to drink his words, they list'ning *All*)
The *Master* (*Loe!* (who in the *Skye* did pheepe))
His *whistle* sounds. From ev'ry *Corner* crawlle
The *Sailors*, half-awake; and half-asleepe;
And, for the *wind* augments, he bids them fall
The *Top-sayles*, climbing to the *Santle steep*.
Awake (he said) ope, and unseale, your *Eyes*:
From yon black cloud, ye see, the *Wind* does rise.

71.

Not fully *lor'd* the windy *Top-sayles* were
When a great *Gulf* upon a suddain came.
Strike, cry'd the *Master*, (so that all might hear)
Strike, *strike*, the *Main-sheet*; thrice he did exclaime.
The hasty *winds* (for *Tyrants* have no *Eare*)
Ere *struck* it could be, rushing thwart the same,
Rend it to rags, with such a hideous rash,
As if (the *World* destroy'd) the *Poles* did clash.

72.

Then did the *Men* strike **H E A v ' N** with a joynct-groane,
Themselfes with *horror* struck, and pale dismay:
For (the *Sayle* split) the *Vessel*, hanging prone,
A pow'r of Water scoops up from the *Sea*.
Lighten (the *Master* cryes with mournful tone)
Lighten the Ship: if ye would live, obey,
Run others to the *Pump* (w're at the Brink
Of perishing) unto the *Pumpe*: We sink:

73.

Unto the *Pumpe* th'undant *Soldiers* ran:
To which no sooner come, their parts to do:
But the *Ship* (stagg'ring like a drunken Man)
Their heels tript up, them to the *Larbord* threw.
Not three the sturdies of the *Sailors* can
Manage the *Helm*, with all their strength put to.
The *Ship* is bound with *Ropes* in every part:
The *Land-men* lose their *strength*, *Sea-men* their *Art*.

Such

74.

Such the *impetuous* winds, that to have shown
More force, and fury, they could not devise;
Had they at once from all the *Quarters* blown
To throw down **B A B E L L I**, which did threat the *skyes*.
The **A M M I R A L L** upon the overgrown
Mountains of water, shrinks into the size
Of her own *cock-boat*: wondring her selfe, how
She did to live in such a *sea* till now.

75.

The *secondship* (in which was **P A U L D E G A M E**)
Had her *main-mast* snapt in the midſt and broke:
The *people* in her (almost drown'd) the name
Of *Him*, that came to ſave the *world* invoke,
With like vain *Echoes* to the *Ayre*, exclaime
In the *Third*, all **C C U L L I O S** daunted folk;
Although that *master* ſo good *order* took,
That, e're the *storm* ariv'd, her *sayles* were strook.

76.

Now *All* to *Heaven* are hoysted by the fury
And rage of **N E P T U N E**, terrible and fell:
Now to the bottom of his waves *All* hurry,
As if their keels would knock the *Gates of Hell*.
The *East*, *West*, *South*, and *Northern* winds (to woory
The *wor'd* by turns) from ev'ry corner swell.
Her ſelf with *Torches* the deformed *Night*
(With which the *Pole* is all on fire) doth light.

77.

The *Halcion* along the ratling shore
With *strayned* voyce cryes in a *dolefull Key*,
Rubbing with this the overplayſt red ſoare
Of her own loſs; by like tempeſtuouſe ſea,
The amorous *Dolphins* hide them, which before,
Did friske and dance about the watry ſea;
Flying the cruell ſtorm in *Caves* obscure,
Nor in the very bottom are ſecure

78.

Never ſuch red-hot *Thunder-bolts* were made,
Rebelling *Gyants* to confound and awe,
By that *oule Smith*, who (by his faire wife pray'd)
Forg'd a rich *Armour* for his *son in law*:
Nor ever (by the *Thunderer* displayd)
That frightened paire ſuch flakes of lightning ſaw
In the great **F L O C D** (they only left to mourn)
Who ſtones to people (a hard race) did turn.

S 2

HOW

79.

How many *mountains* did the *waves uncrown*,
Bouncing against them like a batt'ring *Ram* !
How many aged *Trees* the *wind rusht downe*,
Which by the *Cable-roots* at once up came !
Little thought *They*, the *earth* swept with their crowne,
To turn their *Heel's* to *Heav'n* in the low *dam*,
As little thought the *sands*, which there were hid,
To floate upon the *top*, as then they did.

80.

V A S C O D E G A M A (seeing his *Hopes* crost,
Just at the *Butt* and *end* of his desire,
Seeing the *Billowes* now to *Hell* goe post,
Now with fresh fury unto *Heav'n* aspire:
Confus'd with *horroar* giving *All* for *lost*,
Seeing no *humane Fence* against such *Ire*)
To that H I G H P O V V'R E (who is the *sou'raine Ayd*,
And can *Impossibilities* (thus pray'd.

81.

P roteCTOR of the *Quires Angelicall*,
Whom *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and angry *seas* obay;
Thou, who the *Read-sea* mad'st a double wall,
Through which thy flying I S R E L L to convay;
Thou, who didst keep and save thy servant P A U L
From *open Rocks*, and *Shelus* that *hidden lay*.
And sav'd'st (with *His*) from *Cataracks* down hurl'd
The second P L A N T E R of the drowned W O R L D:

82.

If we have past *new* dangers numerous
Of other S C Y L L A'S and C H A R I B D E S S E S ;
other dire Syrts, and Quicksands, infamous
A C R O C E R A U N I A N R O C K S in other seas;
Why, in the *Close*, doest thou *relinquish us*?
Why, throw us off, after such scapes a *Theſe*,
If with our labours thou art not offended,
If thy sole service be thereby intended ?

83.

O happy men, whose lot it was to dye
On whetted point of Mauritanian Lance;
Whil ft, smear'd with bearteous dust of A F F R I C K
The C H R I S T I A N F A I T H they (fighting) did advance
Whose glorious deeds remain in *History*,
Or carv'd in everlasting *Verse* perchance,
Who losing a short life, a long, did git:
Death sweetned with the *Fame* attending it.

Whilst

84.

Whilst this he says, contending *Winds* (that roar
Like two wild *Bulls* when one with t'other copes)
Augment the *horrid Tempeſt* more and more,
And (raſling) whiſtle through the Spiny Ropes.
The flashing *Lightning* never does give o're;
The *thund'ring* luch, that there are now no hopes
But that H E A V 'N'S Axles will be ſtreight unbuilt:
The E L E M E N T S at one another tilt.

85.

But, see, the *amorous* star, with twinkling Ray,
Conſpicuous in the E A S T E R N H E M I S P H E R E !
Fair *Harbinger*, and *Uſher* of the *Day*,
It visits *Earth*, and *Sea*, with forehead cleare.
She, from whom arm'd O R I O N ſlanks away,
And who this *Star* ſits guiding in her *Spheare*;
Spying what *Risk* her deare *Armada* ran,
At once with *Anger*, and with *fear*, grew wan

86.

Here hath been B A C C H U S (says *she*) I am ſure:
Will he ne're leave this rancour? but in vain.
He ſhall not *wag* the Ruine to procure
Of *mine*, but I will have him in the Train.
She ſtoops like *Lightning* from O L Y M P U S pure
Upon the troubled Kingdom of the M A Y N ;
Her *Nymphs* to crown them (as for wagers) bids
With *waking R o s e s* that new ope their lids.

87.

With thousand-coloured Garlands ſhe commands
Their flowing locks a little be comptroll'd :
(Who would not judge, L o v e there, with his own hands,
In amell'd painted flow'rs upon trne gold?)
Her purpose is, to fetter in those hands
Th'inamored Winds, where there they wander bold :
The Faces of those loved *Nymphs* to ſhow them
(More faire then *Stars*) to charm and to ſubdue them.

88.

And ſo it prov'd. For ſhe no ſooner did,
But preſently they faint, they dye away.
Under their wings their baſhful heads they hid :
In humble poſture at thofe feet they lay.
The ſlip, *Thofe* take them up in; is the thrid
Of that bright Hair, which ſcorns the mid-day's Ray.
Then, to her ſervant B O R E A S , thus did ſay
His ſweet and boſom friend, O R Y T H I A .

Fierce

89.

Fierce BOREAS, This is not the way to prove
 That e're thou lov'dst, as thou pretend'st to doe,
 For meek, and soft as his wings down, is LOVE:
 And fury ill beseems a Lover true,
 Either this madness from thy mind remove.
 (What shall I say? couldst thou indure a shrew?
 I shall be frightened with it, wee must sever:
 " Feare choler may ingender, but love never.

90.

Fayre Galatea likewise lays the case
 To blustering NOTUS, who, full well she knows,
 Hath many a long sigh fetcht for that sweet Face,
 And is at her devotion doth suppose.
 The Raunter (scarce believing such a grace)
 His heart, too ample for his bosome grows.
 The pleasure of his Mistresse to fulfill,
 He thinks it a cheap bargain, to sit still.

91.

The others take the other winds aside,
 And her too boistrous lover each reproves.
 They give them to the Queen of Beautie, tyde,
 Calme as the Lambs and gentle as her doves.
 She gives them back to them, and (their faith tryde)
 Promis'd return eternall of their loves:
 Worn on the Nymphs's white hands, e're thence they stir,
 In the whole voyage to be true to Hir.

92.

Now rising SOL with gold those Mountayns lips
 Which GANGES (murmuring) washes: when a Boy
 From the tall Am'rall's scuttle shews the shipp's
 LAND, to the prow; with that late storm's Annoy,
 And halfe their Voyage, over (each heart skips,
 Repriev'd from its vain fears. For now with joy,
 The Pilot (whom MELINDIANs to them put)
 Cryes: if I err not, LAND of CALICUT.

93.

This is that Land (I'm sure) for which y'are bound:
 This, the true INDIA, which we see before:
 Then (if your vast desires one world can bound)
 Quiet your Hearts, ye have what ye explore.
 Now GAMA could not hold, when as he found
 (To his high joy) the pilot knew the shore,
 With Knees sticht to the decks, Hands spread to Heaven,
 Eternall thanks by him to GOD are given.

Thanks

94.

Thanks he did give to GOD (and well he might)
 Who was not onely please'd, to HIM to show
 That LAND, which he had sought through so great fright,
 And for the same such shocks did undergo:
 But snatcht him with strong Hand that very night
 From watry Grave, through winds that raged so,
 Through Thunder's stroke, through blasting Lightning's beame
 As one awak't out of some horrid dreame.

95.

By dreadful dangers, by such Brunts as these,
 By such Herculean labours, and vast toyles,
 They That in GLORIE'S Schools take their degrees,
 Acquire immortal Lawrels and fat boyls;
 Not wholly leaning, against rotten Trees
 Of ancient Houses, not, on empty Styles,
 Not, on rich Couches, wrapt in Sables soft,
 Of the Muscovy Merchant dearly bought.

96.

Not, by new-fangled dishes exquisite;
 Not, by eternal Visits tedious;
 Not, by successive pleasures infinite,
 Effeminating Bosomes generous;
 Not, by a never quenched Appetite:
 Whereby, old Wantons FORTUNE makes of us
 To that degree, We know not how to rise,
 Or step, to any Virtuous Enterprise.

97.

No, but by tearing out of Horror's mouth
 Honours, which we may truely call our owne,
 By cloathing Steel, incoutring Hunger, Drowth,
 Watchings, high winds, and Billows overgrown;
 Conqu'ring dull cold, in Bosome of the South,
 T'other extreme of the inflamed Zone;
 Gulleting in, corrupt and putrid meat,
 The Spice, and Sawce, with which the Valiant eat.

98.

And, by accustoming a Face (where doubt
 Sate once) secure, serene, fearless of Harm,
 To march through Bullets whizzing round about,
 And taking here a leg, and there an Arm.
 These (HONOUR'S Brawn) make a man proof throughout,
 Make him scorn Money, and false Honour's charm:
 Money, and Honours, which light FORTUNE made;
 Not VIRTUE, who is just, solid, and staid:

Sens,

99.

S H E, shapes an understanding round, and clear,
 Ex P E R I E N C E the Hammer and the File :
 S H E constant fits (as in a Threne or Spheare)
 Regarding busie Mortalls with a smyle :
 S H E (where discretion doth a Kingdom steer,
 Nor partiall Favour merit doth beguile)
 Is suddenly caught up, High Rooms to fill :
 Not, by her seeking ; but, against her will.

End of the sixth Canto.

Seventh Canto.

STANZA 1.

V V Ellcom, O wellcom (Friends) to that good L A N D
 Which by so many hath been covet'd,
 'Twixt I N D U S, and the silver G A N G E S's strand,
 In the Terrestriall Heav'n that hides his head.
 Valiant and Happy men, put forth a Hand
 To crop the Lawrells which from others fled :
 For (loe !) ye see ; before your faces, loe !
 The Territory where all Riches flow.

2.

To you I speake , ye sons of L U S S U S old ;
 Who, of the world compose so small a stake .
 What talk I of the world ? of that small fold
 Belov'd by him, who the round world did make .
 You, whom from conquering of Nations rold
 In vice not only dangers did not take ;
 But neither Avarice, or want of love
 To Holy C H U R C H, whose Head is crown'd Above.

3.

You (P O R T I N G A L L S) as stout, as ye are few ;
 Who never care how small your numbers be :
 You, who are Usurers of losses : you,
 Who fragile life chaffer for eternitie
 Thus P R O V I D E N C E was pleas'd That him (who drew
 The shortest lot) we of more use should see
 T'extend the Fayth, then all the C H R I S T I A N K I N G S :
 " So much thou (C H R I S T) exaltest little Things ! "

The

4.

The haughtie G E R M A N S, a great Flock (behold !
 In a large pasture, into Festions broke,
 Who (not to be restrain'd within one Fold,
 Nor yet content to justify with stroke
 Of Argument what severally they hold)
 Some for, and some against the Roman Yoke,
 Their fatal pistols in that Quarrell span,
 Which should be all discharg'd at O T T A M A N .

5.

See E N G L A N D 's Monarch, styling himself yet
 For deeds long past K I N G of the H O L Y T O V V N E S,
 The filthy I S M A E L I T E possessing it
 (What a reproaching Title to a C R O V V M E !)
 How in his frozen Confines he doth sit,
 Feeding on empty smoake of old Renown ;
 Or gets him new, on Christian Foes alone,
 Not, by recov'ring what was once his own !

6.

Meane time an U N B E L I E V E R is for Him
 Head of I E R U S A L E M on earth, whilst love
 Of earth, hath made him an unusefull lim
 Of the I E R U S A L E M which is Above:
 Of the F R E N C H then, what shall we say, or deem,
 Who (call d M o s t C H R I S T I A N) doth his style disprove.
 Who doth not only 'n her Ayd not come :
 But evn invites the scourge of C H R I S T E N D O M E ?

7.

To C H R I S T I A N 's Lands findst thou thy Title good
 (Having so fayre a Kingdom of thine own)
 Not, to C Y N I F I U S, and N Y L E 's sev'nfold Flood,
 old Enemies to true Religion ?
 There shouldst thou vent the heate of thy French blood,
 'Gainst the Rejectors of the Corner-stone.
 L E V V I S, and C H A R L E S, left thee their Name and seat :
 Not that which styl'd one S A I N T , the other G R E A T

8.

In the last place, what shall we judge of Them,
 Who by base sloath, and Ryot (rather Rot)
 Shorten their days, drown'd in their own wealth's stream,
 Their ancient Valour, buried, and forgot ?
 From Lux, Oppression springing ; from this stem,
 Dissensions in a people giv'n to plot :

I speake to Thee (O I T A L I E) brought loe
 With thousand Vices. and thine own worst Foe.

T

Ah

9.

Ah, foolish C H R I S T I A N S ! are you, happlie,
Those Teeth which C A D M U S did to Earth commic,
Self-Bane (for Children of one wombe ye bee,
And All one heav'nly Father did begit)?
The H O L Y S E P U L C H E R do ye not see
Posset by dogs ? how Those, themselves can knit,
To wrest from you your old Inheritance,
And on your shames their name in Arms advance ?

10.

Ye see it is a principle of state,
A rooted custome, in the H A G A R E N E ,
Armies on Armies to accumulate
Against the people That on C H R I S T doe leanc.
But, amongst you, doth low rank seeds of Hate,
And Tares of strife, the Enemie unclean.
How can ye sleep secure, how can ye close
Your Eyes, having both them, and you, your Foes ?

11.

If love of powre, and empire uncomproll'd.
Set you a work to conquer others Lands ;
Both H E R M U S and P A C T O L U S's streams behold,
Rouling into the Ocean golden sands !
A S S Y R I A spins, and L Y D I A , thrids of gold ;
A F F R I C K 's rich Mynes employ her Negroes hands.
Against T H E T U R K E let Bootie league you all :
If not, to see T H E H O L Y C I T Y Thrall,

12.

That Hellish project of the I R O N A G E ,
Those Thunderbolts of Warr (the Cannon-Ball)
At T U R K I S H G A L L Y S let them spit their Rage,
And batter proud C O N S T A N T I N O P L E ' s Wall.
Thence, to their Holes in Caspian Clifffes, ingage
The frightened monsters back again to craw' l,
And Scythian Wains, that in your E U R O P E build,
With barb'rous spawn her civill Countreys fild.

13.

The T H R A C I A N , G E O R G I A N , G R E E K , A R M E N I A N ,
Cry out upon you, that ye let them pay
(Sad Tribute !) to the brutish A L C O R A N
Their Christian-children, to be bred that way:
To scourge the arrogant M A H U M E T A N
Your hands unite, your heads together lay.
Unwise, ungodly, Glory, cease pursuing :
By being valiant to your own undoing.

But

14.

But whilst (mad People) you refuse to see,
Whilst thirst of your own blood diverts you All ;
Christian-Indeavours shall not wanting be
In this same little House of P O R T U G A L L .
Strong places upon A F F R I C K 's Coast has she ;
In A S I A a Style Monarchicall ;
Dominions in A M E R I C A she has ;
And, were there more Worlds, Thither she would pass.

15.

And turn we to behold in the mean while,
To our Sea-faring Worthies what befell ;
After that gentle V E N U S , with a File
Of B E A U T I E S , the i n a m o u r ' d Storm did quell :
After they came in sight of that vast soyle,
Sought with a purpose so unchangeable,
The C H R I S T I A N F A I T H into the same to bring ;
To introduce new Laws, and a new King.

16.

No sooner come at that new Land , a sort
Of little Fisher-barks they light among,
Directing them the way into the Port
Of C A L I C U T , whereto the same belong.
Thither they bend their Prows (being the Court
Of M A L A B A R) A City fair , and strong :
In which a King his Residence did hold,
Who, round about, a spacious L A N D comproloid.

17.

On this side G A N G E S and the Y N D beyond
A large and famous Province is markt forth ;
On the South bounded by the Ocean-Strand,
By the Emodian Mountain on the North,
Sundry both Laws and Kings obeyth this Land ,
Sundry pretended Deities ador'th :
Some , beastly M A H O M E T ; some , Idols dead ;
Some , Living Creatures in that Region bred ;

18.

In that long Mountain, which all A S I A laces
(Running athwart so vast a Continent ,
And borrowing sev'ral names of sev'ral places
Through which it runs) Two Fountains have their vent ;
Whence Y N D , and G A N G E S (starting for two Races
At the same Post , and at the same length spent)
Dye in the I N D I A N S E A : Now This, and Ihey ,
Make the true I N D I A a Pen-Insula .

T 2

Twixt

19.

'Twixt these expiring *Rivers's* Mouthez wide
From the broad *Coutry* a long *point* extends,
In fashion not unlike a *Piramide*,
Which (fronting *C E Y L A N'S Isle*) in th'*Ocean* ends.
And where (first thrust out of the Mountain-side)
The great *Gangetick Arm* a *Richness* lends,
Tradition says; the *Folk*, That there *did* dwell,
Of dainty *flow'r*s were nourish't with the *smell*.

20.

But the *Inhabitants* That now are found
(In names and manners diff'ring from the old)
Are *DE LIIS*, the *PATANS*, who most abound
In *People*, and in *Coutryes* which they hold;
The *DECANIES*, the *ORIAAS*; That found
Their hopes of beeing sav'd, in what th're told
Of sounding *GANGEs*. Then, *BENGALA'S Land*;
With which can none in Competition stand.

21.

CAMBAYA'S Warlike *Kingdom* (this of yore
Held great *KING PORUS*, as the fame doth goe):
The *Kingdom* of *NARSINGA*; pow'rful more
In *Gold*, and *Jewels*, then against a Foe.
Here (from the *INDIAN OCEAN'S* Billows hoare)
Discerned is of *Mountains* a long *Rove*;
Serving for *Nat'rall Walls* to *MALABAR*,
Inroads of those of *CANARA* to bar.

22.

GATE the *Coutry's Natives* call this *Ridge*:
From foot whereof skirts out a narrow *Down*,
Which (backt by that) is by a natural *Seige*
Of angry *Seas* affronted. *Here* the *Town*
Of *CALICUT* (undoubted *Ser'raign Liege*
Of all her *Neighbours*) reares her lofty *Crown*:
seat of the *EMPIRE*, Fair, and Rich; and *Him*
That's *Lord* thereof, they stile the *SAMORIM*.

23.

The *Fleet* arriving close to that rich strand,
A PORTINGALL is sent in a *long-Boate*
To let the *Pagan Monarch* understand
Their coming from a *Region* so remote.
He (through the *River* entering the *Land*,
Which enters there the *Sea* by a wide *Throate*)
With his strange *Colour*, *Physnomy*, *Attire*,
Makes all the flocking *Multitude* admire.

Amongst

24.

Amongst the *Rout*, which *Him* did swarm to see,
Comes one, trayn'd up in the *ARABIAN'S Lore*,
Having been born in Land of *BARBARIE*,
There, where *ANTEUS* was obey'd of yore.
Whether, the *Lusitanian People*, *He*
Knew merely as a *neighbour* to that shore;
Or (bitten with their *steel*) was sent so far
On *FORTUNE'S* errand by the chance of *War*:

25.

The *Messenger* with jocund Face survay'd,
He, in plain *Spanish* gave him thus the *Haile*;
How, to *this World*, in name of *Heav'n* (*Cam'rade*)
So distant from thy native *Portugale*!
Op'ning a passage through rough *Seas* (*he said*)
Which never *mortal Wight* before did sayle,
We come to seek of *INDUS* the great streme,
Whereby to propagate the *GOSPEL'S* beam.

26.

Astonisht at so great a *Voyage* stood
The MOOR (his name *MONSAYDE*) briefly told
Their sad *disasters* on the *Azure Flood*,
And hair-breadth *Scapes*, by this same *Lusitan bold*.
But since, his main *Affair* (*he understood*)
Unto the *King* alone he would unfold;
He tells *Him*, *He* at present is not there:
Being retir'd into the *Coutry neer*.

27.

So that (until the *News* at *Court* have bin
Of their prodigions passage through the *MAYN*)
Please *him*, to make his homely *Nest*, his *Inne*;
With *Vi'tuals* of the *Land* hee'l entertain
Him There: and, being well refresh't therein,
Himself will bring *him* to the *Fleet* again.

For that, the *World* hath not a thing more sweet;
Then in a *distant Land* when *Neighbours* meet.

28

The *PORTINGALL* with *Bosome* not ingrate
Accepts the Offer, kind *MONSAYDE* made.
As if their friendship were of ancient date,
With *Him*, he eat, and drank, as he was pray'd.
Towards the *Ships* (that done) return they straight:
Which the *Moor* knew, when he the *Build* survay'd.

They climbe the *Amral*: where both *Man* and *Boy*,
Receive *MONSAYDE* with a gen'ral joy.

The

29.

The Captain (rapt) Him in his Arms did squeeze,
 Hearing the Musick of the Spanish Tongue ;
 And (seated by him) Shreives him by degrees
 Touching the Land, and things thereto that long.
 But, as in THracian Rhodope the Trees,
 And Brnts, to hear his golden Lute did thong
 Who did his lost EURIDICE deplore :
 So thong'd the common-men to hear the MORE.

30.

He thus begins. O men ! whom NATURE plac't
 Neer to the Nest where I my birth did take ;
 What Chance, or stronger Destiny, so vast
 So hard a Voyage, made you undertake ?
 For some hid cause from TAGUS are ye past,
 And unknown MINIUS, through that horrid Lake
 On which no Barke before did ever floate,
 To Kingdoms so conceal'd, and so remote.

31.

GOD, GOD hath brought you : He hath (sure) some grand
 And special buis'ness here for you to do.
 For this alone, he leads you by strong Hand
 Through Foes, Seas, Stormes, and with a heav'nly Clew.
 INDIA is this, with sev'ral Nations man'd :
 Great NATURE's bounty All beholding to
 For glist'ring Gold, for sparkling Stones of price,
 For oderiferous Gums, for burning Spice.

32.

The Province ye are anchor'd now upon,
 Is called M ALABAR. In the old way
 It worships Idols : The Religion
 That bears in all these parts the greatest sway,
 Held 'tis, by sev'ral Kings : yet onely one
 Rul'd it of old, as their Traditions say.
 The last King, was SARAMA PERIMAL,
 Who in one Monarchy possest it All.

33.

But, certain strangers coming to this Ream
 From M C H A in the Gulph of ARABIE,
 Who brought the Law of M AHOMET with Them
 (In which my Parents educated me)
 It so befell, with their great skill, and stream
 Of Eloquence, These to that hot degree
 This PERIMAL unto their Faith did win,
 That he propos'd to dye a Saint therein.

Ships

34.

Ships he provides and therein (curious)
 For Off'ngs lades his richest Merchandise ;
 To turn Monastick, and Religious,
 There, where our LEGISLATIVE PROPHET lies.
 Having no Heir, left of the Royal House ;
 Before he parted, he did cantonize
 His Realm. Those servants, he lov'd best, he brings
 From want, to wealth ; from subjects, to be Kings.

35.

To one, COCHIN; t'another, CANANOUR ;
 CHALE, t'a Third ; t'a Fourth, the PEPPER-ISLE ;
 To This, COULAN ; To That, gives CRANGANOUR ;
 The rest, to them who most deserv'd his smile.
 One young man onely (who had mighty pow'r
 On his Affections) was forgot the while.
 For whom was left poor CALICUT alone,
 A City since ; Rich, great, by Traffick growne.

36.

This gives he Him : and (to eke out the same)
 A shining Title Paramount the Rest.
 That done, his Voyage takes ; his life to frame
 So, as to reign hereafter with the Blest.
 And hence remain'd of SAMORIM the name
 (By which imperial pow'r, and height's exprest)
 To that young man and to his Heirs : from whom
 This (who the EMPIRE now injoys) is come.

37.

The NATIVE's manners (poor, as well as rich)
 Are made up all of Lyes, and vanitie.
 Naked they go : onely a Cloth they stich
 About those Parts which must concealed be.
 Two Ranks they have, of People ; Nobles, which
 Are NATURE's stil'd : and Those of base degree
 Call'd POLEAS. To Both the Law prescribes
 They shall not marry out of their own Tribes.

38.

And Those That have been bred up to one Trade,
 Out of another may not take a Wife ;
 Nor may their Children any thing be made,
 But what their Parents have been all their life.
 To touch a NAYRUS with their Bodye's shade,
 A scandal is to his prerogative.

If themselves chance to touch them as they meet,
 With thousand Rytes himself he washes sweet.

Just

39.

Just so the JEWISH P E C P L E did of yore
 The touch of a SAMARITAN Eschew.
 But, when ye come into the Countrey, more,
 And things of greater strangeness ye shall view.
 The NAYKES onely go to war: Before
 Their King, they onely stand a Rampire trew
 Against his Foes. A sword they alway weild
 With their right-hand, and with the left a Sheild.

40.

Their Prelates are call'd BRA M E N S (an old name,
 And (amongst them) of great Preheminence):
 Of his fam'd Sect, who Wisdom did disclame,
 And took a stile of a more modest fense.
 They kill no living thing, and highly blame
 All flesh to eat with wondrous abstinence:
 But other flesh their Law doth not forbid,
 Yet They as prone thereto, as if it did.

41.

Their Wives are common: but are so to none
 Save those, who of their Husband's Kindred are.
 (O blessed lot, blest Generation,
 On whom fierce Jealousie doth wage no war!)
 These are the Customs, but not these alone,
 Which are receiv'd by Those of M A L A B A R .
 The LAND abounds in Trade of all things; Isle,
 Or firm-Land yields from CHINA unto NYL E.

42.

Thus did the M O O R recount. 'But Gossip F A M E
 Crying the Newes about the City went
 Of a strange people come, with a strange name:
 To be inform'd the truth when the King sent.
 Now, through the gaping streets, invirond came:
 With either Sex, and Ages different,
 The noble Men dispatch'd by the King
 The Gen'rall of the Fleet to Him to bring.

43.

And Hee (thus licenc't by the S A M O R I M
 To disembarque) departs without delay,
 The noblest of his L U S I A N S hon'ring Him
 As his bright Trayn (himself more bright then They)
 The sweet variety of colours trim
 Dazles the ravish't people all the way,
 The compast Oare strikes, leisurely the water
 Of the sea first; of the fresh River after.

Upon

44.

Upon the Key a potent Officere,
 Whom in their Tongue the C A T U A L they call,
 Begirt with N A Y R E S, stood to welcome There
 The brave D E G A M E with Pompe unusual:
 Whom in his Arms himselfe to land did beare,
 Then points him to a Cowch Pontificall:

On which (their custome of most antient date)
 Upon mens shoulders he is born in state.

45.

Thus Hee of Lu s u s, Hee of M A L A B A R ,
 Move to the place where them expects the King.
 The other P O R T I N G A L L S, and N A R Y E S are
 Their Infantry advancing in a Ring.
 The multitudes (like Baggage in a War)
 Confused, pester one and t'other Wing.

They would aske questions, but have not the pow'r:
 Their mouths were stopt for that in B A B B L 's Tow'r

46.

Ride talking G A M A, and the C A T U A L ,
 Of things which the Occasion ministred:
 M O N S A Y D E the Interpreter of All,
 As understanding what by each is sed.
 Thus marching, and ariving where the tall
 And sumptuous F abrick did erect it's head
 Of a rich T E M P L E in the Cittie's Center,
 At the large two leav'd door abreast they enter.

47.

There stand the Figures of their Deities
 Carv'd in cold stone, in dull and stupid wood:
 In various shapes presented to the Eyes,
 In various postures as the Feind thought good.
 Some, in yet more abominable wise,
 (C H I M E R A-like) with shapes repugnant stood.

The C H R I S T I A N S (us'd t'adore G o d - M a n) deride
 To see Men Beasts, and Monsters deuide.

48.

One's humane Head a paire of Horns disgraces
 (J U P I T E R H A M O N stood in L Y B I A so):
 Another had one Body, and two Faces,
 (Thus the old R O M A N S did old F a n u s show):
 A Third, with hundred Hands, fifty embraces
 (Like B R I A R E U S) pretends at once to throw:

A Fourth Hee grins with a dogs Face (the plain
 Ador'd A N U B I S in M E M P H I T I C K F A N E).

U

Hee

49.
 Here, by the barb'rous people of that Sect
 Their Superstitious Worship being payd;
 Their course, without digression Both direct
 To where the King of these vain GENTILES stayd.
 The Trayn augments; through Those, who the aspect
 Of the strange Captain to behold, assay'd.
 Women, and Boys, from all the Houses gaze:
 These stile the Roofs; Their Eyes, the Windows glaze.

50.
 Now they approach with slow and solemn pace
 The beautiful and oderiferous Bow'r,
 Which barr'd the prospect of the Royal Place;
 In structure sumptuous, though not high in Tow'r.
 For They their nobler Buildings interlace
 With fanning Groves, and aromatick Flow'r.
 Thus liv'd enjoying that rude People's King
 In City, Country; and in Winter, Spring.

51.
 On the fair Frontispieces, ours descry
 The subtlety of a Dædalian Hand,
 Fig'ring the most remote Antiquity
 In lasting Sculpture of the INDIAN - LAND.
 So lively are presented to the Eye
 Those Ancient Times; That They, who understand
 From learned Writers what the Actions were,
 May read the Substance in the shadow There.

52.
 Appears a copious Army, which doth tread
 The oriental Land, HYDASPE's laves.
 By a sleek ruddy Warriour was it led,
 Fighting with leavy Javelins curl'd in waves.
 Nysa stood by her Founder: by Her, slid
 The River's self, washing her winy Caves.
 So right the God, that THBAN - SEMULE
 (Had she been present) would have cry'de; 'Tis HEE.

53.
 Farther, a vast Assyrian multitude,
 That drank whole Rivers e're they quencht their thirst.
 A Woman Captain, with rare Form inclide,
 And of a Valour, great, as was her Lust.
 By her side (never cold) her Palfrey chew'd
 The foaming Bit, and (fiery) paw'd the dust,
 (Her NINUS's Rival) with whom yet 'twas done
 More innocently, then she lov'd her Son.

Yet

53.
 Yet farther; trembled in the fancied wind
 The glorious Ensignes, GREECE triumphant bore
 (The world's THIRD MONARCHY) spreading from YND
 One con'quring wing to the Gangetic shore.
 A young man led them, of a boundless mind,
 From head to foot with Lawrells cover'd ore:
 Who would not bee (so high his Thoughts did rove)
 The son of PHILIP, but the son of IOVE.

54.
 The LUSIANS feasting with these ACTS their eyes,
 The CATALAN unto the Captaine sayd,
 The time draws neer, when other Victories,
 Shall blot these out, which thou hast now survayd;
 Heer shall be graven, modern Histories
 Of a strange people, that shall us invade.
 Such our deep SAGES find to be our doom,
 Poring into the things which are to come.

55.
 By the black ART they doe moreover tell,
 That, to prevent so great approaching ILL
 By humane wisdome, tis impossibl:
 'For vaine, is earthly wit, against Heav'n's will.
 But, say withall; Those Strangers shall excell
 So much in Martall and in civill skil;
 That through the World it will in after story,
 Be sed: The Conquerors are the Conquer'ds glory.

56.
 Discoursing thus they enter the gilt Hall,
 Where leanes that EMPEROR magnificent
 On the rich Cowch (which take it worke, and all)
 Could not be matcht beneath the Firmament.
 His Face and posture (that Majesticall;
 And this secure) his Fortune represent:
 His Robes are cloth of gold: A diadem
 Upon his head, with many a flaming gem.

57.
 An old man (at his elbow) with grave meen
 Upon the knee did ever and anon
 Of a hot plant present him a leaf green,
 Which, as of custome, he would chaw upon.
 Then did a Bramen of no mean esteem,
 Approach DEGAMA with slow motion;
 To presant Him unto the MONARCH great:
 Who there before him, nods him to a seate.

59.

DE GAMA seated neer to the rich Bed
(His Eyes keeping off) with quick and hungry,
The SAMORIM upon the Habit fed
Of his new Guests, their uncouth braw, and Guyse
With an emphatick Voyce from a deep head
(Which much his embassie did authorize
Both with the King, and all the People there)
The Captain thus accosts the Royall eare.

60.

A potent King (who governs yonder, where
Hev'n's ever-rolling wheeles the day adjourn,
Benighting earth with earth ; that Hemisphere
Which the sun leaves mourning till his Return)
Hearing from FAME (which makes an Echoe there)
How this IMPERIALL CROVNN by Thee is worn.
(The sum'd up Majestic of INDIAN LAND)
Would enter with thee into Friendship's Band.

61.

And (through long windings) to thy COURT send me,
To let the know, that whatsoever stores
Goe on the Land, or goe upon the sea,
From TAGUS there, to NYLIS's enriched shores :
All that by Zeland Merchants laden be :
By tributary Ethiopian-MORES :
From seething River, or from frozen Barr :
Heapt up and centerd in his Kingdom, are.

62.

Then if thou wilt, with leagues and matnall Tyes
Of Peace and Freindship (stble and divine)
Allow commerce of superfluities,
Which bounteous NATURE gave his Realms and Thine,
(For Trade brings Opulence and Rarieties,
For which the Poor doe sweat, the Rich doe Pine)
Of two great fruits, which will from thence redound,
His shall the glory ; thine, the Gain be found.

63.

And (if it so fall out, that this fast knot
Of Amitie be knit between you two)
He will assist thee in all adverse lot
Of Warr, which in thy Kingdom may infue,
With Soldiers, Arms and Shippes, and coldly, nor,
But as a Brother in that case would doe,
It rests, that thou resolve me in the close,
What he may trust to touching this propose.

64.

This was the Errand of the Captain bold,
To whom the Pagan Monarch answer'd thus :
Ambassadors from such farr parts, we hold
No little honour to our Crown, and Us,
Yet shall not in this case our will unfold)
Till with our COUNCILL we the thing discuss :
What this King is, informing our self well,
The people and the Land whereof you tell.

65.

In the mean time repose you from the Quoyle
Of labour past, and nauseating Seas :
Whom we will back dispatch, within a while, ¶
With such an answear as shall not displease.
Now Night (Task mistresse of all earthly Toyle)
Gives humane labours wonted stint, to ease
Exhausted lims with sweet Vicissitude:
Eyes, with the leaden Hand of sleep subdue

66.

In the most noble lodgings of the Court,
The PRIMEKE MINISTER of INDIAN LAND
(With the Applause of people of each sort)
Did feast DE GAMA, and his valiant Band:
The CATALAL (that he may make report
To his dread Leige, who gave him in command
To find it out, which way the strangers came,
What Laws, what Faith, what Countrey, and what name)

67.

Soon as he spyes the fired Axel-tree
Of the fayre Delian youth the day renew,
Sends for MONSAYDE, upon Thorns, to bee,
At large informed of this NATION new.
Prompt and inquisitive, he asks if Hee
Can give him full Intelligence and trew,
What these strange people are (for he did heare,
That to his Country they are neighbours neer.)

68.

A punctuall accompt, of every thing
He knew of them, he charg'd him to afford ;
As that which was a service to the King,
Whereby to judge of the propos'd accord.
MONSAYDE answers : That which I can bring
Of light thereto, is spoken in a Word.
Thus much I know, they are of yond same SPAIN,
Where PHEBUS, and my Nest, bathe in the Mayn.

69.

By them a certain Prophet is ador'd,
Born of a pure and incorrupted Mayd,
Conceiving by the Spirit of the Lord,
The Lord of life, by whom the world is swayd.
Of them, that which my Parents did Record,
Was that of bloody Warr the noble Trade
To it's full pitch by their strong Arms is wound:
Which to our cost their predecessors found.

70.

Them (arm'd with vertue above humane strayne)
They threw out of their delectable Seates
By golden T A G U S, and fresh GUADIANE,
Through glorious and memorable Feas:
Nor so content (ploughing the stormy Mayn
Toth' Affrick side) ev'n in our owne Retreats
Let us not live secure : but pull us out
From our Strong walls, and there our Armies rout.

71.

Nor have they shown lesse strength of Hand and Brayn,
In whatsoever other warrs did chance
With many warlick Nations of their SPAINE,
And some that fell down by the way of FRANCE.
So that, in fine, no story doth remayne,
That ever they were quell'd by forreign Lance;
Nor for those HANNIBALS (I will be bound)
As yet, was ever a MARCELLUS found.

72.

But if this Information (as I make
Accompt it does) appear to Thee too short,
Of them, let them inform thee. Thou mayst take
(So doe they hate a lye) their own report.
Goe view their Fleet, their Arms, and how they rake
With founnded Brass, which tames the strongest Fort
And it will please thee, of the PORTINGALL
To see the civill Arts, and Martiall.

73.

To see the things the MOOR exalted so,
Now the IDOLATER is of a flame,
Calls for his Barge in hast, for he will goe
To view the ships in which DE GAMMA came.
Together from the cover'd shore they rowe:
Cov'ring the sea, the NAYNES doe the same.
They climbe the strong and goodly Ammirall:
By her long side aboard doth hand them PAUL.

74.

Her waste-cloaths Scarlet, and her Banners are
Of the rich Fleece which by a worm is bred:
In them are painted glorious deeds, in War
Atchiev'd by valiant Hands of W O R T H I S dead.
Here a pitche-Field and there a single jar;
Fierce one, and t'other: Pictures full of dread!
From which, since them the Pagan first did spye,
He never could recal his greedy Eye.

75.

To know, the Things he sees, he doth beseech.
But first, DE GAMMA prays him sit, and prove
A little of those delicacies, which
Those of the Sett of EPI CURUS love.
The foaming Goblets with the Liquor rich,
Devis'd by NOAH, swell, their banks above.
The Pagan sits; but cannot Eat (he faith)
Truth is, it crost a precept of his Faith.

76.

The Trumpet (which in Peace doth represent
War, to the Fancy) rends the Ayre. In Thunder
The fired Diabolick-Instrument
Speaks audibly to it's infernal Founder.
The Pagan observes All: but (most intent
On the Defunct) seems to confine his wonder.
To those brave Deeds, which in a little Spheare
Are by Mute Poetry described there.

77.

He starts upon his Feet, with Him (betwixt
Whom, he was plac't both the DE GAMAS: and, from
VASCOS ride side COELLO. The MOOR fixt
His Eyes, upon the warlike Transcript dumb
Of an old man, who in his Face had mixt
Something divine, nor, till the World's one Tomb,
Shall ever dye. Clad in the Greekish mode.
A Bough in his right hand, what he was show'd.

78.

His right hand held a Bough — But O blind man
I! That (unwise, and rude) without your clew
(Nymphs of MONDEGO, and the Tagan Stran)
A course so long, so intricate, pursue.
I lanch into a boundless Ocean,
With Wind so contrary; that, unless you
Extend your favours, I have cause to think
My brittle Barke will in a moment sink.

79.

Behold how long, whilst I strain all my *pow'rs*
 Your *T a g u s* singing, and your *P O R T U G A L L E S* ;
 F O R T U N E (new Toyles presenting, and new Sow'rs)
 Through the *World* drags me at her *Charets-Tayle*):
 Sometimes committed to *Seas's* rolling Tow'r's,
 Sometimes to bloody dangers *Marscale* !

Thus I (like desperate *C A N A C E* of old)
 My *Pen* in *this*, my *Sword* in *that hand* hold.

80.

Now by declin'd and scorned *poverty*
 Degraded, at Another's Board to eat.
 Now (in possession of a Fortune high)
 Thrown back again, farther then ever yet.
 Now scapt, with my life onely, which hung by
 A single Thrid (ev'n *that* a load too great):
 That 'tis no less a wonder, I am here,
 Then J U D A's King's new lease of fifteen yeere.

81.

Nay more (*my Nymphs*) I thus being made an *Iſle*
 And *Rock of want* (furnded by *my Woes*)
 The same, whom I swam singing all that while,
 Gave me, for all my *Verses*, but course *Prose*.
 Instead of hoped *Rest* for long *Exile*,
 Of *Bays* to thatch my head (which bald now grows):
 Unworthy *scandals* they therein did hayle,
 Which laid me in a miserable *Jayle*.

82.

See, *Nymphs*, what learned Lords your *T a g u s* breeds !
 What *Patrons of good Arts* we live among !
 Are these the favors, and are these the *meeds*,
 For *Him* That makes them glorious with his *Song* ?
 What *Precedents* are these, what likely feeds
 To raise in future curious *W i t s* and strong,
 To register the *Acts* of all those men,
 That merit *Fame* from an *immortal Pen* ?

83.

Then in this *Flood of Ills* let it suffice
 That *your sole grace and favour* I obtain ;
 And chiefly *here*, where such Varieties
 Of honorable *deeds* I must explain.
 Give it me onely *yon* : For (by your *Eyes*)
 On any, that deserves it not, one grain
 'I will not spend : not flatter *D u x e s*, nor *K I N G S*,
 Pain of ungrateful to your *sacred springs*.

Nor

84.

Nor think, O *Nymphs*, I'll waste *your precious Fame*
 On *Him*, who to his *King* and *Country's* weal
 Prefers his *private interest* (The same
 Will from the *Throne*, yea from the *Altar*, steale).
 No, no *Ambitious man* shall hide his shame
 Under my *leaves*, who mounts, that he may deale
 More largely to his *L u n g s*, and exercise
 His *Office*, not, but his *impieties*.

85.

No man, That stalks with *popularity*,
 Thereby to catch the *Prey* he hath design'd :
 Who, with the erring *Vulgar* to comply,
 Changeth as oft as *P R O T H E U S*, or the *Wind*.
 Nor (*M u s E s*) fear, that ever sing will *I*
 Whom, with grave *Face*, grave *case*, grave *pace*, I find
 (To please the *King* in the new *Place* he's in)
 Fleece the poor *People* to the very skin.

86.

Nor *Him*, who finds it just (and so it is)
 The *King's* Laws should be kept in ev'ry thing :
 But does not find it just (and that's amis)
 To pay the sweat of *those* that serve the *King*.
 Nor *Him*, who *says his Book*, and thinks with *This*
 (Though *unexperienc't*) he hath wit to bring
 All to his *Rules* : and, with a niggard Hand,
 Rates services, he doth not understand.

87.

Those (and those *W O R T H I E S* onely) will *I sing*,
 Who their dear lives have ventur'd and laid down,
 First for their *G O D*, and after for their *K I N G* ;
 To be repaid with *use* in due renown.
 Help me *A P O L L O*, and the *Muses's Ring*,
 With doubled *R a g e* their Lawrell'd heads to crown :
 Whilst (almost tyr'd) *I here* take breath a while,
 So with fresh *Spirits* to renew my *Toyle*.

End of the seventh Canto.

Eighth Canto.

STANZA. 1.

ON the first *Figure* stuck the HAGAREN E,
Which in the waving Flag did come and go :
Upon a leavie stiffe it seem'd to leane,
With a long combed Beard, white as the snow.
Who this grave Warriour is, and what should meane
That same device he bears, he longs to know.

P A U L tells him : whose wise words which here insue,
M O N S A Y D E rendred, who both Idioms knew.

2.

These F I G U R E s all (which, moving, seem alive)
As fierce and warlike as they show, for here ;
By the bright fame that doth of them survive,
In truth, and fact, more fierce and warlike were.
They stand far off in time : Through perspective
Of clear W i t ' s yet, they doom both great and neer.
This thou now seest, is L u s u s , from whom *Fame*
Gives to our Kingdom L u s i t a n i a ' s name.

3.

He was that T H E B A N ' s Son, or else Comrade,
Who in so many Lands did Lawrels gaine.
Following the Wars (which he did make his Trade)
This L u s u s built at length a Nest in S P A I N E ,
With those delicious Fields so well apaid
(Th'Elysian once) 'twixt D w a r e , and G U A D I A N E s ;
That there he set up his long Rest. He gave
A Name, to Those ; and Those, to him, a Grave.

4.

The leavy stiffe (he bears for his Device)
The Thyrus is, That B A C C H U S self did bear ;
Which is to Us, a letter of Advice
And this was his own Son, or Friend as deare.
Seest Thou Another, who long Seas did slice
With wand'ring Keele, and Lands by T A G U S there,
Where he a Fane to P A L A S sacred calls,
And is the Author of eternal Walls ?

It is Ulysses : who that Temple founded
For Her with Eloquence his Tongue that guilded.
If he in A S I A here far T R O Y confounded,
In E U R O P E there great L i s b o n hath he builded.
Who may this other be, which dead and wounded
That sows the field (his sword with both hands weilded)
Death and Destruction on great Hosts that flings ;
Whete painted Eagles flye with true ones wings ?

6.

Thus said the Pagan. Thus replyes D E G A M E .
This, thou now seest, a keeper was of E w e s
(And know, that V I R I A T U S was his name)
But, better then a Hook, a Sword could use.
With this, he did affront the Roman F a m e ,
Invincible : nor F a m e once got, did loose.
No, R o m e had ne're with Him, nor shall (that's more)
That luck, with P Y R K H U S which she had before.

7.

By Valour not, but creeping treachery,
They rob'd him of his life. Why doest thou wonder ?
In desp'rate Cases M A G N A N I M I T Y
It self, doth teare it's proper laws in funder.
Behold A n o t h e r (for Indignity
Receiv'd) with Us that did his Countrey thunder !
To gain immortal Honour he chose well
With whom to do it, if he must rebell.

8.

With Us, behold, He likewise puts to flight
Those Birds that are the Favourites of J O V E !
So long ago, Nations of greatest might
Knew how to yield, when against ours they strove.
See with what wyle, and artificial slight,
Our People he to fight his Quarrel drove,
Th'inspiring Hind, that helpt him with Advice !
He, is S E R T O R I U S : she, is his D E V I C E .

9.

Behold that other Flag ! There painted, see,
Of our first Kings the great Progenitor !
We make him an H U N G A R I A N ; but, there bee,
That do affirm, he was a L O R R A I G N O R .
After that overcome the M O O R S had he,
G A L L E G O S , and the L B O N - W A R R I O R ,
Went holy H E N R Y to the Holy War :
To sanctifie the Trunk whence our Kings are.

10.

Surpriz'd with wonder, *who is this* (demands)
 Tell me, *who this is* (cryes the C A T U A L D)
 That doth, so many Troops, so many Bands,
 Destroy and scatter with a Force so small?
 So many Battles strikes with his own hands?
 With whose fierce Rams so many strong Tow'rs fall?
 That fights in blood up to the Saddle-bow,
 Whilst Flags and CROWNS fall at his feet like snow?

11.

'Tis first ALPHONSO (doth DE GAM E return)
 Who from the MOOR all PORTUGALL did take.
 FAME by the waters of black STYX hath sworn
 Ne're more to sing of ROMAN for his sake.
 He, lov'd of Heav'n, with love of Heav'n did burn;
 Whom GOD the scourge of MOORS (his Foes) did make:
 Their THrone and Walls broke down to let CHRIST in,
 And nothing left there for his HEYRS to win.

12.

Had CAESAR fought, had ALEXANDER GREAT,
 With such thin Troops, so slender, and so short,
 Against such num'rous Armies, as were beat
 By this brave King, of every kind, and sort:
 Believe't nor HE, nor HE, with JOVE had eat;
 Nor their proud FAMES made such a lowd report.
 But leave his Acts (too glorious to unfold!)
 His Vassails deeds are worthy to be told.

13.

This, whom thou seeft upon his pupil (broke)
 All patience lost, casting an angry Face;
 Bidding him rally up his scatt'red Folke,
 And turn again to justifie the place;
 Turns the young man, turns the old man That spoke,
 And turns with them the day in a small space:
 EGAS the name, which the brave old man hath,
 Tutor of MARKS, myrrour of Subjects faith.

14.

There, how he marcheth with his children, look,
 (Barefoot, and Ropes about their Necks) t'his end;
 Because the young man, as he undertook,
 To pay CASTELL low Homage could not bend!
 He rays'd the Seige with Craft, and Oaths he took,
 When vain were Arms the Rampire to defend.
 He pays the forfeit with his Babes, and Wife:
 And, to preserve his Master, gives his life.

Lefs

15.

Lefs did that CONSUL, who through folly was
 Caught at the CAUDINE GALLEWS in a Trap,
 When Him insulting SAMNITES forc't to pass
 Under that shameful yoke they there did clap.
 He, (brave and constant) did himself disgrace,
 To save his Army in so sad mishap:

This gives to shame, and death, himself, his dear
 CHILDREN, and guiltless spouse: the last goes neer.

16.

Seest thou this man, who from an AMBUSHADE
 Beats up a KING, besieging a Strong Town,
 The LEAGUER's rays'd, the KING his pris'ner made:
 A deed great MARKS could wish had been his own!
 See him again (now Head of an ARMADE)
 Massacring MOORS upon the watry DOWN!
 Boarding their GALLEYS, carrying clear away
 PORTUGAL's maiden VICTORY at SEA!

17.

It is DON FUAS ROUPINIO; on the LAND,
 And on the OCEAN, gaining equal FAME:
 Which from the fired GALLEYS (near the STRAND
 Of AVILA) shines glorious in their flame.
 See, how content he fails by the same HAND,
 The FORTUNE alter'd, but the CAUSE the same!
 Like PALME (deprest in vain) through shafts of MOORS
 His happy SOULE to HEAV'N triumphant soars.

18.

Seest thou not, landing there in strange Attire
 From a great NAVY, Troops auxiliar;
 Not without which, our first KING did acquire
 LISBON (their Prologue to the HOLY-WAR)!
 Of these, did HENRY (famous KNIGHT) expire.
 Behold Palms sprouting from his TOMB! They are
 CHRIST'S supernatural BADGE, for HIM to weare
 Who, born a GERMAN, dyed a MARTYR there.

19.

See a PRIEST brandish (not in vain) his Blade
 Against ARRONECHZ, with revenge sharp whet,
 To quit for LEYRIA, which they taken had
 Who couch the SPEARE in REST for MAHOMET!
 'Tis PRIOR TEUTON. — But, a SEIGE is laid
 To SANTAREN. Look, how SECURE, and GREAT,
 That FIGURE plants upon her scaled wall
 The ever-winning CINQUES of PORTUGAL!

Behold

20.

Behold once more (where S A N C H O overthrows
In a fierce war the A N D A L U S I A N M O O R E.)
He kills th' *Alferez* charging through the Foes,
And makes S E V I L I A 's Standard mat the floore.
M E M M O N I Z 'tis; (How like his Sire he shows,
The *phenix* of his Ashes?) worthy sure

The Royal Flag, and This; who his, did put
Up, with his Hand; the Foe's feld at his foot.

21.

See Him, that by his Lance descending slid
With the two Centenells's two heads by night,
To where he hath his men in ambush hid,
With whom he gains the Town by force and flight!
That takes for Arms the Knight, who take that did,
And the cold Heads in one hand of the Knight.

He, That atchiev'd this unexampled deed,
His name, is G E R R A R D: Surname, without dread.

22.

Doest thou not see a wrong'd C A S T I L I A N
By their ninth King A L P H O N S O (for old gall
To those of L A R A) to the M O O R S That ran,
Making himself a Foet to P O R T U G A L L:
A B R A N T E S with those Infidels he wan
With whom into our Countrey he did fall:
But a bold P O R T I N G A L L, with a small Force,
Here takes him pris'ner; routed Foot and Horse.

23.

D O N M A R T I N L O P E Z is the man, that crops
The Lawrels he was grasping. But behold
An Apostollick Warriour, That chops
For Lance of Steel his Crosiers staffe of gold!
See, how erect the stagg'ring minds he props!
How hot to fight the M O O R, his men grown cold!
Behold his Vision in auspicious skyes,
With which the few he has, he fortifies!

24.

Then S E V I L L 's King, and He of C O R D O U A,
With other two, Loe routed! Nor alone
Routed, but slain! The strength that got this Day,
Was not of Man: God claim'd it as his owne.
See now A L C A C E R hath no more to say,
Though, lin'd with steel, her Battlements of stone.
To M A T T H E W (L I S B O N 's Bishop) she submits:
Who Sprigs of Palme into his Miter knits.

Behold

29.

Behold a Master poud'ring from C A S T E L
(A P O R T I N G A L L by Birth) A L G A R V E S Land
How he does conquer, his devouring Steel
Incount'ring none that can the same withstand.
Strong Towns (by broad day scal'd) see, what they feel:
Such his good star, so certain is his Hand.

Big with Revenge (Loe!) T A V I L A he takes,
And makes it smart for the S E V 'N H U N T E R S's sakes.

30.

See, how of S Y L V E S Master he became
By Stratagem! (the M O O R paid dearer for't)
C O R R E A D O N P E L A Y O is his name,
In whom (to envy) Wit and Force confort.
But the P A Y R - R O Y A L thou o'restest of F A M E,
That did such Fears in French and Spanish Court.

By Fasts, and Tournaments, and Duels, there,
Immortal Lawrels they did win and weare.

31.

Loe, by the name of K N I G H T S A D V E N T U R E R S,
Into the Kingdom of C A S T E L they come;
Where, in B E L L O N A S sports, not one but beares
The prize away (they prove true jests to some)!
See, dead, the prow'd Castilian Cavaleers,
That challeng'd one of them by sound of drum!

R I V E R S G O N Z A G U E was He. Propt with his sword,
His Gyant-Fame did L E T H E 's River ford.

32.

Mark well that Knight, by F A M E so lov'd and sung,
That her old Theames are scorn'd, are out of date!
Of his dear Countrey, by one thrid that hung,
On his strong shoulders he sustayn'd the weight.
See, where (with Anger dide) a peale he rung
To a cowd People, and degenerate,
That they a stranger's yoake might from them fling,
And take the sweet one of their native King.

33.

See, through this Counsel, and his prowess too,
Guided by G O D, and his good star alone,
What was impossible in humane view,
The vast Castilian Army overthrown!
See, through his Valour, force, and care, a new
Cleer Victory (inferior unto none)

Over a People, fierce as num'rous, Here
'Twixt G U A D O A N A and G U A D A L Q U I R E N A

Seest

30.

Seest thou not There how almost routed is
 The Lusitanian Hoast, through the retreat
 Of this Religious Leader (whom they miss).
 Th' assistance of the Lord of Hoasts t'intreat?
 See, with pale haste he's now found out by his,
 Who tell him, there's no dealing with so great
 A Pow'r; that he himself would look thereto,
 And with his presence cheer his fainting Crew!

31.

But see, with what a holy carelessness
 He answers them; 'Tis yet too soon to goe:
 As who, by Faith, already did possess
 The Victory which GOD will staight bestow.
 POMPILIO thus (his Kingdom in distress
 By suddain inroad of a potent Foe)
 To Them That bring him the ill News, replies;
 And I (ye see) am offering sacrifice.

32.

What his name is thou long'st to know (I see)
 That with such boldnes on his GOD did seize:
 The LUSITANIAN SCIPIO it should bee,
 Were not a greater NUNIO ALVAREZ.
 O Countrey blest in such a son as He,
 Indeed thy Father! whilst SOL compasses
 This Globe of NEPTUNE, and of CERES yellow,
 To mourn again, thou ne're shalt own his fellow.

33.

Vigorous, see, in the same war, and cause,
 Another Captain of a squadron small!
 He routs Commendum'd Knights, and lays his paws
 On the great Prey they marcht away withal.
 See where his reeking Blade again he draws,
 Rescuing his Friend from Foes That lead him Thrall:
 His Friend, a martyr for his loyalty!
 PEDRO RODRIGUEZ LANDROAL was Hee.

34.

See yon Faith-breaker, paying an old score
 And the base pelfe he up at int'rest took!
 GIL-FERNAND-E-LVAS plays his Auditore,
 And with the Debtor's death crosses the Book.
 Here drowns, in their Castilian Owners gore,
 The SERRA-fields (their sacks they may go look).
 But see PEREYRA; who, like Lightning thrown
 Upon the foes Armada, shields his own!

Behold

35.

Behold, how poor seventeen of PORTUGAL
 (Upon a Mountain) brave resistance make
 Against four hundred of CASTREL, That wall
 Them in on ev'ry side, to sweep the Stake!
 But (to their cost) these find a crew so small
 More then Defendants in that bloody Wake.
 A deed deserving everlasting Rimes:
 Match it elsewhere, in old or modern Times.

36.

Of ours (I grant) three hundred did ingage
 And rout a thousand ROMANS, in that Time
 When VIRIATUS came upon the Stage,
 And his Fame lightned through each wond'ring Clime.
 Whence those, who follow'd him in that brave Age,
 Left to their Race this Legacie sublime,
 Never to fear a Foe for multitude:
 Which, that we do not, pretty well w'have shew'd.

37.

Two Princes here (PEDRO, and HENRY) see
 Generous Progenie of our first JOHNN!
 The one, forc'd FAME into HIGH GERMANIE
 To lacquay him (defrauding death of one):
 T'other, to trumpet HIM through the wide SEA
 For it's discov'rer; and (his Pen by thrown)
 Makes enter'd CBURA see on t'other side
 His Lance can prick the bladder of her Pride.

38.

Behold the Earle DON PEDRO, holding out
 Two Seiges, 'gainst the pow'r of BARBARIE!
 Behold another Earle, as strong, as stout,
 As MARK himself, and fam'd for Chevalrie!
 Who, not content (with Foes claspt round about)
 ALCAZBR to defend most gallantly,
 Of his KING too the pretious life defends;
 And (as his Bulwark there) his own expends.

39.

Many a FIGURB, in these Flags that wants,
 The PAINTER (truly) did to add intend,
 But Pencils he doth lack, lacks Oyle, and Paints:
 "Need, Honour, Favour, are Arts's Life, Nurse, Frend.
 The fault in our degenerating Plants
 From those high Trunks of which they do descend.
 Of Vanitie we see sufficient Flow'rs:

But where's the good Fruit of their Ancestours?

Y

Those

40.

Those truly noble Ancestors of theirs
 (From whom this swelling greatness had it's *Rise*)
 For V E R T U E's love, digested bitter Cares,
 And of their Houses to enhance the Price.
 Blind! to intake (with wealth) sloath on their Heirs
 (V E R T U E supplying jewel unto Vice)
 Disfig'ring them to boot: For, in this case,
 "The Founder's Glory is his Seed's disgrace.

41.

Others there are, with wealth, and Pow'r that flow
 Above their Banks; nor nobly born, nor faire.
 The fault of K I N G S: who on one Minion throw
 (Sometimes) more than a thousand worthier share.
 Of These wouldst thou behold the Pictures? No:
 It is a vanity their Friends can spare.
 Asmonstrous Creatures M Y R R O R S fly, or break:
 So these men hate the P R E C U R R E that doth speak.

42.

I not deny, but some (whom I could name)
 Deriv'd from great and worthy Ancestry;
 By high and honorable Parts proclaim,
 And correspond with, their nobility:
 Who, if the light of their Fore-Fathers Fame
 Their brighter Virtue do not clarify;
 Yet, keep it in they do. But, of this Crew,
 The P A I N T E R tells me there are very few.

43.

Thus P A U L D E G A M A blazons those great deeds
 Which there in various Ink are written faire;
 Which by a Master's hand (whose skill exceeds)
 In so clear Perspective there painted are.
 Th' intentive C A T U A L distinctly reads
 The History, as legible, as rare:
 A thousand times he askt, a thousand heard,
 The Battails delicate which there appear'd.

44.

But cleft was now the Sun's ambiguous light
 Between the one and t'other Hemisphere;
 In neither was it day, in neither night,
 But morning's twylight here, and Ev'nings there:
 When, from the warlike Ship, the F A V O U R I T E
 And noble N A Y R E S, to the City steer
 To court dull sleep; which breeds all living Things
 Of sable Night under the downy wings.

Meane

45.

Mean time the famous Augurs of the Land
 (Who falsly think, or so are thought at least,
 To see by magick all things beforehand
 In entrails of a sacrificed Beast)
 Do their black office, at the King's command,
 To scrutinize, what shall befall the E A S T
 By the arrival through the hansefull Maine,
 Of these unheard of Guests from unknown S P A I N E.

46.

Of Lyes the Father shews them here signes true;
 That a strong roake, which they should ne're remove,
 Their endles Bondage, shall, this People new,
 Their wealth's consumption, and their people's prove.
 The frightened A U G U R S with pale horror flew
 To tell the K I N G, that which infernal J O V E
 Made legible by their astonisht Eyes
 In the red letters of the Sacrifice.

47.

Confirming This, T'a Priest (a zealous one,
 And pillar of the Law of M A H O M E T,
 Whose Bosome with that Gall did over-run
 Wherewith both Seels against C H R I S T'S Law are set,
 In that false Prophet's shape, who from the Son
 Of Bond-mayd H A G A R did descend) the yet
 Inraged B A C C H U S, and who never cleers
 His filthy stomack, in a Dream appears.

48.

And, guard you, guard you, People mine (quoth He)
 From Ills provided for you by the Foe,
 That cuts a passage to you through the Sea:
 Guard you, before the danger neerer row.
 Th amazed M o o R starts from his Rest, to see
 Who gave him this alarm. Thinking tho,
 'Tis but a Dream (like common Dreams, in deep
 Of Night) returns into the Arms of sleep.

49.

B A C C H U S returns, and says. Knowst thou not (M O R E)
 The great Law-Giver, who the A L C O R A N
 Shew'd thy Fore-Fathers, without which Thy store
 Would fail, and half thy Flock be C H R I S T I A N?
 Rude, do I watch for Thee, and doest thou snore?
 Well, those white Guests (I'd have thee to know, than)
 Shall bring great damage to that Law, my Pen
 Deliver'd over unto stupid Men.

Y 2

Now,

50.
Now whilst this People's strength is not yet knit,
Think how ye may resist them by all ways.
For, when the *Sun* is in his *noonage* yit,
Upon his *morning* Beauty Men may gaze ;
But let him once up to his *Zenith* git,
He strikes them *blind* with his *Meridian Rays* :
So *blind* will ye be, if ye look not too't,
If ye permit these *Cedars* to take root.

51.
This said : both *he*, and *sleep*, vanish at once.
The *Moor* remains : rockt in his Bed with fright.
Th' infused *poison* working in his sconce,
He starts, and to his servants cryes a *light*.
When the new light (which doth precede the *sun's*)
Disclos'd it self *Angelical*, and *white* :
The *Chief* of that vile *Sect* he did convoke,
To whom his *Dreame* in every point he spoke.

52.
Then sev'ral, and cross Reasons they discourse ;
As they from *others*, or *themselves*, dissent.
Secret *way-layings*, open *Feast*, and *Force*,
And sev'ral ways of each they do invent.
But, when *those* seem'd too *fine*, and *these* too *course*,
To take a middle way is their intent.
To do *their* buis'nesh with *another's* Hand,
They mean to bribe the *Grandees* of the *Land*.

53.
With *Gold*, and other *Presents* underhand,
The *ruling men* they to their *Partie* gaine ;
Giving them *speciously* to understand,
These *Guests* will put a *period* to their *Raigne* :
That of lewd *Vagabonds* they are a *Band*,
Who, plying to and fro the *Western Mayne*,
Live on *Pyratrick spoyle*, without (in fine)
Or *KING*, or *LAW*, or *humane*, or *divine*.

54.
O how a *Perfect KING* it doth behove
To chuse his *FAVOURITES* and *COUNCILL* such
As are lin'd through with *VERITUDE*, and *her love* ;
As feel of *CONSCIENCE* a true *inward touch* !
For *He* (who in the *highest Orb* doth move)
Of things *remote* can onely have so much
Intelligence, whereby to judge, as *They*
That are his outward *Organs* will convey.

Nor

55.
'Nor ev'n on *VERITUDE* let him so much dote,
T'adore't in *picture*, or without *Controle*
T'employ't ; as some, who in a simple *Coat*
Have trust an *Hypocrite* (*a preying Foule*)
And, if a *Saint* indeed, hee'l speak by *rote*
In *worldly* matters : For the *Dove* like soule
Seeld with an *ANGEL'S Quill*, hath *Eyes* to find
The way to *Heav'n*, but to the *Earth* is blind.

56.
But *here*, these avaritious *CATHUALS*,
Who did that *Pagan-Kingdom* rule and sway,
Brib'd by *infernal* People to play false,
The *Portugal-Dispatches* did delay.
Now the wise *Leader* of the *PORTUGALS*,
Of all the *Indian Prince* can do, or say,
Caring for nothing back with him to bring
But news of this *discov'rie* to the King :

57.
In *this alone* takes pains. For well he knew,
When he should carry back *this news alone*,
That *Navies*, *Arms*, and *soldiers* would infuse
From *MANUEL*, who fills the *Regal Throne*,
With which to *CHRIST*, and *Him*, he would subdue
The *Globe of Earth*, and *Sea* : That *Himselfe's* one
Sent out but as a *Dove*, as a *Line* hurld,
To *spy*, and *sound*, this *OCEAN*, and this *WORLD*.

58.
Resolv'd he is, the *Pagan King* to find,
And pray *dispatch*, that he may take his leave ;
Which now he sees, those spightful People mind
(If *they* can help it) he shall ne're receive.
The *King*, who with suggestions of that kind
Was shook and startled you must needs conceave
(Too credulous to ev'ry *AUGUR*'s word,
Much more to *All*, and when the *MOORS* concurr'd) :

59.
Freez'd with this fear hath his ignoble *Brest*.
On t'other side the *sacred Thirst* of *Gaine*
(A *Vice* in *Him* that's *Paramount* the rest)
Kindles a fire which thaws that *Frost* againe.
For his *advantage* he sees manifest,
If he with *cleer intentions* entertaine,
And with *firm Actions* cherish, and pursue,
The *League* which *PORTUGAL* invites him to.

His

60.

His COUNCILL then commanded to attend,
He found no one that did in this comply :
Because on THOSE, who should their judgements spend,
Money had done it's office pow'rfully.
For the magnanimous Captain he doth send.
To whom (arriv'd) with a Majestick Eye ;
If, here, the pure and naked Truth, to me
Thou wilt confess ; I pardon thee (quoth He).

61.

I am assur'd, th' Ambassage thou hast done
To me in thy King's name, is merely coyn'd :
For that, nor King, nor Countrey doest thou own,
But (vagabonding) sayl'dst with ev'ry wind.
From farthest SPAIN's remotest Region
Would any King, or Prince (in his right mind)
A single ship much less a Navy send,
Through so incertain ways to the WORLD'S end ?

62.

And, if thy King support his Majesty
Which great and potent Realms, which he commands ;
Thy unknown Truth to prove and testifie,
What pretious presents knit this friendship's bands ?
" In - resents rich, in sumptuous Gifts and high,
" Kings speak their loves : Their Rhet'rick's in their Hands.
A Hand, that gives not Any falsifies :
Nor will a Sea-man's testing it suffice.

63.

If banisht from thy native soyle thou be
(As many a man hath been of great Renown)
Welcom, by JOVE, both to my Realms, and me :
" For to the Valiant ev'ry Land's his own.
Or if, a Pyrat, thou infest the Sea ;
Spare not through fear, or shame, to make that known :
" For in all times, a vital breath to draw,
" N E C E S S I T Y hath been exempt from Law.

64.

He said. D B GAMA (finding this new Face
Of Things, is from the greedy CATUALLS ;
Suborn'd, by ISHMAEL'S malicious Race,
The Royal Ear to poyon with things false)
With such a high assurance, as the Case
Requir'd, instead of fresh CREDENTIALS,
(Which VENUS ACIDALIA did inspire)
To his wise Breast (surcharged) thus gave fire.

65.

If the gilt Cup of LYES (which MAN betrayd
Out of his PARADISE) had not pledg'd bin
By our first Parents, and by them conveyd
From hand to hand through foul original sin ;
Till in the hand of M A H O M E T it stayd,
Who suckt the very dreggs that were therein :
Most mighty KING, thou never had'st receiv'd
This CALUMNY by that damn'd SECT conceiv'd.

66.

But, in as much as there's no good that's great
Done without great Contract ; and Actions tall
(For man his bread in his Brows sweat must eat.)
That stand on tiptoe, are tript at by ALL ;
Therefore they brand me for a Counterfeit,
Therefore doest thou my Truth in question call,
Although so clear, that see it needs thou must,
Didst thou not credit whom thou shouldst MISTRUST.

67.

For, if I liv'd by robbing on the SEA,
Or (wreck of FORTUNE) banisht my dear HOME ;
What need I go so far to seek my PREY ?
For unknown MANSIONS need I hither roam.
What gain, what hopes, could make me in this way
To tempt the fury of the waves that foam,
Antartick colds, Heats of the burning line,
Where ARIES hangs, the EQUINOXIAL sign ?

68.

If on great GIFTS of estimation high
The CREDIT due to me thou pin and cast ;
My comming now was onely to descry
Where NATURE hath thy ancient KINGDOME place :
But to my COUNTRY, and DREAD LEIGE, if I
Through FORTUNE's goodness get, long SEAS re-past ;
At my return I promise thee (O King)
That such CREDENTIALS never man did bring.

69.

If unto THEE an uncouth thing it show,
That, where her farthest ARM HESPERIA flings,
A KING should send me to thee, THOU should'st know
That nothing possible is hard to KINGS.
Then KINGS of PORTUGALS (if this be so)
May be allow'd, for spreading of their wings,
Something of greater, and of larger scope,
Then what is giv'n for common KINGS to hope.

70.
 Know, that for several Generations past,
 Our Kings have firmly purpos'd in their hearts,
 With all those Toyles and Dangers to contrast
 Wherewith Heroick deeds whole N A T U R E thwarts:
 And (Enemies to stanch) of th'O C E A N vast
 Piercing into the undiscover'd Parts,
 Aspir'd to know the end of it, and where
 The farthest Countrey, which it washes, were.

71.
 The worthy Project of the learned Branch
 Of that victorious King, who, to displant
 From his dear Nest, did through the Sea first lanch,
 Of A V I L A the last Inhabitant
 He joyning one unto another planch,
 (As far from Idle as from Ignorant.)
 Discover'd all those Parts, which lighted are
 By Argo, Hydra, th' Altar, and the Hare.

72.
 Gath'ring fresh courage then from the event,
 In that those first endeavours prov'd not vain,
 Discov'ring farther new Advent'ers went
 Successively the secrets of the Maine.
 Th'Inhabitants of A F F R I C K, That frequent
 Her S O U T H E R N C A P E, and never saw C H A R L S W A Y N,
 Were seen by These: leaving behind each Isle,
 And Continent, which Both the Tropicks broyle.

73.
 With this so high Resolve, and fixt therein,
 Our Nation quell'd, and triumpht over Chance:
 Till I, now ending what Those did begin,
 The farthest Piller in thy Realm advance.
 Breaking the Element of molten Tyn,
 Through horrid storms I lead to thee the Dance;
 From whom (to carry to my King) I ask
 Only a sign that I have done my Task.

74.
 This is Truth (King) For, for so doubtful gain
 So inconsiderable a Content,
 As (were it other) I could hope; so vain
 A lye, and formal, I would scorn t'invent.
 No, on the restless Bosome of the M A Y N,
 To set my Rest up, I would first consent
 Forever; and by Iyracy to get
 An unjust living out of others swet.

75.
 So that, O K I N G! if my great Veritie
 Thou hold (as 'tis) for single and sincere,
 Dispatch me to my Prince with brevitie,
 Hold me no longer from my Country deare.
 But if the scruple still remain in thee,
 Ponder the Reasons I have render'd Here;
 I lay them in thy piercing judgements scale
 Secure: "For great is truth, and will prevail."

76.
 The King markt all along the Confidence
 Which D E G A M E ev'n proved his discourse.
 A full assurance of his Innocence,
 A perfect credit did this speech inforce.
 He weighs the copious Words's magnificence,
 Th'autoritie with which they fetch their source:
 Thinks now the C A T U A L L deceived is;
 But He is bri'b'd: and so he thinks amiss,

77.
 Added to this, his avaritious Eye
 Upon the gainful Trade of P O R T U G A L L
 Makes him obey; and rather to comply
 With the brave Captain, then the Moorish gall.
 In short, he bids D E G A M A presently
 Get him aboard his Fleet; and, without all
 Suspect of harim, whatever Merchandise
 To send ashore to sell, or truck for Spice.

78.
 In fine, he bids him send of every thing
 That in Gangetick Kingdoms is not met;
 If ought that fits them from that Land he bring
 Where the Land ends begins the ocean great
 Now, from the awful presence of the King,
 Illustrious G A M A parteth; to intreat
 The C A T U A L L, That of the Ports had charge,
 (His Own from shore) to order him a Barge.

79.
 A Barge he prays from this illustrious Lord:
 But this is more, then he is well content
 (As ruminating mischief) to afford:
 Pretending this and that impediment.
 Yet (as in order to his going abord)
 Far from the Royal Court with Him he went,
 Where he (unnoted by the King) may write,
 To Avarice what malice did indite.

80.

He tells him, yonder afar off, that He
Hath imbarcation fitter for his turn ;
Or that to morrow it may better be,
If he till then his going will adjourn.
Now did abused G A M A plainly see,
By this put off unto another morn,
The great one too is in the Moorish plot :
Which t l that instant he suspected not.

81.

This C A T U A L was one (and first) of Those
That were corrupted by that crooked Sett :
And whom the S A M O R I M (that lov'd him) chose
Th Affairs of all his Empire to direct.
In Him alone those devils now repose.
To bring their plotted Treason to effect.
He (who consents to break his Master's faith)
Steps not an inch beside their chalked path.

82.

To be dispatcht D E G A M A begs, and prays,
But begs in vain, in vain he pray's lets fall :
Protests th' Embargue ; now will this please (he says)
The noble Successor of P E R I M A L .
Why these Impediments, why these delays,
When he should fetch the Goods of P O R T U G A L ?
Since, what commands the Sov'reign of a Land,
None hath authority to countermand.

83.

The bribed C A T U A L small reck'ning made
Of this Protest : rather in spightful mood
Some never-heard of Treason (to be waigh'd
Out of the Stygian dam) within did brood.
Or, how he may imbrew his cursed Blade
In those detested veins, confid'ring stood :
Or, how the Ships he may blow up, or burn.
That they may never into S P A I N return.

84.

That's it (ev'n that they never see S P A I N more)
For which the M o o r s infernal Fun'a bribe :
That so they may not wealthy I N D I A 's shore
Unto the King of P O R T U G A L describe.
In fine D E G A M A goes not : the R E G I D O R E
Forbids, in favour of that barb'rous Tribe.
Nor without his permission can it be :
For a stop laid on all the Boats had He.

85.

To all the Captain's importunities,
The Pagan bids him in a word, command
(For the more ready truck of Merchandise)
To have his ships brought close up to the Land.
It is the way of Thieves, and Enemies
(He says) at distance with their Fleets to stand.
"No sign so sure of one that ill intends
"As to suspect ill dealings from his Friends.

86.

Wife G A M A understood by half a word,
The Cause the C A T U A L did ne'er desire
To have the Ships, was, that with fire and Sword
He openly might wreake on them his Ire.
'Twas time (he thought) he now himself bestir'd,
That he assemble now his Wits intire.
His Fancy musters, to defeat all plots :
All things he fears, and all things counterplots.

87.

As of a Mirrour, the reflected light,
Of burnisht Steel, or Cristal without stain,
Which struck by S o l (as if in fell despight)
Strikes the next man it meets, or Thing again :
And (mov'd by nimble Hand of some young spright
About the House, who is in gamesome vain)
Skips on the Floor, the Roof, the Wall, the Chaire,
And has you here, and There, and ev'ry where.

88.

So shot the wav'ring Fancy to and fro
Of circumspect D E G A M A ; imagining
That possibly the Boats, C O B L I O
Might to the shore (as he had order'd) bring.
Back to the Navy (if that were) to row,
He sends to Him forthwith advertising ;
On Him, or That, lest ought attempted be
By the M o o r s cruel Infidelitie.

89.

Such should be All, who in war's Trade profound
Would imitate and match illustrious men,
Fly like the Needle all the Compas round,
First divine Dangers, and prevent them then,
With martial skill try ev'ry depth, and ground,
And for the Foe's one fence play shew Him ten ;
Believe all is, that may be : For (in briefe)
"To say, I thought is ugly in a C u i s s e .

90.

The M A L A B A R protests, that he shall rot
In prison, if he send not for the *ships*.
He (constant, and with noble *Anger* hot)
His haughty *menace* weighs not at two chips.
All, that base *malice* dares or *do*, or *plot*,
When her black trailing bowels forth she rips,
A lone heel bear, e're he will dis-ensure
His King's *Armada* which he hath secure.

91.

All that long *night*, and *part* he *there* was held
Of the *next day*, when to the S A M O R T M
He means again to go: but was withheld
By a strong *Guard* plac't in the entry dim.
The *Pagan* (seeing how he still rebell'd,
And fearing lest the *King* should punish *Him*
In case he knew, as know he must e're long,
If this restraint proceed, the barb'rous wrong)

92.

Bids him then send for, and expose to sale,
Not *some*, but *all* the *Merchandise* he brought,
That men may buy and truck in open scale:
"For where *free Trade* is barr'd there *war* is sought,
D E G A M A (though he pierce through this thin vaile
And plainly views the *Evil* of his *Thought*)
Consents thereto: because he well doth see
That with his *Goods* he buys his *libertie*.

93.

Th'agreement is, that *Boats* the *Pagan* find
Such as are fit to Land the *Merchandise*,
For to send *his* the *Captain* doth not mind
To be *embarqu'd*, or *sunk* by *Enemies*:
To fetch such *Spanish wares*, as *Vend* in Y N D,
Are soon dispatcht, the *Indian Almadies*.
The *Captain* to his Brother writes, to lade
The *Goods* with which his *Ransom* must be payd.

94.

Landed they are: which wondrously doth please
The C A T U A L's infamous *Avarice*:
Therewith doth D I E G O stay, and A L V A R E Z :
With pow'r to truck, or sell them at a price.
That *(more*, then K I N G, *Pray*'s, *Honor*, or *All* these,
Upon a soul infected with that *Vice*)
A *Bribe* can do, the *Pagan* hear doth show:
Who, for the *Goods* did let D E G A M A go.

For

95.

For *Those*, he lets *Him* go: before he quit
The *Pawn*, on which he now hath layd his hand,
Meaning a better penny thence to git
Then if he kept the *Captain* still on Land.
He (scapt out of the Trap) thinks it no wit
On t'other side, to come within command
Again: but (safely got aboard his *Fleet*)
In his own *Nest* takes sleeps secure, and sweet

96.

At leisure then he walks upon his *Decks*
To see what *Time* and *Patience* will bring forth.
No *Ruler* hath he *there* to make him vex:
Imperious, brib'd, without or *shame*, or *worth*.
Now let the judging *Reader* mark what *Rex*
The *Idol Gold* (which all the *World* ador'th)
Plays both in *poor* and *Rich*: by *Money*'s *Thurst*
All *Laws* and *Tyes* (*Divine*, and *Humane*) burst.

97.

Slain by the *Tracian King*, to seize a vast
Intrusted Treasure, P O L I D O R O was.
When stern A C R Y S I U S thought his *Daughter* fast,
A *Show'r* of gold did pierce a *Tow'r* of *Brass*.
The yellow *Bracelets* of the *Foes*, did cast
Such tempting beams on the T A R P E I A N L A S S,
That she, for *Those*, the *Tow'r* of R O M A unbarr'd:
Who brain'd her with the *Bribe* for a reward.

98.

This strongest *Forts* subverts, and overthrows:
Makes Kindred, Kindred; and Friends, Friends betray.
This noble-men ignobly doth dispose:
Delivers *Captains* to their *Foes* a Prey.
This blasts of pure *Virginitie* the Rose:
Trampling on *Fame* and *honour* by the way.
This bribes ev'n L I B R A L L A R T S (it's pow'r is such)
Makes J U D G B M E N T have no sight, C O N S C I E N C E no touch.

99.

This, in unheard of Sences *Text* doth take:
This makes and unmakes *Laws* in the same case:
This perjures *Subjects*, and This K I N G S doth make
Stoop to the *Lure*, like *Eagles* from their place.
Ev'n golden minds (of those That All forsake
For G O D) this *Antichimist* doth debase
To vilest mettle: with this *Diff'rence* though,
That still *These* glister with a *holy* show.

End of the eighth Canto.

Ninth Canto.

STANZA. I.

Long in the City the Two *Factors* lay,
Without dispatching off the *Merchandize*.
So many rubbs are scatter'd in their way
By the false *INFIDELS*, that no man buyes.
All, *These* design thereby, is to delay
INDIA's Discov'wers There (whom they call *spyes*)
Arriv'd till they the Fleet of *M E C H A* see,
With which this other overwhelm'd may be.

2.

At the far end o'th'*ERITHREAN SEA*
Where (calling it by his dear *Sister's name*)
The goodly *City of ARSINOE*
(Which afterwards to be call'd *S U S Z* came)
Was founded by *EGYPTIAN PTOLOME*,
The Port of *M E C H A* lies : which hath it's fame
From *M A H O M*'s superstitious *Lavatory*,
Promising *Heav'n* through watry *Purgatory*.

3.

GI'DDA the Port is call'd, in which did meet
The *Trade* of that *RED SEA* and flourisht most :
The *Gain* whereof was not a little sweet
To *E G Y P T*'s *Soldan* who then rul'd that *Coast*.
From hence to *M A L A B A R* a warlike *Fleet*
Of *INFIDELS* the *Indian Ocean* crost
Each yeer; in that *EMPORIUM* to find
Health-giving *Drags*, and *Spices* of each kind.

4.

The *Ships* expected by the *Moors*, are *These*,
With which (not onely great, but built for *Fight*)
Them, who supplant their *Traffick* in those Seas,
To wrap and burn in crackling flames and bright.
In this Sure *Card* themselves they so much please,
That, all they wish to gorge their *Appetite*,
Is, that the *Strangers* will but stay so long
Till from fam'd *M E C H A* come this *Navy* strong.

But

5.

But the **G R E A T G O V E R N O R** of *Heav'n* and *Earth*
(Who, for what *He* before all Time did doom,
Likewise decreed fit means, which to the birth
Should bring the same when the full Time should come)
Kindled unlikely love on the cold *Hearth*
Of a **M O O R**'s breast (**M O N S A Y D E S**) sending whom
Before, *He* to **D E G A M A** gave advice
Of *All*, and for his payns had **P A R A D I C E**.

6.

This man (of whom the **MOOR**s had no suspition,
Being *one* himself, but on the contrary
To all their secret *junta's* gave admission)
Did to the *Captain* this *foule play* descry.
He visits oft the *Fleet*, and repetition
Makes of his visits oft, though far it lye:
To heart he lays the danger it is in,
Through the black *Project* of the **S A R A C I N**.

7.

He tells the cautious **G A M A** of the *Fleet*.
Which from **A R A B I A N M E C H A** comes each yeere.
And how those Coun'rey men do thirst to see t,
As a surc *Engin* to destroy him there.
That it comes stuft with *Soldiers*, and in *It*
Doth horrid *Thunderbolts* of **V U L C A N** beare:
So that consid'ring, how his own is brosh't.
It may thereby be overpowr'd and crusht.

8:

D E G A M A, besides *this*, considering
That now the time it self calls him away;
And that for better answer from the *King*
(Who loves the **MOORS**) he may till doomsday stay:
Sends one ashore, the *Factors* summoning
To come aboard forthwith; and, lest that *They*
Be stopt, if their intent perceiv'd should be ;
Commands them do it with all secrerie.

9.

But long it was not e're a rumour went
(And it fell out to be a rumour true)
That the two *Factors* were to prison sent,
'Cause from the *City* they by stealth withdrew.
The *Captain*, seeing which way the world went,
Seiz'd (by *Reprisal*) without more ado
Some, That were then aboard his *ship*, lin'd well
With *Precious Stones* which they desir'd to sell.

10.
 Grave *Citizens*, and wealthy were *These* all ;
 Well known, and well allide in *C A L I C U T* :
 Therefore, to see them bound for *P O R T U G A L I*,
 Into an *uproare* did the *City* put.
 For streight to work the sturdy *Sea-men* fall :
 The *Capstone* roles, their *sev'ral* strengths set to't
 In *sev'ral* manners : some the *Cable* halling,
 With the *Bar* others their hard *bosoms* galling.

11.
 This, hangs by the *main-yard* ; and now untyes
 The flowing *Saile*, with a great *cry* displayd :
 When to the *S A M O R I M* with greater *cryes*
 Is told how hastily the *C A P T A I N* waigh'd.
 Their *Wives* and *Children* (trust up in this wife
 That are) a noyse, as they were murther'd made
 In the *K I N G*'s hearing ; screaming they should lose,
 These their dear *Fathers* : their deare *Husbands*, Those.

12.
 The *Lusitanian Merchants* ; with the *Ware*,
 (There's no delaying) freely he remands,
 Although thereat the *M o o r s* do stamp and stare,
 Or else his own must visit uncouth Lands.
 With all *excuses*, to make things look faire,
 Sends to his King. *D E G A M E* (who understands
 The *Restitution*, better then the *Cringe*)
 Returns some *B L A C K S*, and gives the *ships* their swinge.

13.
 He *coasts* it homewards, fully satisfy'de
 That he in vain solicits with that King
 A *peace* and *friendship*, to be ratify'de
 By mutual *Trade*, as he propos'd the thing.
 But, having now that noble Land descry'de
 Which lay much hid under the *Morning*'s wing,
 For his deare *Country* with this *news* is bound :
 Carrying sure *signes* of that which he hath found.

14.
 He carries *M A L A B A R S*, retain'd by Him
 Perforce, of Thoſe, who the ſtopt *Factors* brought
 Aboard from the inforced *S A M O R I M*.
 He carries burning *Pepper*, which he brought ;
Nutmegs (the whichtheir own dry'de flow'r's up trim)
 From *B A N D A* ; the black *Clove* (for which is sought
 M O L U C O's *I S L E*) and *Cinnamon*, throughwhich
 C E Y L A N is noble, beautiful, and rich.

All

15.
 All *these* provided by the diligence
 Of good *M O N S A Y D E*, whom he carries too :
 Who fir'd with *Evangelick* influence
 To have his name writ in *C H R I S T*'s book doth sue.
 O happy *A F F R I C A N* ! whom *P R O V I D E N C E*
D I V I N E, out of *infernal* darkness drew,
 And, so far from thy *Country*, found a way
 To thy true *Country* to reduce thee, stray.

16.
 Thus vanish from the spicy *Territory*
 The happy *ships*, whose *Prows* directly stand
 O f *G O O D H O P E* pointing at *T H E P R O M O N T O R Y*
 (*South-Bound* of *N A T U R E* fixt by her own Hand);
 Bearing the evidence and welcom story
 To *L I S B O N* of the *oriental Land* :
 Once more committed to the rude annoy
 Of *Seas* uncertain betwixt fear and joy.

17.
 That they are going to their *Country* deare,
 To their dear *Parents*, and *Aboards* at last,
 To tell their wond'rous *Navigation*, there,
 The various *Nations* seen, and *Dangers* past ;
 That now the *Harvest* of their *Toyles* is neare,
 The *Fruits* of their *Adventure* ripe to taſt ;
 Is ſuch a joy as cannot be expreſſe
 By their faint *Tongue* pent in their narrow *Breſt*.

18.
 But *C Y P R U S*'s *Queen*, who by the *King* of *H E A V N*
 Was made the *L U S I T A N I A N*'s *Patroness*,
 And for a *Guardian Angel* to them giv'n,
 To whom ſhe many yeers hath prov'd no leſs ;
 Glory, for which they have ſo bravely ſtriv'n,
 Amends for their ſo well indur'd diſtreſs,
 Means them by way of *earnest* beforehand,
 And in ſad *Seas* the *Pleasures* of the *Land*.

19.
 Having a while revolved in her thought
 The world of *Sea* which they have back to paſſ,
 The world of *Woes*, that God on them had brought
 In *A M P H I O N I A N* *T H E B E S* twice-born that was !
 It is her purpose, joys, ſo dearly bought
 With *Griefs*, to fill them in an ample glass ;
 To cook them ſome *delights*, find them ſome neſt,
 Where in the rolling *Empire* they may reſt.

Aa

20.

In fine an *Inn* of pleasure by the way
To bait and strengthen tyr'd *Humanity* :
To give her gallant *Sea-men* (not their *Pay*,
But) the use here of fair *E T H R N I T Y*.
She means to tell't her *Son*, and well she may ;
For, with his *shafts* it is, she makes the *high*
G O D S, stoop to the *base ground* : and, with his *fire*,
Unworthy mortals to bright *Heav'n* aspire.

21.

This well digested, she resolves in fine
There, in the middle of the *briny frost*,
To have in readiness an *Isle* Divine,
With flow'r's on green inameld and imbold :
For she hath many in those *Seas*, which joyne
To that *blest Land* which our *first mother* lost ;
Besides those sweet ones in the *Midland Seas*,
Impounded by the Gates of *H E R C U L E S*.

22.

There will she have th' *Aquatick maids* prepare
To these rare men their graces to impart ;
All that are honor'd with the name of *Faire*
(The *glory* of the *Eye*, *Baze* of the *Hearts*)
With *Balls*, and *Banquets blithe* and *debonayre* :
For she inspires into their brests the dart
Of secret love, that they with all their might
Of their *Gallants* may study the delight.

23.

Such once her *Project*, for the man she bare
To *T R O Y*'s *A N C H I S E S* neer to *S I M O I S*'s flood ;
To get him *welcome* in that *City* fair
Which in the compass of an *Oxe-hide* stood.
Her *boy* she seeks (for, without *Him*, her rare
Beauty is nothing) *C U P I D* giv'n to blood :
That, as to *Him* of *yore* she recommends
Her *saying son*, so now, her *saying Frends*.

24.

She yoaks those *Birds* unto her Coach of gold
Which sing their own sad *Dirge* with long white necks :
And those, into the which was turn'd of old
P E R I S T E R A, That gather'd flow'r's by pecks.
The flying Goddess These in Rings enfold,
Exchanging kisses with lascivious Beaks.
She, where she passes, makes the *Wind* to lye
With gentle motion, and serenes the *skye*.

Over

25.

Over *Idalian Mountains* now she hung,
The *winged Boy* residing in that Land,
To get an *Army* up of *Bow-men* young.
For a great *War* which he hath then in hand
Against the rebel *W O R L D* ; where late have sprung
Much *Weeds*, as he is giv'n to understand :
Loving those things, wherewith 'tis richly stor'd,
To be made use of, not to be ador'd.

26.

He sees *A c t r o n* hunting, so inclin'd
To that mad *sport*, and brutal *exercise*,
That a deform'd *wild-beast* to follow (blind)
The *Beauty* of a *humane Face* he flyes :
And (to torment him with a *Fair Unkind*)
Shews stript *D I A N A* to his gazing eyes.
Now, let him take good heed he do not prove
A Prey, ev'n to those *Hounds* he doth so love.

27.

He sees the *great ones* of each Land, that none
Have *Publike Good* so much as in their *Eye* :
Sees they love nothing but themselves alone ;
Which is part *Intrest*, and part *Philautye*.
Courtiers he sees (men That besiege a *Throne*)
How for true *Doctrine* they vent *Flattery*.
'Tis husbandry *these* like not in a *King*
To weed the *Flow'r's* out of his *Corn* in *Spring*.

28.

He sees, how *Those* that owe a *vowed love*
To *Povertie*, and *Charitie* to *Men*,
Love Riches onely, and to floate Above,
Pretending *justice*, and a *Conscience* clean.
They tell the *People*, what doth *Them* behove ;
O B D I E N C E, in the *deed*, the *Tongue*, the *Pen*.
Laws they set up in favour of the *C R O W N*,
Laws in the *People's* favour they pull down.

29.

He sees, in fine, none love that which they should
But onely what complies with some vain lust :
Therefore his hands can be no longer hold
From *punishments* that may be *sharp*, yet *just*.
His *Captains* prickt, his *Soldiers* are inrol'd
Fit for a *War* which undertake be must,
With the misgovern'd *World* : whereby to quell
All that persist against him to rebel.

A 3 2

30.

*Swarms of these little Hov'ers (newly flown)
At several works, busie as Bees, are all:
Some whetting Arrow-Heads on bloody Hone,
Others the shafts of Arrows shaving small.
Working they sing, and sing of love alone,
And then that Love it is Seraphical:
In Parts; and in the burthen all do joyne;
The Ditty excellent, the Tune Divine.*

31.

*On the immortal Anviles (where their Arts
They use, the steeled points to forge, and fit)
Instead of Embers there are burning Hearts,
Which bring their Bellows with them (panting yit):
The streams, with which they temper their steel'd darts,
Tears, which from miserable Lov'rs flit:
The sparckling flame, the never quenched fire,
(Which burns, and not consumes them) is desire.*

32.

*Some of these Archers exercise their Hand
On the hard Bosomes of the Vulgar rude;
The bor'd Ayre his't (by this we understand
The sighthings of the wounded multitude);
For Surgeons, Nymphs to Cure them ready stand,
With Sov'reign Vertue to this end indu'd:
Who, to the Hurt not onely life can give,
But make, ev'n them that ne're were born to live.*

33.

*Some of these Nymphs are faire, and some are not;
According to the Nature of the Wound:
Into the blood if once the Taint be got,
Oft ugly Treacle gives the Patient sound.
There are, whom Spells and Philters do besot;
Nay'd to their Seats, they wiss not how and bound:
Where this is, Lov'e hath us'd against fraile Hearts
Unlawful weapons, shooting poys'nd darts.*

34.

*From these raw Soldiers, out of ranke and life,
A thousand rash, and fenceless Darts are sped:
A thousand fenceless loves are born the while
In the low People, to be pittied.
Ev'n amongst Those in highest Formes, of vyle
And horrid Lov'e are thousand patterns read:
BIBLIS, and MYRR'A, for one sex; for t'other,
Th'ASSYRIAN SON, and the JUDEAN BROTHER.
And*

35.

*And you (Great Lords) by Shepherdesse meane
Under the yoke of L O V E have oft been brought,
And you (great Ladies) with rude Clowns uncleane
In VULCAN's subtle Nets have oft been caught:
Some, watching the dim fall of the Serene;
Some, pitchie Night, o're Tiles, or Walls to vault.
Though for these fordid fires (if right we did)
More then the Son the Mother should be chid.*

36.

*But the swift Coach now softly on the Green
The white Swans (ballanc't in their Harness) put;
On which DIONE (in whose Cheek is seen
The Snow-mixt Rose) sets light her milky foot.
The Archer meets her with a jocund meen
Who shoots at H E A V'N, and doth not miss the Bus.
With Him in Squadron his S U B - C U P I D S move,
To do their Homage to the Q U A N O F L O V E.*

37.

*She (not to spend the pretious time in vain)
Snatching her Child up, confidently said;
Dear Son, in whom, and whose strong Arms, Iaign;
And the Foundations of my Pow'r are laid;
Son, in whom all my strengths always remain;
Who feard it not Them; That made great Jov'e afraid;
I have a special bus'nes to be done,
In which I greatly need thy pow'r my Son.*

38.

*The LUSITANIANS, harast out, behold!
Who are my Care of long Antiquity;
Because my Friends (the Fates) to me had told,
Where're They go, my worshipt name should fly.
And, for they imitate my ROMANS old
In all Heroick Actions, therefore I
Resolve, for them to do a Guardian's duty,
And raise the Posse of the Realm of Beauty.*

39.

*And, since the malice of the God of Wine
Spun them new troubles upon Indian-ground,
When from the turies of the swelling Brine
They crope out weather-beaten, and half-drown'd;
Therefore in middle of the Sea (in fine)
Which they their bitter enemies have found,
And neer that INDIA, I would have them breathe,
And of their Labours the first-fruits receive.*

40.

As wanton *Fishes* then therein are strook,
So do *Thou* strike the fair **N E R E I D E S** ;
That on these **L U S I T A N I A N S** they may look
With *amorous* eyes, who carry home the Keys
Of their discover'd World. Sick with the Hook
Let them on shore an *Isle* ; an *Isle* (in *Seas*
Immense) which *I* have deckt with all the Flow'rs
Or **Z E P H Y R U S** breathes, out; or **F L O R A**, pow'rs.

41.

There with a thousand *dishes* delicate,
With oderiferous *Wines*, and *Roses* sweet,
In crystal *Palaces* immaculate,
In *lillie sheets* (they whiter then the sheet)
In fine with thousand joys past Vulgar rate,
Let the obliging *Nympbs* their *Heroes* meet
(wounded with *love*) and yield up *Nature's* treasure,
To be all ranfackt at the *Victor's* pleasure.

42.

In **N E P T U N E**'s *Realm* (to which I owe my birth)
A fair and manly *Off-spring* would I have ;
To serve for *pattern* to the Bastard-Earth,
Which with rebellious Heart thy *pow'r* doth brave :
That men may know, From *Thee*, the Foe of mirth
Hypocrise, nor *walls of brass* can save.
Ill can it be resisted on the *Land*,
If in the *Sea* burn thy immortal *Brand*.

43.

She had not ended when the *Wag* her Son
Prepares himself to do as he was told :
Calls for his *Iv'ry Bow*, ingrav'd upon,
Whose *Arrow-points* are tagg'd with heads of *Gold*.
Ravish't with joy the **C Y P R I A N P A R R A G O N**
Sets the *Boy* by her, in her Coach, which troll'd,
The rains enlarged to those *Birds*, whose *Song*
The death of **P H A E T H O N** laments so long.

44.

But we do want a certain necessary
Woman, to broke between them **C U P I D** said ;
Whom, though to *Him* she had been oft contrary,
Yet, of his side, he had as often made :
Rash Boaster, who both *Lyres* and *Truths* doth carry,
Sister to *Them* that did the *Gods* invade,
Who with a *thousand Tongues* spreads where she flyes,
That which she saw but with a *hundred eyes*.

Her

45.

Her find they out, and make her go before :
Who with a ratling *Trumpet* doth proclaim
The *Praises* of the *Navigators* more
Then of all else she e're vouchsaft to name.
Now in the hollows of the *Rocks* did roare,
And the hoarse *Waves*, the piercing voice of **F A M E**.
Truth she relates, and *Truth* esteem'd to be,
For with the *Goddess* went **C R E D U L I T I E**.

46.

Brib'd with this *Praise*, this excellent *Report*,
The *Gods* (whom **B A C C H U S** so inflam'd had erst
Against these gallant men, in **N E P T U N E**'s *Court*)
With passion for them are a little pierc't.
The *female Breasts* (that quit with less effort
The prejudices they receiv'd at first)
Now call it an ill *Zeale*, a *cruel mind*,
Which to such *Virtue* made them prove unkind.

47.

The bloody *Boy* strikes while the *Iron*'s hot.
Shafts, follow shafts, the *Sea* roares with his shoots.
Some, through the fickle *Waves* point blanck are shot :
Some, hit on *Rocks* ; nor, to be rocks, it boots.
Down drop the *Nympbs*, each hath her deaths wound got,
All dart out burning *sighs* from their heart-Roots ;
No *Face* yet seen: " For Shafts, which **L o v e** lets flye,
" Kill in the *Eare* as sure as in the *Eye*.

48.

With doubled force the *Lad*, that tam'd was never,
Makes the two *horns* meet of his *Iv'ry Moon*.
More, then of *All*, he aims at **T H E T Y S**'s Liver :
For more then *All* hath she against him done.
Now not one *shaft* is left in *all* his *Quiver*,
In all the *Sea* **N Y M P H** left alive not one:
Or if (being hurt) they *live*, it is for *This*,
That they may feel how sweet such *dying* is.

49.

Make room, ye azure Billows of the **D E E P** :
Loe ! **V E N U S** comes, and brings the *Med'cine* with her !
The pregnant *Sayles* on **N E P T U N E**'s surface creep ,
Like her own *Swans*, in *Gate*, *out-chest*, and *Fether*.
That their *desires* like *equal pace* may keep,
And neither to great **L o v e** complain of either,
The *Mens* bold fires shall preschaste **H Y M E N S** bands;
The *Female-Blush* do **BEAUTIE**'s *QUEEN*'s commands.

All

50.

All the faire *Qaire* of the ~~N~~^R RIDES
 Is now prepar'd, and in a lofty Dance
 (After their loving custome) through the *Seas*
 To th' Isle by VENUS shew'd, at once advance.
 The skilful Goddess there erudiates These
 In all she did, when LOV^E her Breasts did lance.
They, whom the Son had conquer'd, are not nice
 To listen to the Mother's sweet advice.

51.

The lofty ships went cutting the vast Sea
 In their long Voyage to their Country deare,
 Least that, they had, should fail them by the way,
 Prolling about for water fresh, and cleare.
 When (to their suddain joy) at break of day
 Th'inamour'd Isle doth to them All appeare.)
 Streight M^EM^NO^N's mother, delicate and faire,
 Spread all her sweetnes through the purged Ayre.

52.

They see Aloofe the Island fresh, and green,
 Which VENUS carries floating on the Main,
 Just as the Wind does their white sayles; and seen
 The ships are from the Isle too, but not plain.
 For, left by Them o'reshot it should have been,
 Making her Wish, and Preparations, vain;
 (What cannot VENUS ACCIDALIA do?
 She mov'd it plum in the Armada's view.

53.

But fixt it; when she saw, They saw, and sought
 The Island with their Keels: so, on the Floods
 Was DELOS fixt, when forth LATONA brought
 APOLLO, and the GODDESS OF THE WOODS.
 Thither through sliced Seas their way they wrought
 Where a calm Bay the crooking shore includes,
 Whose glis'ning Sands with interfused vains
 Of purple Cockles CYTHERA stains.

54.

Three goodly Mountains with a graceful pride
 Thrust their majestick Heads into the Ayre
 (With green imbroydred Hangings beautify'de)
 In this gay Isle delicious, fresh, and faire.
 From their three Tops three crystal Springs did glide,
 Lacing the Liv'ry their rich Margents ware.
 Jumping on Pebbles while their Crystals brake:
 Such Musick never Water-works did make.

In

55.

In a pure Valley which those Hills divides,
 As by appointment the three Currents meet,
 Shaping a Table with proportion'd sides,
 Broad, and beyond imagination, sweet.
 A Frenge of Trees hangs over it, and prides
 It self, in so clear Glas it self to greet:
 Now pranks its locks therein, and now retires,
 Now looks again, and its own form admires.

56.

A thousand gallant Trees to Heav'n up-shoot
 With Apples, odoriferous, and faire:
 The Orange-tree hath in her slighty fruit
 The colour DAPHNE boasted in her Haire:
 The Citron-tree bends almost to her Root
 Under the yellow burthen which she bare:
 The goodly Lemmons with their button-Caps,
 Hang imitating Virgins fragrant Paps.

57.

The savage-trees (That doe the Forest there
 With leavie-Haire innoble and adorn)
 Are, Poplars of ALCIDES; Laurels, deare
 In vain unto the GOLDUN GOD UNSHORN,
 Myrtles of VENUS; the proud Pine severe,
 That CYBELL for meaneer love did scorn.
 The speared Cypress, from this vale of Vice,
 Stands pointing at CELESTIAL PARADICE:

58.

The fruit POMONA gives, NATUR^E bestowes
 Her lib'rally, and in the kinds all good;
 Better then elsewhere it in Gardens growes,
 'Tis heer undrest, unplanted in the Wood;
 The Cherry, that begs outside from the Rose;
 The Mulberry, stain'd with true-Lovers blood;
 The Peach, translated from its Mother-sole
 In PERSIA, and made better by Exile.

59.

Th'ingenuous Pomgranat shews his Heart,
 With which Thou, Rubie, losest thy esteem:
 From her lov'd Elme the Vine doth not depart,
 Her Clusters loading Him, some red, some green:
 And, Pear pyramidall, if loth thou art
 To dye before thy time, hide thee between
 The Leaves; for to anticipate thy Fate
 Ten thousand feather'd-Minstrels lye in waite.

B b

60.

The fine and noble *Carpets* then (which there
Lye to be trod on by the meanest Plant)
Make those of *P E R S I A*, *courſe*; and *pleasanter*
These of the gloomy Valley *All* will grant.
N A R C I S S U S, there, over the water cleere
Hangs his sick head, who what he had, did want.
There flaunts the *Grand-child-Son* of *C Y N A R A S*,
For whom Thou, *P A P H I A N Q U E E N*, cry'st yet, *alus!*

61.

It was not easie to be understood
(The self-same *colours* seen in *Skyes*, and *Bow'r's*)
Whether *A U R O R A* lent the *Flowers* blood,
Or borrowed *complexion* of the *Flow'r's*
There, *Z I P H Y R U S* and *F L O R A* painting stood
The *Vi'let*, with the *Pale* of *Paramours*;
The *Flow'r-de-lis*, with *blew*; the lovely *Rose*,
Just *suck*, as in a *Virgin's* cheek it blows.

62.

The *Lilly*, white; in whose pure snow the print
Sits of the *Morning's* Tears: and *Marjoram*:
The doleful *ay*, read in the *Hyacint*;
A Flow'r L A T O N A's son loves for the name.
F L O R A bets high *P O M O N A* knows no stint;
She Vyes with *Flow'r's*, with *Fruits* This sees the *Game*:
Nor *Flow'r's*, and *Fruits*, are *All* that place affords;
The Earth hath *Beasts* besides, and the Ayre *Birds*.

63.

Along the *Lake* the snowy *Swan* did sing,
Him P H I L O M E L A answers from a *Bongh*;
A C T E O N drinks out of the crystal *Spring*,
Nor fears the shadow of his *horned Brow*.
Here the close *Hare* (to whom her fear gives wing)
Starts from her *Form*; or, from a *Brake* the *Row*:
The wanton *Sparrow*, there, to his dear *Nest*
Bears in his *Bill* the little *Chirpers* feast.

64.

The *second A R C O N A U T* now disembarke
From the tall *ships* into an *E D E N* green.
There, in this *Isle*, this *Forest*, or this *Parke*,
The fair *Nymphs* hide, with purpose to be seen.
Some touch the grave *Theorba* in shades darke,
Some the sweet *Lute*, and gentle *Violeen*:
Others with golden *Cross-bows* make a show
To *bunt* the *Bruits*, but do not *bunt* them though.

Thus

65.

Thus counsell'd them *their Mistres*, and her *Art's*:
That so, the more their own desires they Master,
And seem a flying prey to their sweethearts,
It might make *them* to follow on the faster.
Some (who are *Conſcious* that their *skins* have *darts*),
And put their trust in *naked Alabaster*
Bathe in *Diaphane* streams, their *Roabs* by-thrown,
And ask no *Ornament*, but what's their own.

66.

But the bold *Striplings* setting on the sand
Their nimble feet, which long'd to touch the ground.
(For not a man of them but came a land
To see what *Savage Game* might there be found)
Dreamt not to finde Game ready to their hand,
In that sweet *Foreſt* (without snare, or Hound)
So *Debonayre*, so tender, so benigne,
As was *there* hurt by means of *E R I C I N E*.

67.

Some (who with *Guns* and *Cross-bows* make account
The *Royal Stag*, and *Lordly Buck*, to slay)
Through the sharp *Bushes* resolutely mount,
And lofty *Foreſt*; where no *Foot-path* lay.
Others in Shades (which *P H E B U S*'s *Arrows* blunt)
Walking, or resting, while the *Heats* away
By those sweet *Brooks*, which (stumbling as they past
Over white *Peebles*) to the *Sea* did hast.

68.

When suddainly, thorow the *Green-wood* leaves,
Variety of *Colours* they descry;
Colours, which soon the judging eye perceives
Are not of *Roses*, or fresh *Flow'r's* the *dye*:
But, of fine *wool*; or *That*, the rich *worm* weaves:
Of which *L o v e* makes his *Lure*, and *Sawces* high;
Of which their *Garments* *Humane Roses* make,
To make the *Bird* sell for the *Feathers* sake.

69.

Amaz'd V E L O S O with a lowd voice try'd;
Strange *Game* (my masters) in this *Forest* rise:
The ancient *Poets Tales* are verify'd,
And this *Isle* s sacred to the *D E I T I E S*.
Nay, what to *humane-fancy* is deny'd
To hope, or comprehend, see with your *Eyes*!
And see, what *wonders*, what great *blessings* then,
The *world* and *Nature* hide from *vulgar men*!

70.

Chase we these Goddesses ; it shall be seen
If they be Real or Fantastical.
This said (more swift then Bucks o're Pastures green)
Through the rough Brakes and Woods darted they All.
The Nymphs went flying the thick boughs between,
Yet not so Swift, as Artificial.
Skreeking, and laughing softly in the close,
They let the Greyhounds gain upon the Does.

71.

One's golden Tresses up the wind did blow,
The light coats of Another as she fled :
The desire, kindled by the naked Snow,
Upon the dainty Prospect (greedy) fed.
This falls on purpose, and whilst she doth go
To rise (with kindness, more then Anger, red)
He that pursues, falls over her ; like one
That rubs the Mistress when his Bowle is gone.

72.

Others (who Game in other Parts did seek)
Chop on the Goddesses that bathing were.
These suddenly begin a fearful shreek
As if they wonder'd to see Mortals there.
Some (sliding through the Laund their Bodies sleek,
As who should say ; shame less, then force We fear)
Scud to the Cops, exposing to the Eye
What to the greedy Hand they did deny.

73.

There is, That (hiding with a Veile of Glass
(D I A N A-like) if not her Lims, her blushes)
Sinks where she stands : There is, That (on the grass
Snatching her Cloaths that lye) shoots through the Rushes.
Amongst the Rest, an eager Lad there was,
Rayments and all, into the Bath that brushes
(For, whilst he stript, he feard to lose the Game)
To quench in water his tormenting flame.

74.

As a rough Water-dog, to fetch and seek
That's us d, and wait upon his Master's gun,
Seeing him lay the Steel-Cane to his Cheek,
Aym'd at a Duck, or Teal, to him well known ;
Before the blow, into the stream or creek
(Sure of the Quarry) doth impatient run,
And, barking, swims : The Lad so, from the shore
Swam to the Nymph whom Love had shot before.

Another

75.

Another (L O N A R D) whom Books adorn,
Stout, noble, handsom, amorous, and young ;
On whom G O D C U P I D had not cast one scorn,
But all his gall into his potion wrung ;
So that he well might think, he was not born
To any luck in loving ; yet, among
His faults, 'twas one, that on he still would play
(As Gamesters use) in hope 'twould turn one day.

76.

'Twas here his fortune, in pursuit to fall
Of fair E P H Y R E (L o v e's own sister-Twin)
But one, who would give dearer then they All,
What Nature gave to Her to give agin.
On Her, He (spent with running) lowd doth call.
O Cruelty, lodg'd in too fair an Inn,
If to thy Shrine (quoth he) I'm vowed whole,
Stay for my Body, since thou hast my soul !

77.

All (out of breath, and weary) Nymph divine,
Are yielding to the pressing Enemy.
Through Bryers and Thorns Thou only still fly'st Thine :
Who told thee, I am I, that follow thee ?
If thou were't told it by that star of mine,
Which, wheresoe're I fly, shoots after me ;
Ah ! do not credit That : For when as I
Did so, thou canst think how it would lye.

78.

I tire with tyring Thee, my spirits wast ;
And if thou fly, thereby to flye my touch,
I can assure thee (fair one) stay thou may'st,
And yet I ne're the neer, my star is such.
Stay, if thou please ; and see but (if thou stay'st)
The flight of hand, the which my Fate (so much
In vain deplor'd) will finde at last, to reare
A Wall, between the Sickle and the Eare.

79.

O flye me not ! So may Time never flye
Thy Beauty out of sight. For, do but turn,
Dash with the beams of thy Majestick Eye,
No sawcy fire in me will dare to burn.
What K I N G could break the force of destiny ?
What A R M Y conquer it ? and mine hath sworn
To thwart me still. Yet stay : I'm happy than :
And thou shalt do what K I N G s, nor A R M I E s can.

With

80.

With my malignant star doest Thou take part?
To help the stranger is not nobly done.
Carriet Thou with thee my Grief-loaden heart:
Send it me back, and thou wilt faster run.
That soul of mine, grown heavy with long smart,
Hang'd in those Tresses which out-shine the sun,
Does it not clog them? Or, since it came there,
Hath it chang'd mood, and weighs but for one here?

81.

With this hope onely thy white feet I trace,
That either Thon her weight will not indure,
Or she, by being in that heav'ly place,
Will change her luck, and better stars procure.
And, if that change, flye never such a pace,
Love can hit flying I am very sure;
And, if he hit, Thou't stay; and, on this score,
If thou do stay, of Heav'n I ask no more.

82.

The fair Nymph now fled not so much to sell
The Jewel dear, for which the Lad purſu'd her;
As, the sweet Tunes to hear, that from him fell,
And amorous laments with which he woo'd her.
Her Eyes (now bath'd in smiles and tractabell)
Turn'd upon Him, who with his charms subdu'd her;
All melted in pure love, languidly sweet,
She lets her self fall at the Victor's feet.

83:

O what devouring Kisses (multiply'd)
What pretty whimp'rings, did the Grove repeat!
What flatt'ring Force! What Anger which did chide
Itself, and laugh when it began to threat!
What more then this the blushing MORNING spy'd,
And VENUS (adding Her's to the NOON's heat)
Is better try'd, then guess'd, I must confess:
But Those who cannot try it, let them guess.

84.

For first with all the Rites of wedlock joyn'd
Were the low'd Sea-men to th'AQUATICK POW'R'S:
What gentle Tongue, and what white Hand could bind,
The Nymphs had added in those sacred Bow'r's.
And now their Lovers heads they crowned (kind)
With gold, and Laurel, and abounding Flow'r's:
Promise, to keep them company for ever;
Whom life, or death with honor, shall not sever.

85.

The Chief of them (whom all the rest went after,
And did obey in all things her behest,
Of URANUS and Holy VESTA Daughter,
As by her Face was easie to be guest,
Filling with wonderment both Earth, and Water)
Th'illustrious Captain, worthy of the Best,
With grave and Royal Ceremonies took:
Shewing her Greatness in her Pompe and Look.

86.

HIM (whom she first acquainted with her name,
Then, in a kind exordium mixt with state,
Gave him to understand she Thither came
By the immutable decree of Fate;
To HIM of the promiscuous Globe and Frame
Of the vast EARTH, and OCEAN, to relate
Parts undiscover'd, by Prophetick Spirit:
Which He alone, and his brave SPANIARDS merit)

87.

Taking up with her by the hand, she led
Unto a Mountain's top, high and divine;
Where a rich Pyle ereg'd the proud head,
Of crystal all, with massive gold and fine.
Here all the live-long day they rioted
In full delight, and sports to sports that joyn.
Within the Palace she enjoys her love:
The others theirs within the flow'ry Grove.

88:

Thus, the fair BEVY, thus the Valiant Crew,
Divide the HOW'R'S by innocent, by chaste
Delights, and such as Mortals never knew,
In recompence of so long labours past.
And thus the need, to such high Actions due
Of noble Prowess; ev'n the World at last
Pays (in despight of Envy) with the sound
Of a great Name; which Time, nor Place shall bound.

89.

For these fair Daughters of the OCEAN,
THEFTS, and the Angellick pensil'd ISLE,
Are nothing, but sweet Honour, which These wan;
With whatsoever makes a life not vile.
The privileges of the MARTIAL MAN,
The Palm, the Lawrell'd Triumph, the rich spoile;
The Admirall purchac't by his sword;
These are the joys, this Island doth afford.

90.

So those *false Godships* which **A N T I Q U I T I E**,
To all *illustrious men* a zealous Frend,
In *Starry Heav'n's* created, to which *shee*
Made them on towring wings of *Fame* t'ascend,
For honorable *Act's* they did, for free
And noble *Suff'rings* (*VERTUE's path*, the *end*)
Whereof, is *smooth* and *pleasant* like our *Isle*,
Though it self *craggie, steep*, and full of *toile*.)

91.

What meant they, but an *Immortality*
Giv'n by the *World* for Actions Soveraign,
To such as **A R T S**, or **A R M S**, advanc'd t'a high
And *heav'ly* pitch, being born of *humane strain*?
For **J O V E**, **A P O L L O**, **M A R S**, and **M E R C U R Y**,
A E N E A S, **R O M U L U S**, the **T H E B A N S** **T W A I N**,
J U N O, **D I A N A**, **C E R E S**, **P A L L A S**; *All*.
Dwell (as you doe) in brittle *Earthen Wall*.

92.

But **F A M E** (the *Trumpet* of deeds great and good)
Gave them *new Names* and *Titles* on the *Earth*;
G O D S of the *whole*, and **G O D S** of the *half-blood*,
G O D S by *Adoption*, and **G O D S** by *Birth*.
If ye love *Fame* then, if make *These* ye wou'd,
(As *Men*) your *patterns*, though (as *Gods*) your *Mirth*,
Fly Sloath; by which the **S O U L E**, which *Heaven* gave
To be the **B O D Y'S Queen**, becomes its *Slave*.

93.

Curbe, with a *Bit* of *Iron*, **A V A R I C E**;
A M B I T I O N curb, to which y're too too prone;
And curb the black and detestable *Vice*
Of **T Y R A N N Y**, and base **O P P R E S S I O N**.
" For these *vain Honours*, this *false Gold*, give price
" (Unless he have it in *himself*) to *none*,
" Better deserve them, and to goe without;
" Then have them *undeserved*, without doubt.

94.

Either in *peace* promote *impartiall Laws*,
That so *great Fish* devour not the *small Fry*;
Or (armed) tear out of the *Great Turk's* jaws
The *Christians* prey, on which he stretcht doth lye.
The *Kingdom's greatness*, by this means ye'll cause;
Nor *lessen*, but *augment*, your *own*, thereby.
In *Riches* merited ye will abound;
And with true *Honor* have your *Temples* crown'd.

95.

And to your **K I N G** ye so pretend to prize,
Ye shall bring honour; now, with *Councils* grave:
Now, with your *Swords*, which will immortalize
You, as they have done your *Fore-Fathers* brave.
I ask you not *Impossibilities*:
" *He That will, always can*." Then, each shall have
A **H E R O**'s place: or (if that more may move)
Be *Deniz'en'd* into this **I S L A O F L O V E**.

End of the ninth Canto.

Tenth Canto.

STANZA 1.

But now the *Larissean Lasses* Frend
(Who for a wealthier *Lover* did foregoe
The *God of Verse*), his setting Steeds did bend
O're the great *Lake* of silver **M E X I C O**;
S O L's burning Rays **F A V O R I U S** did suspend
With that cool breath which makes, where it doth blow,
Becalmed *Jesamines* erect their heads,
And naked *Lillies* sit up in their *Beds*:

2.

When the fair *Nymphs* and *Lovers*, two abreast,
Now Frends and well contented, hand in hand
Towards the *Palace* bright their steps address,
Which upon *Pillars* of pure *gold* did stand;
To a most splendid and *Opiperous Feast*
All summon'd thither, by the *Queen's* command
Who had prepar'd it for them, to repaire
Consumptive Nature with delicious Fare.

3.

There, in rich *Chaires* of substance *crystalline*
They sit by *Two's* and *Two's*, *Gallant* and *dame*.
At th'upper end, in *other* of *gold* fine,
Sits the fair **G O D D E S S** u with renownd **D E G A M B**
With *Viands* delicate in *sauce* divine
(Such as to **C L E O P A T R A**'s *Board* ne're came)
Are heapt the *dishes* of red *burnisht gold*:
Part of the *Treasure* which their *seas* infold.

C

The

4.
The fragrant Wines not onely are above
Falerian Liquor of Italian growth,
But that choice-Nectar sent about by J O V E
When Rebel Gyants felt I M M O R T A L S wroth.
In Di'mond-Cups (tempting to mirth, and love)
The Ruby sparkles: bubbles the curl'd froth
With the powr'd spring. Thus, of their Lovers true
The greatest Foe, the watry Nymphs subdue.

5.
A thousand pleasant Arguments they touch,
Still-laughers pals, quick witty Repartees,
'Twixt dish and dish; whereby, without too much
Of These, to whet the appetite to These.
Musical Instruments not wanting (such,
As to the damned spirits once gave ease
In the dark Vaults of the Infernal Hall)
Joynd with a SIREN'S Voice Angelical.

6.
The fair M u s e sang, and with her shrill Accents
(Which from the lofty Battlement rebound)
In equal harmony the Instruments,
Keeping just time, their softer Notes confound.
A sudden Silence curbs the Winds, indents
With the hoarse waves to whisper under ground.
And the bruit Creatures in their Housles (made
By Nature's hand) asleep are sung and playd.

7.
With a sweet Voyce she raises to the skies
Rare men to come into the world; whose cleare
Ideas were beheld by P R O T H E U S wife
In a Diaphane and Phantaſtic Sphere,
Which in a Dream J O V E shew'd to his shut Eyes;
And after, He, by Prophecy appearē
Made it humid Realms: where this N y m p h (took
Therewith) got the brave story without book.

8.

Matter for Buskin'tis, and not for Sock,
In the V A S T L A K E that which the Mermaid heard;
Beyond what P O P A S knew, or D I M O D O K E:
This King A L C I N O O S, That Queen D I D O S Bard,
Now, my C A L I O P E, I Thee invoke
To my last Labour: begging, for reward
Of all I write (which I in vain pretend)
I may come off with a good sang i' th' end.

9.
I sink into the Vale of years, and, past
My Summer's pride, to Autumn speed amain.
And my Wit (more then years) M I S FORTUN E S blast;
Which Wit I own not now, nor boast my Vein.
Sighs blow me to that Port, where all must cast
The Anchor never to be weigh'd again.
Yet, great Queen of the Muses, grant that I
May close my NATION'S Poem ere I dye.

10.
The S I R E N sang, how from the Tagan shore,
Through Seas first open'd by De Gama, now
Should Navies come; which all within the Rose
Of Indian Seas shall to that Empire bow:
And how each Pagan King, who the sweet Lore
And yeat those Guests will bring, shall from them throw;
With fire and sword by their brave Arm so bit
Shall be, that they shall yield to Death, or It.

11.
She sang of One, who (being dignify'd,
With the High-Priesthood of all M A L A B A R)
Because, the knots of Friendship he had ty'd,
He would not break with men so singular;
Shall let his Fields and Cities be destroy'd
With fire and sword, and all the rage of war,
Before him, By the potent S A M O R I M :
So hateful shall those strangers be to Him.

12.
And sings, in B E T H L E E M there, how shipt shall be
The Sov'reign remedie of this Disease;
The great P A C H E C O knowing not, that He
Carries with Him the Pelian Lance through Seas.
But the Sea shall; when, to such great Guests she
Unus'd, shall feel his weight: The groaning Trees
Of his proud ship shall know't, which two foot more
Shall draw of water, then it did before.

13.
But, treading now the Oriental Strand,
And left, the Pagan King of spoyl'd C O C H I M
Toayd, of P O R T I N G A L S with a small Band,
Upon the salt and crooked River's Brim;
Rout shall he, at the pass of C A M B A L A N D ,
Th' infernal N A Y R E S, That there set on Him:
Turning with fear the burning O R I E N T cold,
So much done with so little to behold.

14.
The SAMORIM shall raise an Army new;
The Kings shall come of BIPUR and TANORE
From Highlands of NARSINGA; what they'll do
For their chief Lord, making large Brags before.
All the arm'd NORTH he shall assemble too,
Which lies 'twixt CALICUT and CANANORE,
Of both Religions, 'gainst the True that band,
The Moors by Sea, the PAGAN Powr's by Land.

15.
And once more All defeats on Land and Mayn
The bold PACHECO, Thunderbolt of War;
The multitude unnumbered of the slain
Amazing all the Realms of M A L A B A R .
The undespairing Emperor again
Shall hast to try his Fortune militar;
Rating his Men, pouring vain pray'r s and tears
To his vain Gods That have nor eyes nor ears.

16.
Your Troops shall passes now no more defend,
But burn the PAGAN'S Houses, Towns, and Fanes.
The Dog (inrag'd to see they make no end
Of laying flat his goodly Towns) ordains
His Men, whom he doth prodigally spend,
PACHECO's then divided in two Lanes,
To charge between them. He together brings
His Jaws, and makes two Pincers of his Wings.

17.
In person then the SAMORIM shall come
To see what's done, and reinforce his men.
Dash't (by a shot which through the Aire doth humme)
In his high Chair with blood he shall be then.
That Force, nor Policy can overcome
This Warriour; now he shall to see begin.
Treasons, and Poisons base he shall invent;
Which Hear'n (PACHECO's keeper) will prevent.

18.
That a sev'nth time he shall return, she sings,
To fight the brave unconquer'd PORTINGALL;
Whom no Toyls tyre, who dreads no dreadfu'l Things,
Yet this a little discompose him shall.
To horrid battail the fell Tyrant brings
Engines of Wood, dire and unusuall,
To board the Caravels upon the Mayn,
Which he till then shall have assay'd in vain.

19.
Mountains of Fire shall on the water float
The little Navy to consume with flame.
The great PACHECO (like himself) this hot
And fierce Bravade shall in a trice make vain.
No Master in the Art of War (That got
Never so high upon the wings of Fame)
With all his Palms can neer this WORTHY come:
Pardon me noble GREECE, and nobler ROME.

20.
For with a hundred men, or little more,
Unto the end so many Battails fought;
With such high Stratagems unseen before,
On Warlike-Hoafs so many wonders wrought;
Seem either Fables dreamt by men that snore,
Or that celestial Quires (with Pray'r s down brought)
Their Champion in those Exigencies Ayd
With Wit, Sleight, Force, and courage undismayd.

21.
He, who in Marathonian Fields of old
O're vast DARIUS's pow'r s victorious was;
Nor He, who, with three hundred SPARTANS bold,
Of fam'd THERMOPILE maintain'd the Pass;
Nor ROME's young COELAS, who at bay did hold
All the proud Tuscan pow'r, till cut he has
The Bridge behind him: nor old FABIUS is
Or wise, or valiant, when compar'd with This.

22.
But at this point, her high and ratling tone
The Nymph abasing, made it hoarse and sad;
And with low Voice (drown'd in her Tears did moan
Of so strange Valour a Requital bad.
O BELISARIIUS (said she) That art One
Who by the Mus will still in price be had;
If MARKS himself affronted were in Thee,
Here is a man that may thy Comfort be.

23.
Here thou a Rival hast, as in thy Deeds,
So in their cruel and unjust return;
In Thee, and Him, misused VIRTUE bleeds:
In Thee, and Him, doth begging VAOUR mourn:
Both Bulwarks of your KINGS, Both of your CREDOS:
Both dye in HOSPITALS ragged and torn.
This those Kings do, whose justice is their will;
Their Evidence what MALICE shall instill.

24.

This those Kings do, who (with smooth Tales misled
Of Flatterers, by whom asleep th'are sung,
Give the Rewards by A J A X merited
Unto the fraudulent U L T I S E S's tongue.
But 'tis reveng'd at full, when, hand o'rehead,
They deal their Boons those S Y C O P H A N T S among:
By whom, of their ill choice they will be made
Ashamed first, and afterwards betraide.

25.

But Thou, That such a man couldst leave, to S C O R N
And W A N T, O K I N G unjust in this alone!
If Thou, to build his Fortunes were't, not born;
He was, to give to Thee a potent Throne.
And (credit me) whilst P H E B U S's locks unshorn
To light the Earth and Heaven shall be known,
Like that Sun glorious shall P A C H E C O be,
And Thou in this Eclipse thy Majestie.

26.

Another, loe! (proceeding in her Song)
Comes, with a Regal Title, and his Son;
Who, on the Sea shall do such things e're long,
As by no antient R O M A N were out-done.
They Both, shall win by armed Hand and strong
Wealthy Q U I L O A, and shall sack it, won:
Placing therein a mild and loyal King
For a false Tyrant, whom they out shall fling.

27.

Also, the City of M O M B A S S A (Crown'd
With sumptuous Houses, and aerial Spires)
Shall by them Both be levell'd with the ground,
For an old fault which a new rod requires.
But, afterwards, upon the I N D I A N S O U N D
(Cover'd with Ships and Artificial Fires
T'o'rewhelm the P O R T I N G A L L S) with Oare, and Sayle,
Alone the young L O R E N Z O shall prevale.

28.

The C A R A C K S of the potent E M P E R O R E
(Peopling the scorched Ayre with Iron Ball
Which from the burning Brats, like Thunder, roare)
Tear shall he, Canvas, Rudder, Mast and all.
His grappling-books thrown resolutely o're
Her lofty Decks, Himself their Admiral
Shall enter first; and cleer, with Lance and Sword
Four hundred M O O R S she will have then aboard.

But

29.

But G O D (whose secret doom is over AH :
Best judge, of what's his service, and Man's good)
Shall bring him then, where Wit nor Prowess shall
Have pow'r to stop his Foes prevailing Flood.
Neer C H O U L (where cheaply yet he shall not fall :
The purpled Sea there boyling ore with blood).

He will be forc't, to leave his life behind,
By Fleets of E G Y P T and C A M B A Y a joyn'd.

30.

There shall ennumerable Enemies
(Who, with great force alone, great Verteice)
The Wind that fails, Danger that multiplYES,
Upon the Sea; against him All conspire.
Now from their Graves let all the Antients rise,
A pattern to behold of noble ire :

They shall behold another S C E W A, skil'd
How to dye piece-meal, but not how to yield.

31.

Rob'd of a Thigh (which an unlucky shot
In splinters with it through the ayre shall beare)
Still does he use his Arms; These fail him not,
Nor his great Heart, uncapable of Feare:
Until another Bullet breaks the knot
Wherewith his Soul and Body marryed were.
The prison open, she escapes: and straight
Doth find her self in a triumphant state.

32.

S O U L E, go in Peace; from furious War retire,
In midst of which Thou inward Peace shalt find.
The B O D Y, Him who got it will inspire
With high revenge, when he shall see't disjoyn'd.
I hear a rumbling storm, I see the fire
Of Sacres, Drakes, and Basilisks, combin'd
With fell and home-destruction to rebuke
The fierce C A M B A Y A N and black M A M A L U K E.

33.

Behold! the Father comes a mad man like,
In whom for ma st'y Grief with Fury vyes;
Whilst at one time paternal love doth strike
Fire on his Heart, pumps water from his Eyes.
A noble Anger whispers him, his Pyke
Shall blood his Foes, so that the Tyde shall rise

In their drown'd Decks knee-deep: N Y L U shall bear,
I N D U shall see his Blows, and G A N G A shall hear.

As

34.

As a Corriall'd Bull, That (practising
For a fierce duel) fences with the Oakes ;
Or, at the Trunk of a broad Beech, doth fling
In Thrusts, and with his Horns the Ayre provokes :
So DON FRANCISCO (e're his Fleet he bring
In swoln CAMBAYA's Gulp to desp'rate strokes)
On DABUL's wealthy City whets his Blade,
The Mountain of her Pride a Level made.

35.

Then enters (horrid with her blood) the Bay
Of DIO : fam'd for Sieges, and pitcht-Fields.
The great but Coward-Fleet his look doth fray
Of CALICUT : which Oars for Lances weilds.
That of MALIQUE YAZ (which makes away
More slow) with Bolts of VULCAN he unbuilds ;
To the low bottom of the OCean sent :
Cold mattrice, of the humid Element.

36.

But that of MIR HOBAM (which with close bords
The rowzed wrath of the Avenger stands)
Shall swimming see, ith Ocean of their Lords,
Hands without Bodies, Bodies without Hands.
The rage-blind Viftors, waving their bright Swords,
Shall seem to toss so many flaming Brands.
What there shall be perceiv'd by Ears, and Eyes,
Will be Smoke onely, Iron, Fire, and Cryes.

37.

But ah ! Of a defeat great MARS might boast
(Bound for his Native-Tagus back again)
The Fame and glory shall he lose almost
By a sad traverie I foresee too plain.
The CAPE OF STORMS (which in it's Desert Coast
His Bones and Memory shall ay retain)
Shames not to ravish from the world a Soule
Whole INDIA could not, and EGYPT whole.

38.

By savage CAPRES, there, shall that be done
Which dext'rous Enemies could not perform :
And by rude Clubbs (hardned with fire) alone,
What Arrows Show'r could not, Bullet's storm.
God's secret judgements are not to be known.
Vain GENTILES (being a Book above their form)
Call it ill FATE, cross Fortune, star maline,
Being solely, purely, PROVIDENCE DIVINE.

39.

O ! What new light beginneth there to bud
(The SIREN said, and rais'd her Voyce thereat)
From the Melindian Sea, dy'd with the blood
Of LAMO, OCWA, BRAVA, all laid flat
By great DE CUNIA ; who through all the Flood
Which laves the Southern-Isles and shores (but That
Of MADAGASCAR chiefly) the wide mouth
Of FAME shall fill, and threat the unknown South.

40.

This light is of those flames and glitt'ring Arms
Wherewith the stubborn PERSIANS of ORMUZE,
Spurning the yoake, and valiant to their harms,
Fierce ALBURQUERQUE afterwards subdues.
There shall the hissing shafts (like living swarms)
Turn'd in the Ayre, their shooters Helmets bruize ;
That they may see, with Eyes though ne're so dim,
How GOD will fight for Them, that fight for Him.

41.

The MOUNTAINS then of SALT will not be able
To keep those Bodies from corruption
Which on the Coasts shall lye out (miserable).
Of CALAYAT, MASCAFE, and GERUN ;
Until the easie yoake and honorable
They learn (with all their fiercenes) to put on :
Forc't by the Conquerours, to pay to Them,
Rich Tribute of their Pearles of BAHEREM,

42.

What glorious Palms do I see weaving There,
With which his forehead VICTORY will crown
When without shadow or least touch of fear
He shall win GOA's Isle of bright renown !
But then (the Storm obeying) will not bear
So great a Sayle, and takes that Bonet down :
To reattempt the thing in fitter season.
"FORTUNE and MARS fear Valour joyn'd with Reason.

43.

And (see) he does it ; charges undismay'd
Through walls, through Pykes, through Bullets, and through fire :
Opens the quilted Squadrons with his Blade
Of MOORS and PAGANS knit in Leagues intire !
His gallant SOLDIERS in more blood shall wade
Then LYONS pin'd, BULLS prickt with love and Ire,
Upon the Feast (as pat as by designe)
Of EGYPT'S Virgin Martyr, KATHERINE.

Dd

Nor

44.

Nor *Him* shalt *Thou* (though potent) scape, and *flye*,
 (Though sheltred in the Bosome of the *Morn*)
M A L A C C A (and the Apple of her *Eye*)
 Prowd of thy wealthy Dow'r as her first-born.
 Thy *poyson'd Arrows*, those *Auxiliary*
C R Y S S E S I see (thy *Pay That do not scorn*)
M A L A C C A N S amorous, valiant **J A V A N S**,
 Shall all obey the **L U S I T A N I A N S**.

45.

More *Stanza's* had the **S I R E N** in the praise
 Of the illustrious **A L B U L Q U R Q U E** sung;
 But she remembers one harsh **A Et**, which weighs
 Him down, though through the *world* his *Fame* be rung.
 "A great Commander (whom to crop bright *Bays*)
 "On precipitous *Cliffs* his *Fate* hath hung)
 "Should to his Men a *Camrade* rather be,
 "Then a *Judge* made up of *Severitie*.

46.

But in a time of *Famine*, and hard *Toyle*,
 Of *Sickness*, *Arrows*, and of thund'ring *Ball*,
 Of *Season sad*, of *discommodious soyle*,
 And the poor *Soldier* patient under *All*;
 It seems to me of *Savage Breasts* the style,
 Of an *inhumane* and *insulting Gall*,
 To make a *Man* for such a fault to dye
 As *Love* and *humane frailty* qualifie.

47.

Incest's detested Brand it shall not be,
 Nor boyft'rous *Rape* upon a *Virgin pure*,
 Nor blot injurious of *Adulterie*,
 But with a *Slave* lascivious and obscure.
 Then whether fir'd with *Zeale*, or *jealousie*,
 Or else to keep his bloody hands in *Ure*,
 Against his own he give his rage the reins,
 With a black *Action* his white *Fame* he stains.

48.

With his **C A M P A S P E A L E X A N D E R** spy'd
A P E L L E S took, and upon *Him* bestows
 Her cheerfully: being not his *Soldier* try'd
 Nor serving at a *Siege* of desp'rate Foes.
 That sowr **A R A S P A S** in the Rays is fride
 Of his fair Charge **P A N T H E A**, **C Y R U S** knows;
 Having protest to be her *Guardian true*,
 And that no ill desire should *Him* subdue.

B u s

49.

But the illustrious **P E R S I A N**, seeing love
 Is in the fault ('gainst whom there's no defence)
 Acquits him straight, and only doth remove,
 Where he may serve him well in recompence.
 The **I r o n B A L D W I N** (much his Rank above)
 By stealth Espouses **J U D I T H**; yet th'offence
 Her great *Sire* pardons (needing such a man)
 And gives them **F L A N D E R S**, whence those *Earls* began.

50.

But her long *Song* the *Nymph* continuing,
 Of **S U A R E Z** (who his *Standard* doth display
 On the *red coast* of **A R A B I E**) did sing:
A B A S I A's hindmost shore, and **B A R B O R A**
 (Neighb'ring **Z E Y L A S**'s *Emporium*) fear the Thing
 She feels; nor less then **M e c h a**, and **G i d d a**,
 Filthy **M E D I N A** quakes, where **M a h o m e t**
 In his *Steel-Hamac* lies in a cold swet.

51.

Also the noble *Isle* of **T A P O B R A N E**:
 For by that name it was as fam'd of yore
 As by another now 'tis *Soveraign*
 Of the hot fragrant *Barke*, of which 't has store:
 of which, she to the **S T A N D A R T L U S I A N E**
 Shall pay sweet *Tribute*: when (percht proudly o're
 C o l u m b o's highest steeple) that shall be
 More feard by *Her*, then by her *Neighbours*, she.

52.

Through the *Red-Sea S E Q U E Y R A* a new way
 To *Thee*, vast Land of **P R E S T E R J O H N**, shall show;
C A N D A C E's Nest, and *Her's*, who, to survay
 The *Wisdom* of great **S O L O M O N**, did go.
 From *Cisterns* water'd, *He*, shall see **M a c u a**:
 Shall see her neighb'ring *Port* of **A R C H I C E**:
 And cause new *Isles* to be discover'd, which
 With *Modern wonders* shall the *World* inrichi.

53.

M E N B S E S comes the next, whose *sword* shall servē
 In **A F F R I C K** for the *wreaths* he here shall weare.
He proud **O R M O O Z** (That from her faith will swerve)
 A double *Tribute* shall constrain to beare.
Thou G A M A too (who wilt it well deserve
 Which two *exiles*) the third time thou com'st there
 (An *Earl*, *Vice-Roy*, and *Admiral*) the *Land*,
 Which thou hast now *discover'd*, shalt command.

D d 2

But

54.
But then that rude *Necessitie* (which none
Can scape, who from a humane womb doth spring)
Arrests thee in thy *Robes*, and painted Throne,
Where thou shalt out the person of thy *King*.
Streight will another *MENNEs* (old alone
In *wisdom*) have the *Sov'reign* managing
Of the *Affairs*: (And *Happy HBNRY* shall
Behi'd him leave a name perpetual.)

55.
For he shall quell not onely *MALABARS*,
Razing *PANANE* and *COULET*'s walls,
Incoutring *Casson*, clapping on *Petars*,
And hurling wild-fire in sulphureous Balls;
But (arm'd with *Vertues* past the *Sphere* of *MARS*),
Quell the *SOULE's* *Enemie's* sev'n Generals:
Quell *Avarice*, quell foul *Incontinence*,
In a young man the sum of excellence.

56.
His *Stars* now calling *Him* to tread on *Them*,
Thou, valiant *MASXARENIA*'s shouldst succeed:
But (if usurpt on) know, a *Diadem*
It self, thy *brighter honor* will not need.
Thy courage, Admiration and Esteem
(Although not *love*) ev'n in thy *Foes* shall breed,
If unjust *FORTUNE* shall deny the *mighty*,
VERITUDE will give the *merit*, *LAW* the Right.

57.
Great *Actions* in the *Kingdom* of *BINTAN*
Thou shalt perform, *MALACCAS* Foe: her *score*
Of *Ills* in one day paying, which *That* ran
Into, for many a hundred year before.
With patient courage, more then of a man,
Dangers, and Toyles, sharp Spikes, Hills always hoare,
Spears, Arrows, Trenches, Bulwarks, Fire and Sword,
That thou shalt break, and quell, I pass my word.

58.
Meane while *Ambition, Avarice* to boot,
In *INDIA* setting up with open face
Against *GOD*, and his *justice*, are a Root
Of *discontent* to thee, but not *disgrace*.
"To trample on *weak Right* with a proud Foot,
"Presuming on the *pow'r*, and upper place,
"No *Conquest* is: *He* conquers with *Renown*
"Who dares be just ev'n though it lose a *CROWN*.

Yet

59.
Yet I deny not, but *SAMPATO* shall
Be of rare Valour for all this; on *Seas*
Shewing himself a thund'ring *GENERAL*,
Which he shall people with *Foes Carcasses*.
In *BACANORE* begins he to appall
The *MALABAR*, that he may after tease
(Prepar'd with that rough *Prologue* to submit)
Bold *CUTIALE*, and his num'rous *Fleets*.

40.
Ev'n that of *DIO* (so resolv'd and great)
That *his* at *CHOUL* will give it self for lost)
By *HECTOR OF SILVEYRA* shall he beate,
And to *peccavi* turn their furious boast.
The *LUSITANIAN HECTOR*: who shall get,
Upon the always-arm'd *Cambayck* Coast,
A name, that *He* doth *GUZARATS* annoy,
No less then *GREEK*: the *HECTOR* did of *TROY*.

41.
CUNIA is fierce *SAMPOYO*'s successour.
The *Ship of State* he long doth wisely steer.
Of *CHALE* he erects the lofty *Tow'r*,
Whilst famous *DIO* quakes to be so neer.
The strong *BAZAIN* shall render to his *pow'r*,
But with much blood; *MELIQUE* groaning here
To see a way o're his proud *Rampire* made
By the sole dint of *Lusitanian* Blade.

42.
After *Him* comes *NORONIA*, whose good *Star*
From *DIO* the fierce *RUMES* packing sends:
DIO, which the through-practis'd Breast in War
Of *ANTHONY SILVEYRA* well defends.
Death's Writs upon *NORONIA* served are:
When a brave Branch of *Thine* (*O GAMMA!*) bends
His shoulders to the *Government*; the fright
Of whose great name shall turn the *red Sea* white.

43.
Out of thy *STEPHEN*'s hand shall take the rain
One in *BRAZILE* before high fame that wan;
The great *French Pyrat* overcome and slain,
Who shall be terroure of that *Ocean*.
Made after *Gen'lal* of the *INDIAN MAIN*
The no less proud, then fortiside *DAMAN*,
He enters first: where, having made a *breach*,
'Tis clos'd with *Flames*, and *Shafts*, his way impeach.

To

64.

To Him C A M B A Y A 's King, proud above measure,
Of wealthy D I O gives the famous Fort ;
Against the G R E A T M A G U L , mighty in treasure,
To ayd him his Dominions to support.
Then doth he in his yet unquencht displeasure,
The Pagan King of C A L I C U T take short
That would have past him : with no little los
Sending him home again by weeping cross.

65.

Destroy shall H e the City R E P B L I M
Making her King with many quit the place,
And after by the Cape of C O M O R I M
Perform a deed that shall the Nine disgrace.
The Navy Royal of the Samorim,
That thinks it may to all the world give chace,
With fire and sword he overcomes, and breaks.
In B E A D A L A shall his Blade play Rex.

66.

I N D I A , thus weeded with his S word of Foes,
He comes to rule with Scepter afterward ;
Finds dangers none, finds none so bold t'oppose.
All hush, All tremble like a Lark that's dar'd.
Onely B A T I C A L A a longing shows
To fare as well as B E A D A L A far'd.
She's fill'd with blood and Trunks in dead heaps cast :
With fire and Ball disfigur'd and defac't.

67.

This shall be M A R T I N , or a little M A R s ,
From whom his Deeds he'll take, as well as name :
As stout for execution in all wars,
As wise to play the fairest of his Game.
C A S T R C succeeds ; advancing to the stars
Of P O R T U G A L the Standart and the Fame.
Fit successor to M A R T I N : D I O 's Fort
The one shall raise, the other shall support.

68.

Fierce P A R S I A N S , Abassins , R U M E S (who boast
Their name from R O M E) complexions various,
And various Modes (for to this Leaguer post
A thousand Nations keen and furious)
Heav'n to the world accuse with labour lost,
That so few men should nestle in their House.
In blood of P O R T U G A L L S , by their no faith
They swear, their turn'd up whiskers they wil bathe.

Drakes

69.

D r a k e s , horrid B a s l i s k s , Engines of Wood
As bad as either, secret Mines and Plots,
Hath M A S C A R E N I A s with his Men withstood,
Meeting their certain Deaths with willing Throats:
When, in the utmost stres of Flesh and Blood,
C A S T R O (their Freer) his two Sons devotes,
That everlasting Honour they may gain,
And Sacrifices to their G O D be slain.

70.

F E R N A N D (this lofty Cedar's highest Bough,
Where with a hideous crack a close Mine sprung
Th'unrooted Wall into the Ayre will blow)
Shall in a sheet of Fire to Heav'n be flung.
A L V A R , when Winter swathes the Earth in Snow,
And hath on humid Gates cold Padlocks hung ;
These burst, through dangers to seek dangers goes,
And fights the Elements to fight the Foes.

71.

L o e , now the Father follows with full sail,
And the Remainder of the Lusian force !
He with strong Hand and Head of more avail,
Gives a brave lucky Battail to the M O R E S .
Where no way is, he makes one with his Flail,
And where there is, the R ampires are his dores.
Such that day's Feates, so terrible the Blowses,
They will not stand in Verse, nor lye in Prose.

72.

Then (loel!) he to the great C A M B A Y A N K I N G
Presents himself a Victor in the Field :
Pale F ear into the Face of him doth fling,
And of his furious Horse, which ground shall yield.
Nor H Y D A L C A N shall from the Conquering
Army, with all his might, his Country sheild.

D A B U L sack'd on the Coast; In land P O N D A
Scapes not it self, by being out of the way.

73.

These, and the like, into all Quarters hurl'd,
(All worthy wonder, and Fame's strongest blast)
Making themselves brave M A R S E S in the World,
The joyes of V E N U S 's Isle shall fitly cast ;
Trayling triumphant standarts through the curl'd
Amphitheater of the Ocean vast :
And they shall find those Nymphs, these farnight Bards,
Which are the Harvest of Victorious Swords.

207

74.
Heer the N Y M P H ended: And the others All
Give their applause with an Harmonious noyse;

Congratulating this grand Nuptiall:

Where, look how many Hearts, so many joys.

THOUGH FORTUNE STANDS UPON A TOTT'RING BALL

(They all reiterate as with one Voyce)

RENNOWED PEOPLE You SHALL NEVER LACK,
WEALTH, VALOR, FAME, till the WORLDS HENGES CRACK:

75.
When now Corporeall Necessity
Suffic'd with noble Nutriment they had;
And seen the Acts the Nymph did prophecy
In Musciall Poetick Raptures clad:
THE T R Y S, adorn'd with grace and gravity,
(That she of glory may new quillars add
To the high bliss of that triumphant day)
Unto the Happy G A M A thus did say.

76.
The SUPREME WISDOME hath vouchsaf'd thee, Knight,
The grace to see with thy corporeall Eyes
What the vain Science, what the erring Light,
Of miserable Man cannot comprize.
Thou, with the rest, up this dark Cops forth-right
Follow me, strong and constant, stout and wise.
This having said, shee hands him through a Wood,
Steep, thick with Thorns, and hard to flesh and blood.

77.
They marcht not long, when of the arduous Hill
They gain the top; where an inameld Flat
(In a Field Em'rauld) powdred Rubies fill,
Making them think old PARADICE was That
Heer, in the Ayre a GLOBE, (by wondrous skill
So fram'd with Thorough Lights) they contemplat,
That th'unresisted Eye the Center sees,
As plainly as the superficies.

78.
The matter of it did their Eye-sight pose:
That it consisted yet discern'd they well
Of orbs, which the Divine Hand did compose,
And in the middle did the Center dwell.
Rouling, it sometimes fell, and sometimes rose,
And yet it never rose, it never fell:
Throughout one Face, throughout its period,
Begins throughout. In fine, the Works of GOD.

Infinite,

79.
Infinite, perfect, uniform, self-poiz'd;
Brief, like the ARCMITECT that made the same:
Seeing this admirable Globe, surpriz'd
With wonder and desire was our D E G A M E.
To whom the GODDESSE thus; Epitomiz'd
I shew thee heer the UNIVERSALL FRAME,
That thou maist read, in Print and Volume small,
Whether Thou goest, and shali goe, and Thine shall

80.
The W O R L D's great Fabrick thou dost hear descry
Heav'nly and Elementall: for just so
'Twas made, by that All-wisdom, that All-eye,
Which no beginning knew, no end shall know:
Which interweaved in each part doth lye,
And round the fair Work like a Border goe:
'Tis G O D: But what G O D is, poses Man's wit,
Nor can short Line fathome the I N F I N I T.

81.
This, which is first, and doth (as in a Nest
of Boxes) all the other Orbs comprise,
Darting such radiant Beames, as Mortall Breft
Cannot conceive, much less behold Mans Eyes;
Is call'd the E M P Y R E A N, where the blest
Enjoy that good, the World wants similes.
To calt a shadow of, and which good None
Can understand, except it self alone.

82.
There is no true, no glorious G O D, but There:
For S A T U R N, J A N U S, J U N O, J O V E, and I,
Vain Creatures only, and blind Figments were.
Betwixt Mans pride, and Mans Idolatry,
To stick as Stars in the Poetick Sphere:
From whence again w're borrow'd, by and by,
For to distinguish the true Stars in Heav'n,
To which A S T R O N O M E R S our Names have giv'n.

83.
As likewise because HOLY PROVIDENCE
(Which shadow'd is by JUPITER in Verse)
Doth by a thousand Ministers dispence
His Gifts to the supported U N I V E R S E,
And sacred Prophets oft impart their fence
In mystick Parables which they reherse;
And tell us Men are favoured by the good,
By the ill spirits hurt, unless withstand

Be

Now

84.

Now comes THE POET, who would teaching please,
And pleasing teach, and mix variety;
And He the self-same Names bestows on These
The HEATHENS did upon their Genii
And feigned Gods; for I can strew with Ease,
That ANGELS ev'n in holy Poetry
Are called Gods; nor Sacred Writ denies
That ev'n the *H* this glorious Name belyes.

85.

In fine ALMIGHTY GOD (who rules the round
World, by his Second Causes) He commands.
But (to return to open the profound
And heav'ly operations of his Hands)
Within this Spheare, where the pure Soules abound
In endless Bliss (which sphere unmoved stands)
Another runs so swiftly, and so still,
'Tis not perceiv'd: 'Tis the FIRST MOVABIL.

86.

The motion rapt of this FIRST MOBIL draws
All the rest after, which with it are linkt.
The hurried Sun from his own bent and laws
Makes Night and day by this RAYR ORB's instinct.
The NINTH moves next, so cutb'd, with so great pawse,
That whilst SOL's lamp (which never is extinct)
Ends it's true course about the ZODIACE
Two hundred times, *This* but one step doth make.

87:

Behold the EIGHTH goes under That, imbot
With sleek and radiant Bodies! These likewise
Beside the motion rapt with which they post.
Move on their proper Axe with twinkling Eyes.
See with how rich a Belt this orb is crost!
How broad, how glitt'ring with Embryderies!
Where the twelve Stray Animals do make
The SWIN's twelve Houses in the ZODIACE.

88.

Behold in other Parts what Knots of Gold
This FIRMAMENT displays! The DRAGON there
Behold! CHARLES-WAYN, and CYNO-SUKA cold!
ANDROMEDA, and her old Sire sev're!
CASIOPEA's sparckling eyes behold!
And turbulent ORION, Sea-mens feare!
Behold the SWAN, which dying is not mute,
The HAWK, the DOVE, the TURP, and the sweet, LUTE.
Under

89.

Under this great and spangled Canopy,
Loe, in the SEVENTH dull SATURN takes his place!
Propitious JOVE in thron'd in the SIXTH sky:
Next (Foe to Man) MARS rides with fiery Face:
Plac't in the MIDDLE is the WORLD'S GREAT EYE:
The QUEEN OF BEAUTY the THIRD ORB doth grace:
Eloquent HERMES rules the SECOND SPHEAR:
Three-shapt DIANA marches in the Rear.

90.

In all these PLANETS motions different
Thou maist perceive, some speedy, and some slow:
Now climbing nearer to the FIRMAMENT,
Now stooping closer to the Earth below,
As seemed best to the OMNIPOTENT,
Who made the Fire and Ayre, the Wind and Snow:
Those (clos'd within the Heav'ns) each other enter,
And both the Waves, and Earth: the common Center.

91.

Upon this Center is the seat of MAN:
Who, not content in his presumptuous pride
To expose to all Earth's Mischiefs his life's span,
Trusts it to the unconstant Ocean wide:
Behold the various Parts that Ocean
With interfused dangers doth divide!
Where various Nations dwell, various Kings reign,
Who various Worships, various Laws maintain.

92.

See CHRISTIAN EUROPE, higher by the head
In Arms and civill Arts then all the rest!
See untill'd AFRICK, covetous, ill-bred,
Wanting ev'n things whereof shee is possest,
With her great CAPE (by you discovered)
Which NATURE towards the South-Pole address'd:
See all this Neck with People infinite
Almost, who neither doe nor know what's right!

93.

See the great Empire of MONOMOTAPE,
With naked savage People black and grim;
In which the good GONALVO shall not scape
A cruell death for CHRIST, who dy'd for Him!
In this blinde HEMISPHERE (short of the CAPE)
The Mettle grows for which pale Mortals swim
Through Seas of Sweat, and Blood. See that great Lake
From whence, with QUAMA, NYLIS this way doth make!

Behold

94.
Behold the N E G R O E S Houses, without doores,
Whom both the Poverty of their Straw-nests,
The Laws, and justice of their King secures,
And the black Candor of their Neighbours Brests.
Loe, a vast Army of these bruitish MOORES,
Like a dark Band of Stares (devouring Guests)
Against S O F A L A S batter'd Fort will bend
Their strength, which N A Y A bravely shall defend.

95.
See there the very Spring, and Head of N Y L E,
Which fled (though dearly sought) the ANTIENT's eys!
See how it laves (spawning the C TO C O D Y L E)
The A B B A S I N , who upon C H R I S T relies!
See where (a better Fence then Walls) a File
Of Hills they man against their Enemies!
See M E R O E , an Isle of antient Fame:
Which now N O V A the Natives of it name!

96.
In this In-land a Son of Thine great fame
Shall win against the proud C I R C A S S I A N ;
And D O N C R I S T O V A L shall be that Son's name:
But against Fate can stand no mortal man.
See, see, that way thy shatter'd Navy came
M E L I N D E S dear and hospitable stran!
Mark well the R A P T O (Natives call't O B E)
Which at Q U I L M A N C E roul's into the Sea.

97.
See the Cape call'd of old A R O M A T A ,
But G U A R D A F U which now the Dwellers call;
Where the R E D - S E A (so famous) doth Embay,
Dy'd with her Bottome's shade! This is the Wall
Or running Boundarie, which A S I A
Divides from A F F R I C K : And the principal
Cities, that on the Affrick-side are seen,
Are A R C H I C H O , M A C U A , and (chief) S U A N Q U E N .

98.
See farthest S U E Z , H E R O P O L Y S of old,
City of Heroes (so do some conceave)
Others, that this was the A R S I N O E hold:
But E G Y P T S Navies it doth now receave!
The very place great M O S E S past, behold,
When with his Rod he did the Waters cleave!
A S I A begins. Her self she doth present
In limits vast, in Kingdoms opulent.

Mount
SINAI
TOKO
GIDDAS
STREIGHT
ADEN
AKZIRA

99.
Mount S I N A I see, and tremble ev'ry limb,
From whence when M O S E S came his face did Shine!
See T O K O , and G I D D A , in wealth that swim,
Yet want Spring-water pure and crystalline!
See the Streight's other jaw, having for Brim
The Realm of dry A D E N ; which doth confine
With Mountains of A K Z I R A , which (they tell)
Are all one Rock, whereon Raine never fell.

100.
Behold the T H R E E A R A B I A S , so wide-spred,
All Tawny-Moors, All Thieves therein that dwell:
Whence come the Horses for the Warriour bred,
Of noble Race, Fleet, lasting, terrible.
Behold the Coast by which thine Eyes are led
T'another Gulp (the Persian) there to swell
Into a C A P E ; which by F A R T A Q U E 's name
(Ow'd to the there known City) shuts the same!

101.
See famous D O F A R , which did ever boast
The sweetest smoke to make the Altar steam.
Mark here (where R O S O L G A T your eye hath lost
And barren shores) begins A R M U Z A S Reams!
It lies extended all on the Sea-Coast,
And shall fit F A M E with an immortal Theam,
When T U R K S fierce Fleet, and blushing Moons dismayd,
Shall see unsheathed C A S T E L B R A N C O S Blade.

102.
Behold the C A P E O F A S A B O R , they call
At present M O S A N D A N who sail that way;
At bottom of the Gulp, which hath for wall
Rich P E R S I A here, There B L E S T A R A B I A !
Mark well B A R E M , an Island bord'red all
With Pearls , whose colour mocks the springing day.
In the salt waves commanded by her eye
The famous T I G R I S and E U R K A T E S dye:

103.
The noble Empire of great P E R S I A see;
Always on horse-back, always in the War:
Who think it base to have Artillerie,
Or Hands not hardened with the Cymatar!
But mark the Isle G A R U N , what a proof she
Is of the pow'r of Time to make, and war!
Of O R M U Z E City (which was once elsewhere)
She now the glory and the name doth bear.

Mount

Hero

104.

Heer DON PHELIPE OR MENESSES shall
Approve himself a glorious Man at Arms,
When with a very few of PORTUGALL
He shall at LARA quell whole Persian swarms.
Likewise shall SOUSA on their Quarters fall,
Give them bold charges, give them sharp Alarms,
And the Reversions of that Sword, whose dint
Struck fire before, on raz'd AMPAZA's flint.

105.

But let us leave the Streight, and Cape well known
Of JASQUES (call'd CARPELLA anciently)
With all that Land (which Nature doth not own
By any Act of Liberality)
Whilom CARMANIA, Habitation
Of the old TIOPHAGUES. Now wipe thine Ey,
And see fam'd INDUS, born in yonder Mountain,
Near which flows GANGES from a higher Fountain.

106.

See heer, where Nature prodigall hath bin,
The Kingdom of ULCINDA; and the long
Bay of JAQUETE, where the Waves flow in
With speed incredible, as fast out-throng!
CAMBAYA see, where this Gulph doth begin,
In wealth and people infinite and strong!
A thousand Cities here un-nam'd I leave,
Which shall the yoke of PORTUGALL receive.

107.

See where the celebrated Indian shore
Runs Southward to the CAPE of COMORE
(Call'd in old time CORRE) which lyes right ore
Against Ceylan (TRAPROBANE anciently)
Along this Sea the LUSIAN (who, with more
Forces shall be dispatched after Thee)
Lands, Victories, and Cities shall obtain,
In which they many Ages shall remain.

108.

Behold in various Countreys (plac'd betwixt
These Rivers) Nations almost infinite:
Some Pagans, some Mahometans (well mixt)
To whom the Devil did their Laws indite!
Behold Narsingh's Realm, to which is fixt
A holy Relique of a blessed Wight,
St THOMAS's body, who was not deny'd
To thrust his Fingers into JESUSS side!

Here

109.

Heer stood the City call'd MELIOPORE,
Beautifull, wealthy, and magnificent;
The Idols ancient she did adore
As still doe those of her prophane descent:
Farr was she seated then from the Sea-shore,
Whenas the Gospel through the whole world sent,
THOMAS came preaching there; and did the same
In all the Provinces through which he came.

110.

Arrived preaching, and administering
Life to the dead, and health unto the sick;
The sea chanc'd hither on a day to bring
A floating Tree, unmeasurably thick.
For a vast Pyle in hand defires the King
To frame a Beame of this prodigious stick;
And makes accompt on shore to drag it then,
By force of Engines, Elephants, and Men.

111.

So heavy 'tis, All these have not the might
To stir the Log that on the Water lies.
But the true CHRIST's true Nuntio hath a slighte
To doe it without trouble, without noyse.
He draws it to him like some Matter light
With a small Cord, which to the Trunk he ties:
Wherewith a sumptuous House for GOD to raise,
To stand a pattern for succeeding days.

112.

Full well he knew, with lively faith if Hee
Should say unto a Mountain deaf, Remove;
Ev'n that deaf Mountain would remov'd bee:
As CHRIST once said, and THOMAS now doth prove.
This doe the people stand aghast to see;
The BRAHMINES know it must be from Above:
Seeing his Miracles, seeing his life,
These fear the fall of their prerogative.

113.

They are the BRAHMINES PRIESTS, in whom alone
Envie the bowels of her Gall hath died.
A thousand plots and Trains they think upon,
How THOMAS may be silenc'd, or be dead.
A horrid Act performs, as ere was known,
The Chief of These That wear the Triple-thread:
Which proves, "No Fox so bloody, so severe,
As Hypocritick Vertue to sincere."

Me

114.

He murders his own Son, and charges it
Forthwith on T H O M A S who was innocent:
False witness brings (There nothing hard to git)
Through which, the Man's condemn'd incontinent.
The Saint (having no way to be acquit,
But by *Appeal to the O M N I P O T E N T*)
Resolves, in presence of the King and Court,
To work a *Miracle* of the great sort.

115.

He bids the Corps be laid in view of All,
That it may rise and be examin'd There
Touching the question'd Fact, and whom that shall
Accuse, let him be held the murderer.
In name of J E S U S crucifi'd, i' th' Hall
They see the Touch stand up, record to bear:
Who (thanking T H O M A S for his life) desribe
His Father to have been the *Homicide*.

116.

This struck such fear, that streight his *Christendome*
The King receives, and many with the King.
Some kis the Hem of T H O M A S garment, Some
The praises of the God of T H O M A S sing.
The B R A M E N S swell with such an odium,
Through Envy's now imposthumating sting,
That (thereunto perfwading the blind Rout)
They vow to put so bright a *Taper* out.

117.

One day, as preaching to the same he was,
They feign'd a quarrell 'mongst the multitude
(For C H R I S T himself hath sign'd him now his Pass)
To climbe to Heav'n by way of *Martyr-hood*)
A shoure of Stones, which G o d 's commission has,
Flyes in his Face: who all their Tempest stood.
One (whose Blond-thirstiness could not abide
Delay) with cruell Spear did broach his side,

118.

G A N G E S and I N D U S did Thee, T H O M A S, weep;
Wept thee the Countreys all whiche thou hadst trod:
But, holy Shepherd, wept thee most thy sheep,
Whom thou didst deck with Faith, (the Cloth of G o d).
Only the A N G E L S holy-day did keep
For Thee, whom God did comfort with his Rod:
Laughing, and Singing, These thy Soule transport
With golden sailes to her celestiall Port.

Ton

119.

You then, who claim the honor (like this SAINT)
To be the great Ambassadors of G o d;
(Pray give me leave) why are ye lame, and faint,
When with your Errand ye should go abroad?
If, y're the Salt otb' Earth, and at home taint
(No Prophet being esteem'd in his Abroad)
Who now shall salt (I bayte you Paganism)
So much of Heresie, so much of Scism.

120.

But tread we light a bog so dangerous,
Returning to the Coast from whence we stray'd.
With this great City and illustrious,
Begins the GULPH GANGEICK to be made;
N A R S I N G A, next, lies rich and populous;
Next O & Y X A her cloth of gold doth lade;
Fam'd GANGE S at the bottom of the Bay
To the Salt Realm doth Silver Tribute pay:

121.

GANGE S, in which his Borderers dye lav'd;
Holding it as a certain principle
That (be they ne're such Sinners) they are sav'd,
Bath'd in those streams that flow from sacred Well.
The City CATHIGAN would not bewav'd,
The fairest of BENGALA: who can tell
The plenty of this Province? but it's past
(Thou seest) is Eastern, turning the South-Coast.

122.

The Realm of ARRACAN, That of PEGU
Behold, with Monsters first inhabited!
Monsters, which from a strange commixtion grew:
Such ill effects oft Solitude hath bred.
Here (though a barb'rous misbegotten Crew)
Into her way was erring Nature led
By an invention rare, which a Queen fram'd,
To cure the Sin, that is not to be nam'd.

123.

Behold the City of TAVAY, with which
The spacious Empire of SIAM begins!
TENASSERI! QUENDA: with pepper rich
For which the praise she from all other wins!
MALACCA see before, where ye shall pitch
Your great Emporium, and your Magazins:
The Rendezvous of all that Ocean round
For Merchandizes rich that there abound.

Ff

From

124.

From this ('tis said) the Waves impetuous course,
Breaking a passage through, from Main to main,
SAMAR'A's noble Isle of old did force,
Which then a Neck of Land therewith did chain:
That this was CHIRSONES till that divorce,
And from the wealthy mines, that there remain,
The Epithite of GOLDEN had annex'd:
Some think, it was the OPHYR in the Text.

125.

But, at that Point doth CINGAPUX appear:
Where the pincht Streight leaves Ships no room to play.
Heer the Coast, winding to the Northern Beare,
Faces the fair AURORA all the way.
See PAN, PATAPE (ancient Realms that were)
And long SYAN, which These, and more, obey!
The copious River of MUNAM behold,
And the great Lake CHIAMAY from whence 'tis roll'd!

126.

In this vast Tract see an Infinitie
Of Names and Nations to your WORLD unknown!
LAOS, in Land and men That potent bee!
AVAS, BRAINAS, in those long Hills o'regrown!
In yon far MOUNTAINS other Nations see
(GUOS they're call'd) and savage ev'ry one!
They eat Mans flesh, and paint their own in knots
With fire, as ye doe Rooms with matting-pots.

127.

The River MECON (which they Captain style
Of Waters) see; CAMBOYA on his brink!
He overflows the Land for many a mile:
So many other Rivers doth he drink.
Set times he hath of flowing (like cool NYL):
The near Inhabitants brutishly think,
That pain and glory, after this Life's end
Ev'n the brute Creatures of each kind attend.

128.

Upon his soft and charitable Brim
The wet and ship-wrackt SONO receive shall Hee
Which in a lamentable plight shall swim
From sholes and Quicklands of tempestuous Sea,
(The dire effect of Exile) when on Him
Is executed the unjust Decree:
Whose repercusive LYRE shall have the Fate
To be renowned more then Fortunate.

129.

Heer, (mark it!) runs the Coast that's call'd CHAMPA,
Whose Groves smell hot of Calambuco wood:
Heer CAUCHINCINA, and heer AVNAM's Bay;
Both one and t'other little understood.
Heer the great Empire (famous for large sway,
And its vast Wealth's unfathomable Flood)
Of CHINA runs: calling all this her Owne
From burning Cancer to the frozen Zone.

130.

See the stupendious Monster of a WALL
'Twixt this and the TARTARIAN EMPIRE set:
A witness to the World perpetuall
Of Regall Pow'r immeasurably great!
The KING these have, was born no Prince; nor shall
Reign after him the Children he shall get:
But one chose by the People of Renown
For qualities proportion'd to a CROWN.

131.

Much of the WORLD being now conceal'd from YON
A time will come when it shall all be show'd.
But by all means the Islands thou must view,
Where NATURE seems most cost to have bestow'd.
This, shadow'd half, which CHINA answers to,
(By which, at distance flanking it, 'tis Wood)
JAPAN is, yeelding the best Silver-mine:
Which th'Evangellick Furnace shall refine.

132.

Through all these ORIENTAL Seas behold,
Sown infinite of Isles that have no name!
TIDORE see! TERNATE, whence are roll'd
(Holding black Night a Torch) thick Plumes of FAME!
See Trees of burning Cloves, that shall be sold
For LUSIANS blood, and water'd with the same!
Heer are those golden Birds, which to the ground
Never descend, and only dead are found.

133.

See BANDA'S Isles, inameld curiously
With various Colours which the red fruit paints;
With various Birds, from Tree to Tree that fly,
To take their tribute of the NUTMEG-PLANTS!
Behold BORNEO likewise, in which dry
Coagulated Liquor never wants
From a fat Tree which CAMORA they name,
For which this Isle is in the Book of FAME!

134.

There (look you!) is T I M O R , that feeds the Wood
Call'd Saunders, Physicall and Odorous.
See S U N D A , painted at half face, so broad,
That the South-side lies now quite hid from us!
The Natives here (and Those who from abroad
Travail the Land) of a miraculous
River report; which, where it slides alone,
The wood that falls therein, converts to Stone.

135.

In that (which T I M E , I told you, made an Isle ;
Which likewise trembling flames with smoke expels)
Two wonders see, a Fountain that runs Oyle,
And Balsamum that from Another wels,
Sweeter then that, A D O N I S Mother vile.
Weeps in the B L E S T A R A B I A where she dwels.
And see, how having these (which none else have)
Shee with soft silk too, and fine Gold is brave!

136.

See in C E Y L A N a mountain whose proud Head
Above the Cloudy Region doth appear !
The Natives count it holy for the tread
Of a Man's foot which on a Stone is there.
In the M A L D I V A I S L E S a Plant is bred
(Of vertue under-water) which doth bear
The C o c o - A P P L E , against working Rane,
An Antidote approved Sovereign.

137.

Against the R e d - S ea 's mouth S O C O T R A
Fam'd for the bitter Aloes behold !
See other Isles of sandie A F F R I C A ,
Whose Coast too ye shall conquer ! Hither roll'd
That Lump is, which Divine P A N C H A Y A
Out-sinels : of unknown birth, more rare then Gold.
Behold St L A W R E N C E his renowned Isle,
Which otherwise they M A D A G A S C A R stile !

138.

Thus hast thou all the Regions of the E a s t ,
Which by Thee giv'n unto the W O R L D is now:
Opening a way with an undaunted Brest
Through that vast Sea which none before did plough.
But it is likewise reason, in the W e s t
That of a L u s i A N too one Action Thou
Shouldst understand; who (angry with his King)
Atchieves a great and memorable Thing.

See

139.

See there another W O R L D , which from the North
Extends it self to the opposed Side, and is very large and wide.
And shall be one day proud to have brought forth
The Ore, that imitates the beams of S o l i d steel and iron.
Your Friend C A S M E B E L (as good as other word)
Shall throw the Collar on this ragged F a t h e r ,
Where various N a t i v i t i e s dwell, various Kings reign,
Who various warships; various Laws maintain.

140.

But P O R T U G A L L shall have her share there too,
Mark't with red wood, and S A N T A C R U Z call'd than,
Descry'd by the first Fleet, *shee after you*
Shall send, by Tempest thrown upon that shore,
Alongst this Coast (to find out, and to view)
The end thereof) shall wander M A G E L L A N ,
Who in reality of Fact shall be
A P O R T I N G A L L , but not in loyalty.

141.

When he shall thus have past above half way
Towards the P O L E A N T A R T I C k from the L I N E ,
Men of Gigantick bulk he shall survey,
Inhabiting the parts which there adjoin ;
And (farther on) that S T R E T H G H T , which shall for ay
Be honor'd with his name. This leads in fine
T o a new sea, and by a new Land bringes,
Which the South-wind will hide with his cold wings.

142.

Thus farr, O P O R T I N G A L L ye are allow'd
Your Nation's future Actions to survay,
Which through the sea by you left ope, her proud
And never wearied Ensigns shall display.
Now then, since ye have found not to be bow'd
Under Herculean labours, is the way
To please your Angel-sponses bright and fair,
That knit immortall Garlands for your Hair.

143.

Ye may embarque (for Wind and Weather fit,
And the Sea courts you) for your Country dear.
Thus said *shee* to them ; and they forthwith quit
The Isle of Love, the Harbour of good chear.
Noble Provisions they take out of It ;
Take their desir'd desirous Nymphs to bear
Them company : Whom nothing shall divorce,
Whilst in the Heavens the Sun shall run his course.

Thus

144.

Thus went They ploughing the appled M A I N
With always prosp'rous Gale, and always fair ;
Till light long wifht, much long'd for, they obtain
Of that dear Earth where first they suck't the Agr.
Sweet T A O U S's Mouth they enter once again :
Where to their King, and Master (whom they fear
And love) for having sent them, the Renown
They give; and add new titles to his C R O W N.

145.

No more, my M U S E, no more ; my Harp's ill strung,
Heavy, and out of tune, and my V o y c e hoarse :
And, not with singing, but to see I've sung
To a deaf people and without remorse.
Favor (that wont t'inspire the P O P U L A T I O N ' s tongue)
Our Countrey yeilds it not, she minds the Purse
Too much, exalting from her gilded Mud
Nothing but gross and melancholy blood.

146.

Nor know I by what fate, or duller Chance,
Men have not now that life, and gen'rall gulf,
Which made them with a cheerfull countenance
Themselfes into perpetuall Action thrust.
You then, O K I N G ! whom Heav'n reserv'd t'advance
At this time to the Throne to scour our Rust;
Behold (mark else what other Nations doe)
The Best of Subjects doe belong to You !

147.

Behold how cheerfully, a thousand ways,
Like fearlesse Lions and wilde Bulls they run ;
Expos'd to watch whole Nights, to fast whole days,
To fire and sword, the Arrow and the Gun :
To torrid Regions, and to frozen Bays,
To M O O R S, and People that adore the sun ;
To unknown perils a new World to find,
To Whales, to shipwracks, to tempestuous Wind !

148.

To doe and suffer All for You prepar'd ;
And to obey in the remotest Land
(Though ne'r so bitter, and though ne'r so hard,
Without Reply, or stop) what You command.
With You they'll charge the Devil and his Guard
Ev'n to the Gates of Hell, did You but stand
A meer spectator by : and never feare
But they will make you too Victorious there.

149.

Then warm and glad them with your present Rayes,
Sweetly majestick, and severely kind :
Their shoulders of their heavie Taxes ease :
Thus, thus, the path to Honour you shall find.
Men of Experience to your C O U N C I L L raise,
If with Experience they have goodness joyn'd :
For such have a more certain Rule to tell
The How, the When, the Where to do things well.

150.

In their respective P L A C E S count'nanice All ;
But choose Men rightly qualifi'd thereto.
Let R E V E N D C H U R C H M E N to their Prayers fall,
That G O D would bless the Government in yon ;
And (for the NATION's sins in generally)
To Disciplines and Fastings : for the true
C H U R C H M E N (exempted from Ambition's heat)
Seeks neither to be Rich, nor to be Great.

151.

Your N O B L E S and your G E N T R Y highly prize,
For they their boyling blood undaunted spend,
Thereby not only Christianitie's,
But ev'n your Empire's limits to extend :
And He who to a Clyme so distant flyes
Your Royall Service duely to attend,
O'recomes two Enemies ; the Living first,
Excessive Toile the second and the worst.

152.

Great Sir, let never the astonisht G A L L,
The E N G L I S H, G E R M A N, and I T A L I A N,
Have cause to say, the fainting P O R T U G A L L
Could not advance the G R E A T W O R K he began.
Let your A D V I S E R S be experienc'd All,
Such as have seen the W o r l d, and studied man.
For, though in S C I E N C E much contained bee,
In speciaill Cases P R A C T I C E more doth see.

153.

P H O R M I A N (an elegant Philosopher)
You may have read how H A N N I B A L L did foole,
When, in his presence, of the A R T O F W A R
He made a long Discourse by Square and Rule.
No, no, the brave P R O F E S S I O N M I L I T A R
Is not learnt, S I R, by F a n c y in the Schoole,
Dreaming, contemplating, to spelling held ;
But seeing, sweating, fighting in the F I E L D.

154.

But I, who speak in rude and humble Ryme,
 Not known nor dreamt of by my L i c o n at all;
 Know yet from mouths of little ones sometime
 The praise of G R E A T O N E s doth compleatly fal.
 I want not honest studies from my Prime;
 Nor long Experience since to mix withal;
 I want not Wit (such as in this you see)
 Three things, which rarely in Conjunction be.

155.

An Arm (to serve you) trayn'd in War have I,
 A Soul (to sing you) to the Muses bent:
 Only I want acceptance in your Bye,
 Who owe to V E R T U A fair encouragement.
 If H E A V 'N afford me, This; and you, some high
 And brave E X P L O Y T; worthy a Monument
 of Verse, as my prophetick Thoughts presage
 By what I see now in your tender Age:

156.

Making MOUNT-A-TLA s tremble at your sight,
 More then at that of dire M E D U S A s Head;
 Or putting in A M P L E U S I A N F I E L D s to flight
 The M O O R S in F e z and black M O R O C C O bred;
 I'l gage my M u s e (then in esteem and plight)
 You in such manner through the W o r l d shall spred,
 That A L E X A N D E R shall in you respire,
 Without envying the M E O N I A N LY R E.

F I N I S.